

# LIFE

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white horizontally striped short-sleeved shirt and white pants, is posing behind a curtain made of vertical chains. She is smiling and looking towards the camera, with her hands raised near the chains. The background is dark.

**WILLIE 'THE ACTOR' TALKS:  
CANDID MEMOIRS OF A CROOK**

**MAJORCA DISPLAYS  
RESORT CLOTHES FROM  
U.S. AND EUROPE**

**20 CENTS**

**JANUARY 12, 1953**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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Get nourishment you need in

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**Y**OU don't *have* to go 'round feeling like a limp dish rag, just because you're trying to lose a few pounds or keep that trim figure of yours.

Get nourishment you need to feel good all over from low-in-calories Borden's Skimmed Milk. It's a delicious drink, and *fresh as a daisy*!

Borden's Skimmed Milk is rich in protein which helps give you energy and muscle tone. And it has all the important calcium, B Vitamins—riboflavin, thiamin, and lactose of regular milk.

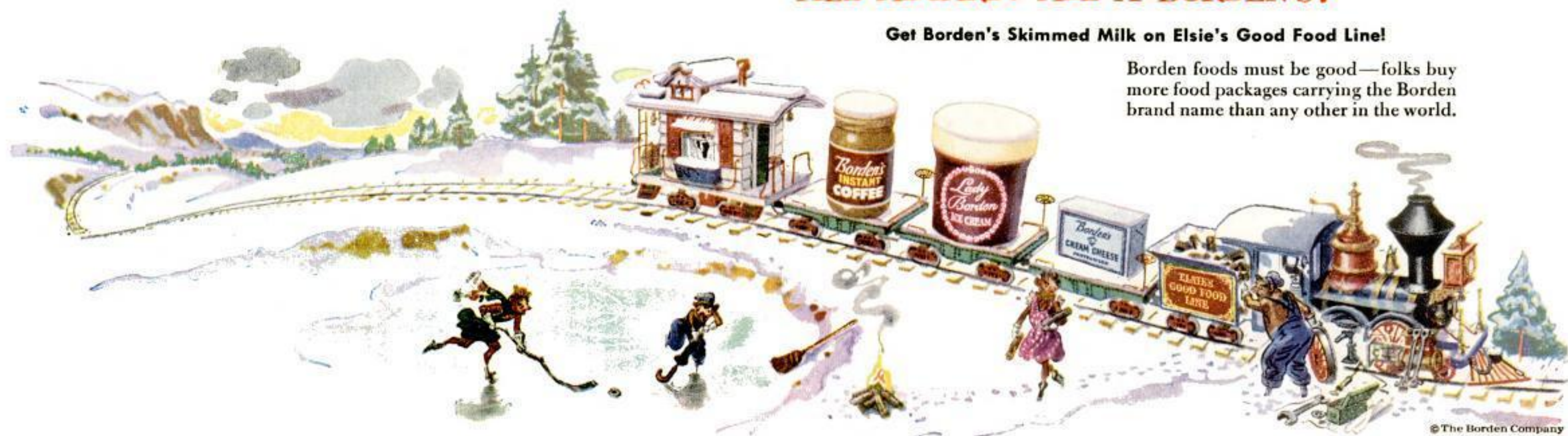
Try Borden's FRESH Skimmed Milk *today*!



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Get Borden's Skimmed Milk on Elsie's Good Food Line!

Borden foods must be good—folks buy more food packages carrying the Borden brand name than any other in the world.

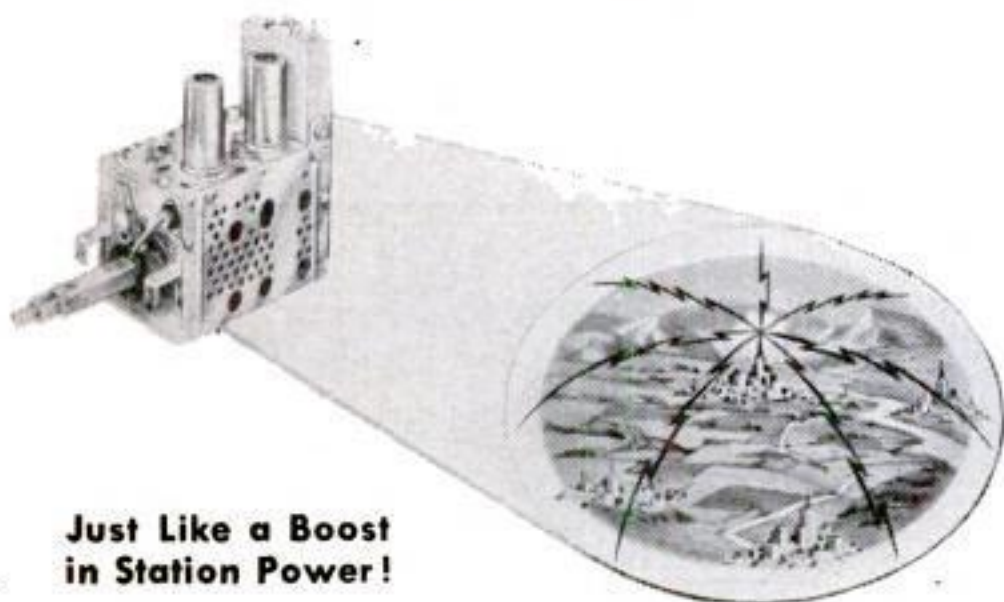


©The Borden Company

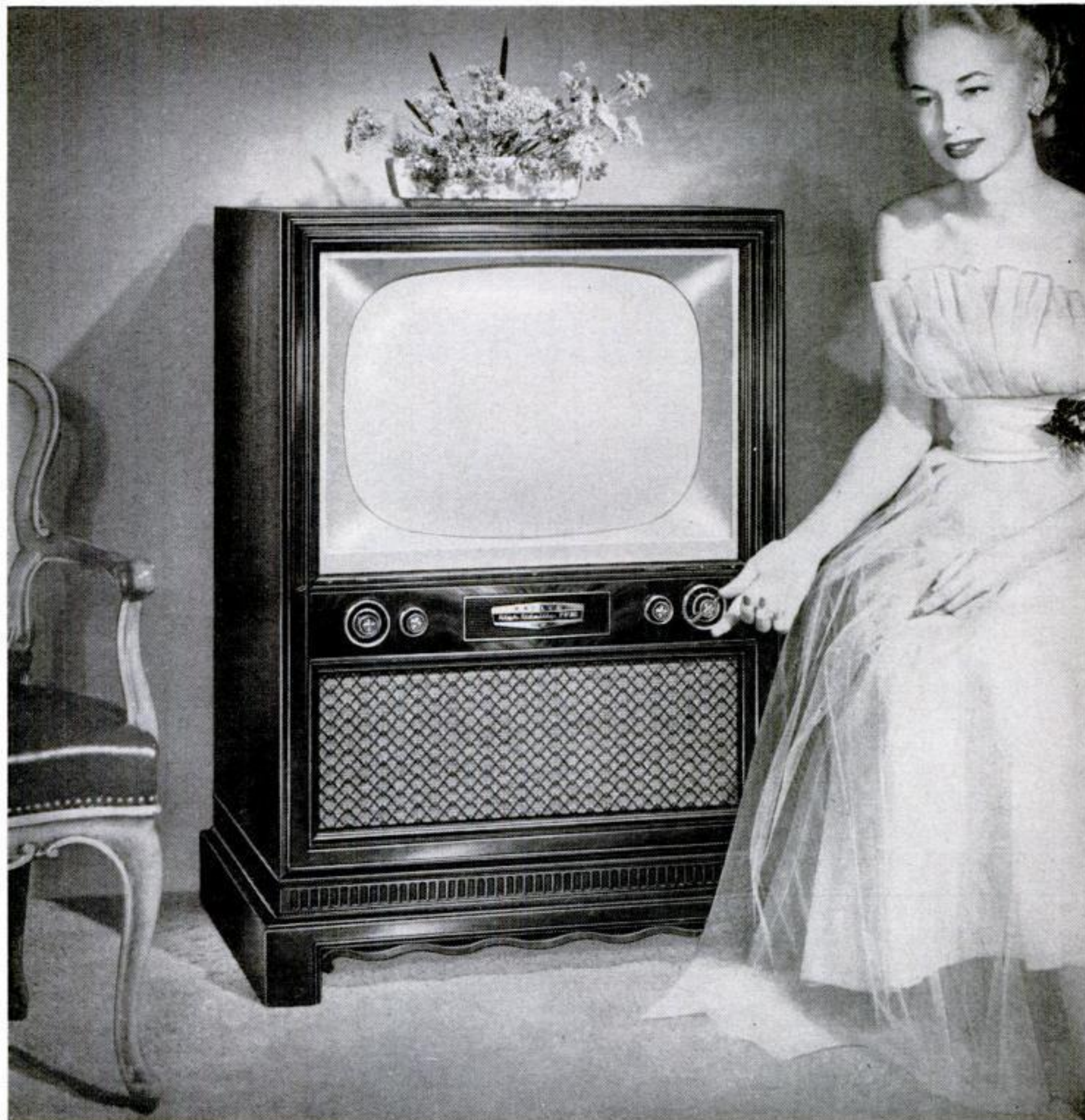


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## PHILCO with the Golden Grid Tuner



Just Like a Boost  
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**AMERICA'S FINEST OPEN-FACE 21-INCH CONSOLE**—the Philco 2281. Full 245 square inch screen—20 sq. inches larger than many so-called 21" sets. Directional All-Channel Built-In Aerial. Mahogany veneer cabinet.

TODAY it's recognized everywhere... Philco, with the sensational Golden Grid Tuner, has *out-engineered* and *out-distanced* the entire industry in television performance! Its High Fidelity picture reproduction is the big news of 1953. Reports from across the nation confirm that it's *first* among all TV sets in sensitivity, freedom from noise and sheer power. And everywhere, it's *number one* in public demand!

For the New Year, this sensational development is here at new low prices. See Philco for 1953, from \$199.95 to \$845\*, including Federal tax and warranty.



**NEW FROM PHILCO**—the *table-height* radio-phonograph with television in mind. Makes a luxurious TV combination by just raising leaves and adding a TV table model. Philco 1750—Mahogany veneers or Blond Oak. True-Harmonic phonograph plays ALL records better than ever before!



### AVAILABLE WITH BUILT-IN ALL-CHANNEL UHF

Only Philco has it—advance-engineered UHF Tuner to receive not one or two but *all* of the new UHF stations in any area. Plus directional UHF-VHF Built-In Aerial.

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the World Over*

This One



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# Chlorodent

gives you a

# Cleaner, Fresher, Healthier Mouth!

proved by test...  
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## CLEANER!

### Proved at famous university!

University dental experts made 395 tests with white, ammoniated and chlorophyll toothpastes . . . found that Chlorodent's patented cleansing ingredient kept teeth *cleanest*. Chlorodent also strikes at the very causes of tooth decay. Use it regularly!



Chlorodent keeps teeth bright and sparkling!

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In nearly 1000 tests, scientists compared Chlorodent with a nationally known non-chlorophyll toothpaste for controlling bad breath. Chlorodent's special chlorophyll\* formula gave *twice* as many people freedom from mouth odors for up to four hours.



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## HEALTHIER!

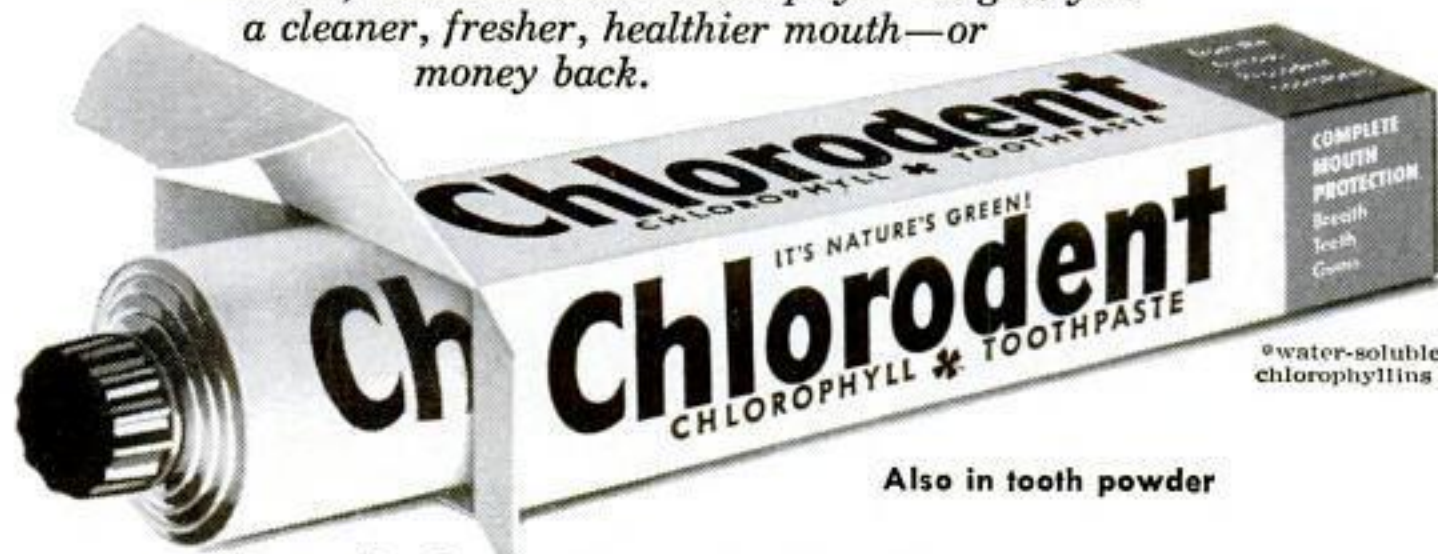
### Proved at Boys Town!

Boys Town dentists found Chlorodent *twice* as effective as a fine white toothpaste for quickly reducing acute gingivitis, a widespread mouth disorder. Boys Town co-operated in this research wholly in the interest of child health. See dentist if mouth troubles persist.



416 boys took part in this research project.

Unconditionally guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to do more for you than any other dentifrice—white, ammoniated or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or money back.



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World's Largest Selling Chlorophyll Toothpaste

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due to high altitudes, speed and sudden changes, relieved with

... Helps to control organs of balance. Quiets the nerves.

**MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY**

THE WORLD OVER



You don't always travel alone  
when you go

# Full Circle

KATE HOLLIS had a strange feeling that she had lived this day before. It was going to a pattern that was sharply familiar, sharply reminiscent of something that had happened once before. She jabbed a paring knife into the potato she was peeling and held it up and looked at it for a moment. Somehow, the potato had something to do with it.

She heard steps coming down the stairs and across the center hall and then a voice behind her. "Do I look all right, Mother?"

Kate turned and looked at her daughter as she came into the kitchen—tall and trim in a neat gray suit and checkered blouse—and then it all came back to her.

Suddenly Kate had the feeling that this was not today . . . this was not her daughter coming into the kitchen, but she herself. Yes, for an instant it seemed as if this were that day, more than twenty-five years before, when Kate had walked into the kitchen at home and said, "Do I look all right, Mother?"—because that was the day Fred Hollis was coming to dinner for a very special reason, too.



Kate Hollis forced her thoughts to return from that instant of reverie. "You look lovely, Ann. What time did you say Jim would be here?"

"In about an hour, Mother. Guess I'd better start getting things ready in the dining room, don't you think?"

There was one important difference, Kate thought after Ann had left. On *that* day, her own father was still alive and had spoken with Fred Hollis as any prospective father-in-law might. But today she'd have to handle this alone . . .



Alone? Well, not entirely. She recalled how helpless she had felt, at first, when her husband died eight years before. But then she found how carefully Fred had worked things out to help her make decisions such as this as the years went by.

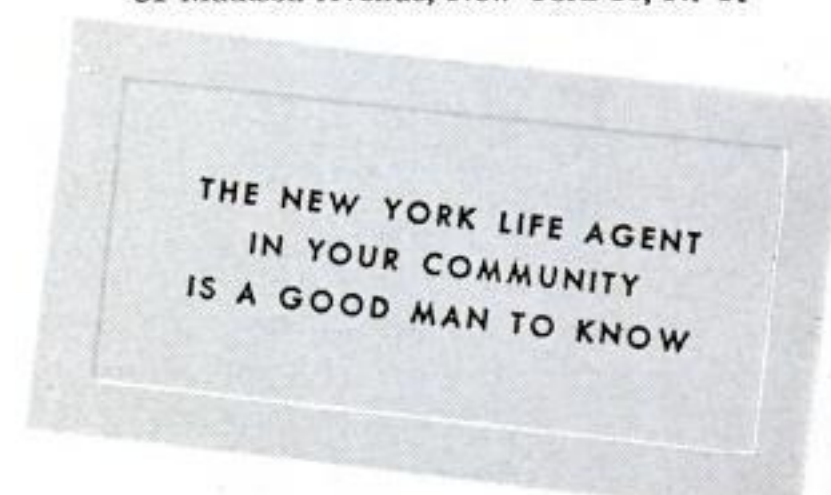
The insurance program that he and Cliff Walters had worked out together had come to serve as a year-to-year guide. When Ann reached college age, the question had not been *whether* she could go, but simply *where*—because Fred had left a separate New York Life policy to take care of the expense.

And now this new decision would be easy, too. With Ann through college, there was no reason for her not to marry Jim and start a home of her own. He was a fine, sensible boy and should do well as time went on. And Kate knew that she would never be a financial burden to them, because she had her regular checks from New York Life to take care of her. This young couple could live with the same feeling of independence that she and Fred

had had—and she knew that that was what Fred would have wanted.

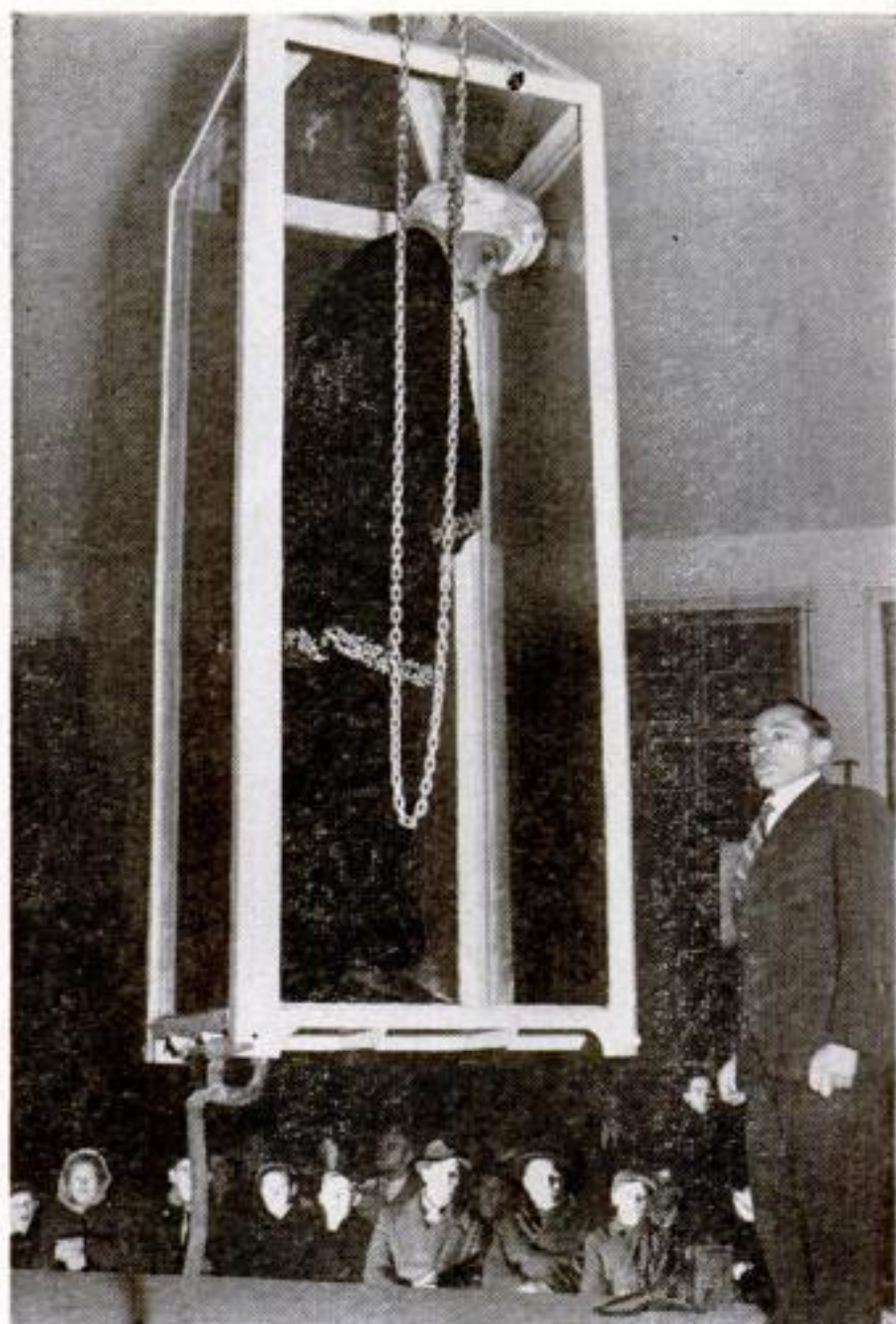
Kate Hollis picked up another potato and began to peel it methodically. Yes, she thought, she had traveled full circle. And somehow it seemed to Kate that a good part of the circle had been carefully drawn a long, long time ago.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.





BOTTLE IS LIFTED UP FOR WELDING CEREMONY

# SPEAKING OF PICTURES

These show how Austrian  
lives his life in a bottle

In Austria a man by name of Rudolf Schmied makes a living by making himself uncomfortable. Schmied, who calls himself "Rayo" and wears a turban and fancy clothes, once had himself buried alive for nine days. Another time he nailed his tongue to a board for 24 days. He tried this twice again, for 90 and for 46 days. Now Rayo has had himself welded into a big steel-and-glass bottle in which he plans to spend an entire year. He will subsist, he says, exclusively on dextrose, glucose and vitamin pills and a quarter pint of liquid (coffee or fruit juice) a day. His nourishment, as well as clothes, an air mattress for sleeping and a collapsible stool, is passed in through the bottle neck. His only company in his bottle consists of two nonpoisonous snakes.

At the moment Rayo is in Linz and about to begin a tour of Europe, transported in the bottle in a crate in a surplus British army car. He will be on exhibition 24 hours a day for anyone who pays to see him. So far his audiences have been polite. The only trouble occurred at the start, when Rayo tried to bottle himself in Vienna. There he was halted by a legal injunction. His act, the city authorities said, was "counter to the dignity of man . . . liable to produce panic . . . and creating an unhealthy condition for the inhabitant of the bottle."

ALONE IN HIS BOTTLE, Rayo spends an evening in hotel room sitting on his stool and reading.







**PLAYING CHESS** with his manager, Rayo indicates moves by pointing at chessmen through glass.

**ON EXHIBITION** Rayo plays with snakes as he lies in bottle which is sometimes tipped on side.



**AT BEDTIME** he prepares for sleep by undressing. Bottle is 7½ feet tall and weighs 840 pounds.



**BATHING**, Rayo anoints himself with oil helper has passed to him. He has a crew of six assistants.



**TUCKING IN**, Rayo gets set for the night. His bottle is lowered so he doesn't have to sleep erect.





## "Friendly Greyhound drivers make every trip a pleasure"

—writes Alonzo Willis of San Bernardino, Calif.

"On my cross-country trips to visit my children, I am always impressed by the courtesy and extra attention shown to passengers by those fine Greyhound drivers.

"That—and their remarkable skill in driving over the highways—makes each of my Greyhound trips completely relaxed and comfortable.

"And, of course, I enjoy the changing scenery, and the money I save with Greyhound's low fares."

## GREYHOUND

For free pictorial travel folder, write Dept. L-1-53, Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison, Chicago 2, Illinois.



## Don't be a Scrub Crazy Daisy



Install new wonder plastic floor. Dirt wipes off super-fast and easy. Never needs waxing for protection. No kitchen mess can stain. Wears longer! 25 colors by tile or yard. The MODERN floor—and counter top, too.

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FINEST Vinyl FLOORING

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## THE PRAIRIE

Sirs:

Thank you so very much for your excellent pictures of the "high prairies" (LIFE, Dec. 15). They certainly made two displaced Kansans homesick for that free and unfettered life in that free and uncluttered country!

MARILYN KELSEY

Indiantown Gap Mil. Res., Pa.

Sirs:

Like so many women who married in wartime and moved elsewhere to live, I'm homesick. To read about the prairie and see it again brought a lump to my throat.

I love to remember that part of my life was spent growing up on the prairie with its haughty little prairie dogs, jack rabbits and beautiful prairie flowers.

MRS. A. F. RAYMOND

Shrewsbury, Mass.

## PLUMBER DURKIN

Sirs:

Martin Durkin's effort to join the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. as shown in your story ("Cabinet Gets a Plumber," LIFE, Dec. 15) is doomed to failure if an attempt to follow Cartoonist Jensen's drawing is made. No one except an uninformed artist would try to connect two fixed pipes with a "coupling." Plumber Durkin would have used a "union." . . .

RAY HENRICKS

Indianapolis, Ind.

● If he had known better, admits Cartoonist Cecil Jensen, he would have used a union too.—ED.

## YVES JOLY

Sirs:

This is just to express my great enjoyment of your recent article on Yves Joly, the French puppeteer ("Heaving Hands," LIFE, Dec. 15). I first saw him work in a small Paris cafe in 1951. Since I spoke no French and he no English, I tried to express to him by pantomime that my hands had brought me to Paris and that his remarkable hands would surely bring him to the U.S. I feel that he is one of the truly great creative artists in the world today.

BURR TILLSTROM

Chicago, Ill.

● Puppeteer Tillstrom, creator of the TV show *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, has also traveled a long way on his hands in this country.—ED.

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## SENIOR PLAY ACCIDENT

Sirs:

Your story "Curtains for the Senior Play" (LIFE, Dec. 15) noted that 12 Luzerne, Pa. high school students were hospitalized when a truck overturned. Now only one student remains in the Nesbitt Hospital—17-year-old Betty Petroski. Her injuries include a broken back, triple leg fracture, three broken ribs, plus internal injuries. Her father is unemployed and on crutches from a mine accident.

Sympathy for this young girl sprang up spontaneously. Radio Station WBAX conducted a 21-hour radio marathon during which a continuous flow of pledges, donations and gifts poured in. A total of \$25,000 has been raised toward the care of Betty and her family.

JOHN L. LEWIS

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

based) with a clarifying statement:

"I did not state that chlorophyll is toxic. . . . Neither did I state that the commercial products containing copper or other metal derivatives of chlorophyll now on the market are toxic. I know of no experimental evidence which would provide a basis for a statement that these derivatives are unsafe. While acknowledging numerous published scientific reports on the effectiveness of chlorophyll for healing and deodorization, the point I made was that many phases of the use of chlorophyll need further statistically controlled investigation."

We agree that further work is needed, but the more than 40 scientific papers reporting chlorophyll's effectiveness and safety should be noted.

HAROLD WOLFF

Chlorophyll Industry Committee  
New York, N.Y.



CITIZENS OF LUZERNE COUNT CONTRIBUTIONS FOR BETTY PETROSKI

Sirs:

As author of *The Brain Storm*, the play the drama class of Luzerne was to have presented, I am curious to know if the students recovered sufficiently to give a delayed performance?

BETTYE KNAPP

Canoga Park, Calif.

● The students have rescheduled the performance of their play for mid-January.—ED.

## NEWSFRONTS OF WORLD

Sirs:

Recent personnel research described in LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World (Dec. 15) puts many business executives in the "stupid and industrious" class. In defense of this class may I offer Calvin Coolidge's definition of persistence:

"Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan 'Press On' has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race."

GORDON T. COLLIER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Your headline, "It's Dangerous To Be Lovely," over an item about chlorophyll has needlessly scared millions of chlorophyll users. Dr. Alsoph H. Corwin, Johns Hopkins professor of chemistry, has followed up his original paper (on which your item was

## CAMPUS QUEEN

Sirs:

We were glad to read about Marlies Gessler ("From DP to Queen," LIFE, Dec. 15) and her success at the University of Florida.

Long Island University's campus queen of '52 also is a foreign student. She is Ruth Koppel, a 22-year-old blond, green-eyed native of Haifa, Israel. Ruth came to the U.S. with her older sister in 1947 to study sociology. Now a junior, she expects to return to Israel following graduation. She'll take back with her ex-U.S. Marine Monte Koppel whom she met and married here two years ago.

RICHARD T. LEEDS

Brooklyn, N.Y.



L.I.U.'S QUEEN FROM ISRAEL

## DEATH MASKS

Sirs:

Never have I been so thrilled at a magazine presentation! "How Great Men Really Looked" (LIFE, Dec. 22)



was something I, as a reader, would never have thought of requesting, but once seen, realize it is something I have certainly wanted to see.

DONALD C. REAM  
Richlandtown, Pa.

Sirs:

... Those pictures are too horrible to be printed in any magazine.

MRS. ROBERT EDDY  
Ventura, Calif.

Sirs:

Laurence Hutton was my father's friend for 40 years and I well remember the collection when it was hung in his house on 34th Street in New York. Mr. Hutton's story of his collection is all told in his *Talks in a Library*. He speaks of Edwin Booth silently studying the mask of Lincoln and of Helen Keller instantly recognizing a cast of the hands of her friend, the poet Whittier. . . .

MARGARET T. LAMSON  
Sutton, Mass.

Sirs:

You say that Charles XII of Sweden was killed in 1718 by shrapnel. But Henry Shrapnel, the British artillery officer for whom the projectile was named, was not born until 1761, and shrapnel was not used until the Napoleonic wars, several years after its invention.

ROBERT K. HARVEY, M.D.  
Arlington, N.J.

● A metal fragment killed Charles XII but it was not shrapnel.—ED.

## HERB BROWNELL

Sirs:

Congratulations on the Brownell story ("Eisenhower's Right Hand," LIFE, Dec. 22). I worked for him in all of his N.Y. Assembly campaigns. One of the soundest men in the country.

ORVILLE F. GRAHAME  
Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

So Dewey's Brownell is Ike's Brownell now. And whose was Brutus after Caesar?

The "good" (R) political machinist, we now find, is a very engaging fellow—a far cry from his "bad" (D) counterpart.

The world our Herbert inhabits is equally delightful: the arguments against machine politics which LIFE used in condemning the "bad" (D) machines become wholly untenable, for, we are now told, perhaps there is no other way to success in American politics. Expediency, not morality, is the new criterion—but expediency for "good" (R) causes alone.

GREGG R. POTVIN  
American Falls, Idaho

Sirs:

In the interesting article on Herbert Brownell, the author states that after John G. Sargent, President Calvin Coolidge's attorney general, "there were to be no more Republican attorney generals until [Mr. Brownell] should assume the office himself." The writer has forgotten President Hoover and his attorney general, William D. Mitchell.

G. F. BOWERMAN  
Washington, D.C.

● Though he served Republican administrations, Mr. Mitchell was officially listed as a Democrat.—ED.

## MINIATURE HORSES

Sirs:

My husband and I were surprised that a 30-inch pony was considered suitable for a LIFE story ("Smaller Than a Dog," LIFE, Dec. 22). We exhibited Tom Thumb for three years as the "world's smallest horse" and so far our claim is undisputed. Tom Thumb is a mare, 8 years old and 24 inches high. She is a freak of nature as her parents were normal saddle stock, not Shetland ponies.

The dog pictured here with the little horse is our great Dane.

MRS. R. E. LEONARD  
Junction City, Kan.



GREAT DANE, SMALLEST HORSE

## EDITORIAL

Sirs:

I read your editorial "Heretics or Conspirators" (LIFE, Dec. 22) and I think history has shown Mr. Sidney Hook's rather invidious distinction between heresy and conspiracy is quite invalid due to man's eternal short-sightedness and bias in contemporary decisions. Indeed, the two outstanding "heretics" you mention were both treated as "conspirators" in their lifetime. Socrates was put to death for his teachings and William Lloyd Garrison narrowly escaped death at the hands of a mob of respected citizenry.

A tolerant attitude toward our "splinter" groups in the past has caused them all to eventually flicker out, their members and sometimes some of their ideas becoming a part of the whole nation once more.

A weak government must fear every meeting of its citizens. But, short of armed uprising, a strong democracy is never in danger of any of its factions, no matter how clamorous or irksome they may be. When we try to use our day by day judgment on issues that require the more stable and tried formula of tolerance, then we are our own conspirators. We destroy our own civil liberties.

BERTRAND N. SHAFFER  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Since reference was made to my distinction between heresy and conspiracy, I should like to observe that in my view no one, heretical or orthodox, has an inherent right to any specific job; but once a man has been certified as competent, he has a right to his job, subject to continuous competent performance, whether a heretic or not. This goes for government jobs,

too, except some key appointive ones. An official may be completely loyal and competent, and still entertain heretical notions. These notions may be very helpful in testing and reformulating policy.

... Once certified as competent, behavior and performance are the most relevant factors. But this does not apply to conspirators. The American Association of University Professors, the American Civil Liberties Union and other organizations go wrong precisely at this point. They believe, for example, that if a teacher who has won tenure joins a conspiratorial organization like the Communist party no action may be justifiably taken to discipline him until he actually carries out his instructions.

The essence of liberalism is the continuous use of intelligence to solve problems—not the ritualistic incantation of abstract principles. Liberalism today must be tough-minded.

SIDNEY HOOK  
New York University  
New York, N.Y.

## CAT SHOW

Sirs:

You published my letter (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Dec. 22) in which I thanked you for "LIFE Goes to the Biggest U.S. Cat Show," but also criticized parts of your coverage. By condensing my letter you made it appear I had nothing but approval to offer.

RAY SMITH  
Editor  
Cats Magazine  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● While praising LIFE's pictures of the Los Angeles Cat Show, Editor Smith thought that "the sensational rather than the constructive side" had been too much emphasized, and declared that comradeship, not competitiveness, was the general spirit among cat exhibitors.—ED.

## FRENZY OR BOUQUET?

Sirs:

"Frenzy in Feathers," your Miscellany picture of Dec. 22, would have been better captioned "A Bouquet of Pheasants," thus bringing into use this picturesque word in a little-known meaning, i.e., a group of pheasants exploding from a central point. The picture did look like a flower arrangement!

MORGAN G. BULKELEY  
Copake Falls, N.Y.

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# Looking for Something?



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FEET ARE, FROM LEFT, THOSE OF ARGENTINE QUINTUPLET, SPEAKER MARTIN, RESCUER AT A SHIPWRECK, MODEL IN MAJORCA AND AN OTTER

# THE PATTERN OF FEET, TINY AND OTHERWISE

My feet, they haul me Round the House,  
They Hoist me up the Stairs;  
I only have to steer them, and  
They Ride me Everywheres.

Classically, man's symbol of movement has been his feet, as noted by the poet, Gelett Burgess, in the above jingle. Since the world is never static it is hardly surprising to discover that the part of it which we examine in this week's LIFE produces a promenade of assorted feet riding people "Everywheres."

So we have the graceful foot of 9½-year-old María Esther Diligenti, which served to transport her to her First Communion together with her four brothers and sisters. They constitute Argentina's little-known quintuplets shown on pages 11 through 15.

Less shapely but more purposeful are the moving feet of Joe Martin who treads on page 17 from a minority status to the congressional office of Speaker of the House, a symbol of

the momentous movement now in progress in Washington as the Republican administration takes over.

The sturdy feet of a Lebanese fisherman go about the gallant and dramatic work of rescuing shipwrecked passengers of the liner *Champollion* on pages 26 through 28.

A fashionable foot traveled far to the island of Majorca to model for you the *espadrille*, along with other fashions pictured in color on pages 53 through 61. Two irrepressible otters, exhibiting all the artful expression of a ballerina, propelled themselves into LIFE on pages 75 through 79 with feet which carry them through the snow, down the stairs and through the waters of a tank in chase of prey.

Finally on pages 94 and 95 we have the circuitous movements necessary for those who call upon President-elect Dwight Eisenhower in his New York headquarters. There you will find footsteps actually pattering across the pages.



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8—ILSE MAYER, GEORGE SKADDING, MYRTLE WINTER,  
MILTON GREENE, WALLACE KIRKLAND  
11 THROUGH 15—ILSE MAYER  
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SKADDING—MARK KAUFFMAN, GEORGE SKADDING  
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**LEADING HOME ECONOMISTS** sample low-salt cooking under guidance of Sunkist Consumer Service Director, Gertrude Austin (third from left). After tasting 23 unsalted foods with and without lemon, all agreed a squeeze of lemon works wonders for otherwise dull and unpalatable dishes. Foods

tested included: appetizers, soups, salads, beef roast, lamb chops, fish, vegetables and stewed fruit. **Sunkist booklet** "When the doctor says: *Cut down on salt*" is available without charge. Write Sunkist, Sec. 2701, Box 2706, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

# New Life for Low-Salt Diets

## FOODS TAKE ON NEW FLAVOR, NEW APPEAL WITH LEMONS

If you've ever tried eating dinner without using the salt shaker, you know how dull and tasteless low-salt dishes can be. Yet today it is estimated that someone in every fourth U.S. family is on a low-sodium or salt-free diet.

Housewives, plagued with the problem of peppering up saltless meals, are discovering that many, many foods can be more appetizing with

fresh lemons. Reason? The taste of salt is replaced by the sharp tang of lemon juice.

Families in which one member is on a low-salt diet all tend to become lemon enthusiasts. Many people who have been limiting use of lemon to fish and seafood, tomato juice and tea now are finding that lemon's tartness enhances a surprising variety of foods. And lemon works

this same flavor magic *with or without salt!*

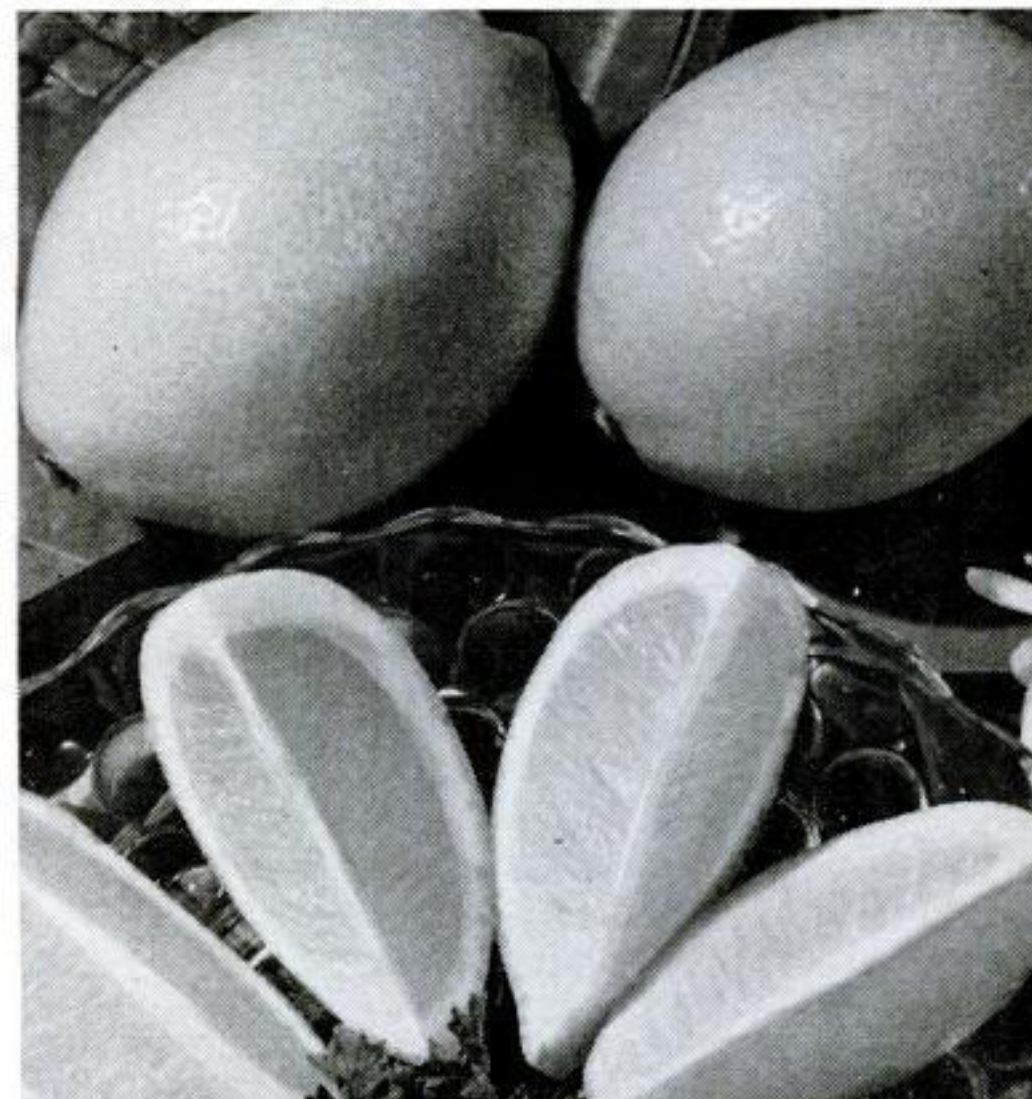
As one housewife puts it: "Four months ago the doctor placed my husband on a strict, low-sodium diet. I was at my wit's end trying to make his food tempting to him, until I discovered what fresh lemons do for food flavors. Now I serve a dish of lemon wedges every meal. The whole family uses them."



**WHEN THE DOCTOR** prescribes a diet low in salt, the real problem is to keep unsalted foods from tasting flat, insipid. Lemons, virtually salt-free, are a wonderful help, and are commonly permitted on all levels of low-sodium diets.

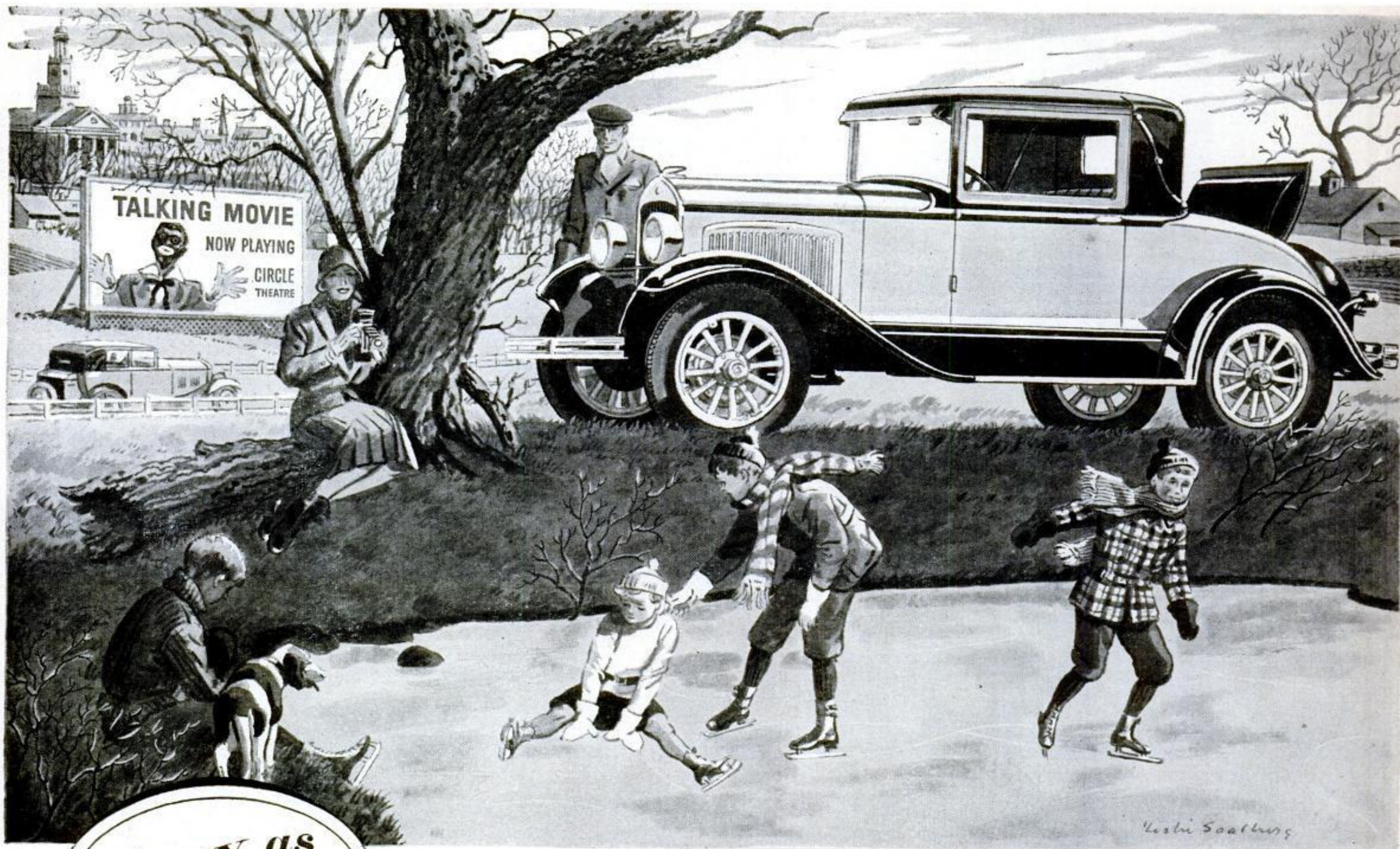


**OVERWEIGHT?** Many reducing diets recommend *cutting down* on salt. Seasoning with lemons instead of salt makes reducing easier. Not only does it help you shed pounds *faster*, but a squeeze of tangy, fresh lemon sparks listless low-calorie foods.



**LEMONS-ON-THE-TABLE** make any menu more tasty and zestful. Serve plump, easy-to-squeeze wedges every meal. Just be sure they're Sunkist Lemons—finest from California-Arizona. **Sunkist®**





1928 PLYMOUTH—the first Plymouth—was powered by a 4-cylinder, 45-h.p. engine. It was the first car in the low-priced class to have 4-wheel hydraulic brakes.

*TODAY as  
YESTERDAY*

**CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE**

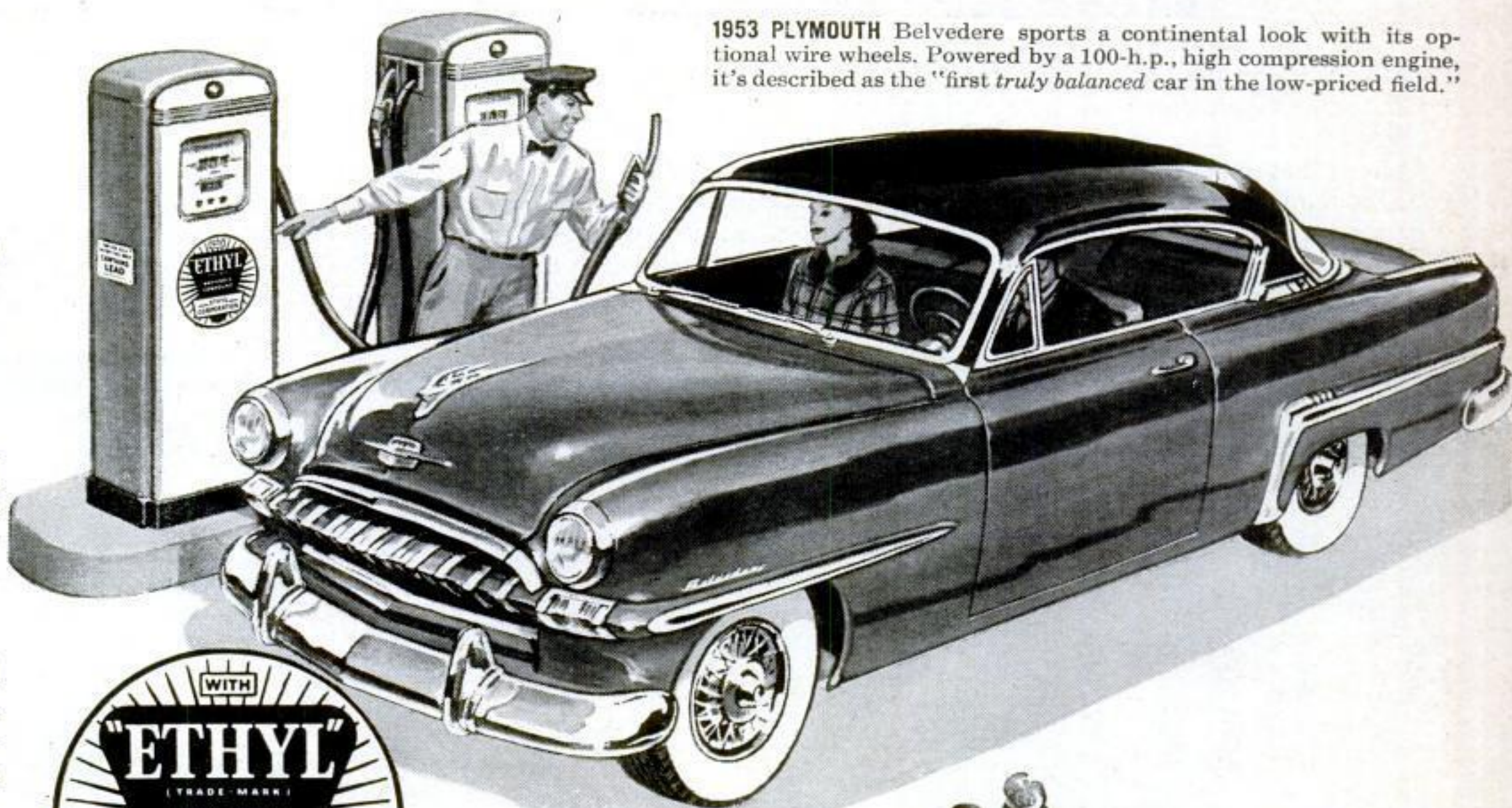


1904 GENERAL ELECTRIC had a novel electric transmission. A gasoline engine ran a generator which supplied power to two electric motors driving the rear wheels. There was no gear shift.

IN 1928, automobile advertisements offered "flashing power at your fingertips." Then, as now, car owners wanted better performance—and "Ethyl" gasoline helped them get it.

And just as the car of today is far superior to the average car of a quarter century ago—so, too, has "Ethyl" gasoline improved over the years. Today's "Ethyl" gasoline is designed to help your modern, high compression engine deliver its top power and performance.

That's why it pays to fill 'er up at the pump with the familiar "Ethyl" emblem. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!



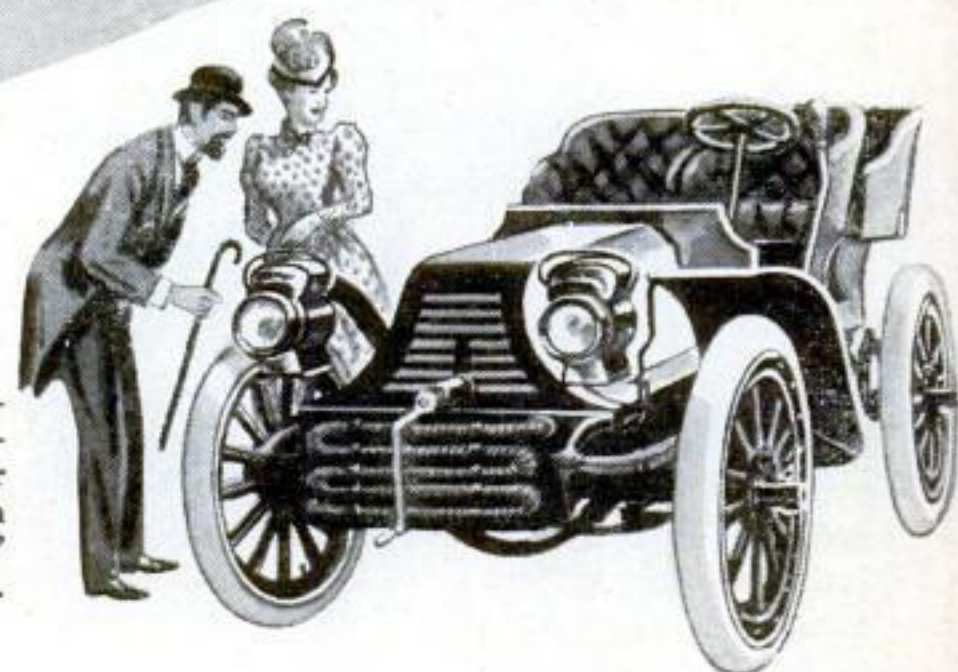
1953 PLYMOUTH Belvedere sports a continental look with its optional wire wheels. Powered by a 100-h.p., high compression engine, it's described as the "first truly balanced car in the low-priced field."



**ETHYL**  
CORPORATION

New York 17, New York  
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

1900 GASMOBILE was the first six-cylinder car sold in the U. S. Actually it had two three-cylinder engines hooked together. Though the car was termed "futuristic," the company failed in 1902.







"FULL HOUSE" (FATHER DILIGENTI'S TERM) IS ON STAIRS—FRANCO AT BOTTOM, THEN MARIA CRISTINA, MARIA FERNANDA, MARIA ESTHER, CARLOS ALBERTO

## PUBLIC SEES ARGENTINE QUINTS

For the world's other quintuplets, the Diligentis of Argentina, the holidays in Buenos Aires were extraordinarily wonderful. Even beyond the usual joys, the season brought a grand chance for fancy dressing up and a gala party in their honor. It was First Communion for the two boys and three girls, the only living quintuplets besides the Dionnes, and was the occasion of the first formal public appearance of their 9½ years. Like most things concerning these seldom-seen children, the celebration was intended to be studiously routine but it

turned out to be more than a little special.

For Franco and Carlos Alberto there were handsome white dress suits and for María Cristina, María Fernanda and María Esther beautiful dresses brought especially by their mother from Rome. Moreover, it was the first time they had been together in months because their father, who has refused to exploit them in any way, was anxious to keep them normal and had packed them off to separate schools.

On Communion Day the excited kids were up at 7 a.m. and by 8 had so pestered their

millionaire father that he chased them out of his room. At 10 a.m. they went through the ceremony at Metropolitan Cathedral with perfect aplomb. Then, having had no breakfast, they were popped into bed, fed a little consomme and left to nap until 5. The party that night was a wondrous affair with puppet theater, a ventriloquist, two orchestras and, best of all, permission to stay up until 1 a.m.

When it was all over, young Franco spoke for all five when he said with philosophical sadness, "You can only do anything first, once."





**PRIVATE TRY-ON** of her new Communion costume occupies María Esther, glamour girl of quints, who makes careful adjustment of her wrinkled stocking.



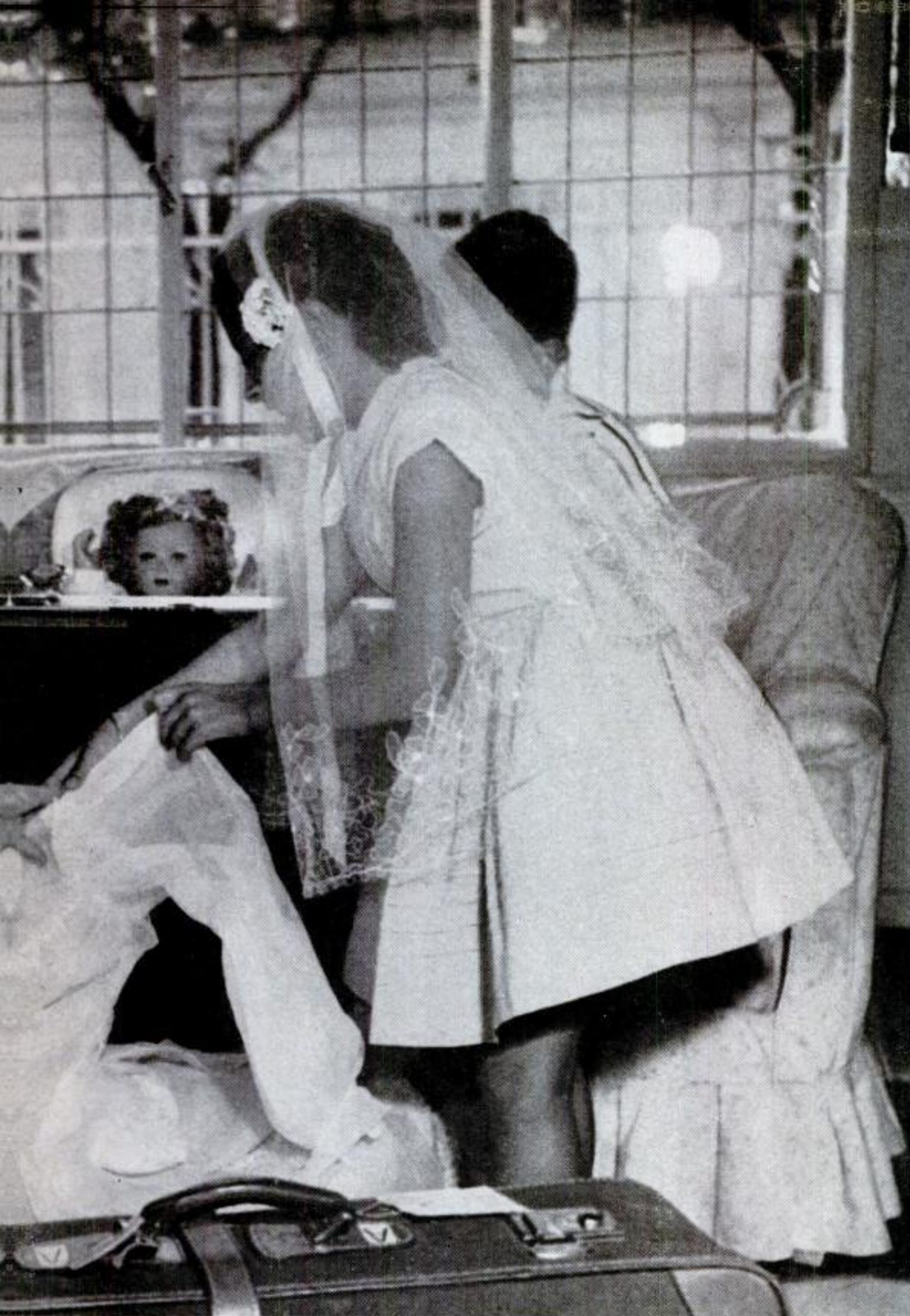
**FAMILY CONFERENCE** brings in Carlos Alberto (*left*) and Franco (*right*) to look on as María Esther and María Cristina, called "The Dark One," inspect one



**ALL READY**, María Fernanda, "The Fat Little One," and María Esther primp in a doorway (*above*), and then (*right*) the quints go out to their car all in a row.







of their new taffeta gowns. They have put on new Communion veils over their everyday dresses. Doll, like dresses, was brought from Italy by their mother.



**ANXIOUS WAIT** for car to take them to church keeps Franco and Carlos Alberto at window, barely-worn soles of shoes turned up. Car was half hour late.



**IN CHURCH** María Esther and Carlos Alberto march together in sedate self-possession as their older sisters, Ana María, 15, and Mayra, 12, fidget nervously.





**SOLEMN MOMENT** of service sends quintuplets to knees just before receiving the Host from officiating priest. Argentina's Cardinal Copello presided over

service. Here Diligentis are in order which has grown customary in the family: from left, Franco, María Cristina, María Fernanda, María Esther, Carlos Alberto.



**PROUD FAMILY** stands as the service ends. The parents (wearing dark glasses) stand with the oldest

child, Ana María (left), and Mayra, only survivor of set of triplets. Quints are newest Diligenti children.

## A REWARD IN CHURCH FOR PARENTS' TRIALS

The Communion went off with such decorum that few could believe how hard pressed the Diligentis have been to rear the quintuplets as everyday children. When they were born on July 15, 1943, Father Diligenti, an Italian immigrant who made a fortune in dyes and textiles, at first tried to shelter them from notoriety by getting birth certificates in different registries. Later, when the secret leaked out and some noted that they were not identical, he snapped, "They don't make them to order, you know."

Exceptionally bright, the quintuplets speak four languages—Spanish to each other, Italian to their parents, English at school and French wherever it is needed. Being sent off to separate schools has broken up their too-close team relationship. At their garden party, instead of sticking together, the quintuplets went off separately to play with their schoolmates.



**CURIOUS NEIGHBORS** peer through fence trying to glimpse quintuplets in Diligenti garden where 400 schoolmates and adult friends have gathered for party.

**BEFORE THE ALTAR** of Metropolitan Cathedral, banked high with gladioli blooms given by Father Diligenti, quintuplets stand at row of five high-backed chairs. →







# TWO TOUGH ONES FOR WINNIE AND IKE

## ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS NEED ATTENTION ON THE ECONOMIC AND ASIAN FRONTS

Judging from his visit to Morningside Heights, Mr. Churchill hopes to return Anglo-American relations to that basis of personal intimacy on which he and F.D.R. ran the Western war against Hitler. It was an effective basis then and might be again. But Anglo-American relations are a bigger subject than first names, even the names "Winston" and "Ike."

As he disclosed to the Communist convention last October, Stalin expects that Anglo-American relations will deteriorate. In fact they have been quietly deteriorating for several years. Beneath the smooth surface of professional diplomacy, and above the mutual cousinly trust of our two peoples, there has been a cold layer of Anglo-U.S. failure to agree, which has made unnecessarily bad weather in many parts of the world. It led to the almost hopeless situation in Iran; it led to a split naval command for NATO; and so on. But all the many details are overshadowed by two problems of major dimensions. These are the economic future of Britain, and that part of our global strategy against Communism that concerns Asia.

On economic policy, the British and ourselves have been mouthing the same pious generalities for a decade. We both repeatedly profess to be for convertible currencies, investment in underdeveloped countries, the removal of barriers to multilateral world trade. Seldom have fair words been so belied by results. The pound is still not convertible with the dollar, the British economic position is still precarious, and world trade, without which Britain has no economic future, is anything but free.

During their six-year submission to socialism, it often seemed as though the British really didn't care. The Socialists had the itch (as well as good emergency excuses) to control their trade and ration foreign exchange. They even developed a gloomy theory that Britain's dollar shortage would be permanent and that therefore some controls would have to be permanent too.

In their single year in office, the Tories have at least changed this atmosphere for the better. They have rehabilitated the price system, raised interest rates and slowed the wage-price spiral without causing undue strikes. Above all, they have introduced a note of seriousness into the hope for dollar-pound convertibility. The recent Commonwealth conference of finance ministers reaffirmed this goal and even announced a plan for achieving it—a plan which, like all Britain's big plans, depends on U.S. cooperation.

In effect, the British have returned the economic ball to our court. The "dollar shortage" is now seen as no more permanent than we choose to make it by failing to correct the imbalance of our own trade. They ask us to act like a creditor country, accepting payments in imports for our exports and loans.

For example, the British have just repaid the second annual instalment of principal and interest on our 1946 loan: \$138.5 million. If they had to earn those dollars by direct sale of British goods to the U.S. at the rate of our present purchases from Britain, they would have to earmark four months' worth of such sales out of every year—for the next 50 years. Surely the U.S. can act like a more intelligent banker than that.

If Eisenhower's foreign trade policy solves the problem of U.S. imports, the British will have no reason to be either beggars or isolationists anymore. Indeed they might even become an economic powerhouse again, sharing with us the task of creating new wealth throughout the non-Communist world. That great prospect is now largely up to us.

With the other major difficulty in Anglo-American relations, the case is somewhat different. Ever since our "inescapable" decision (as Ike called it) to defend Korea, U.S. strategy against Soviet Communism has inescapably and increasingly become a global strategy. Mr. Dulles is likely to make it even more so. The British, on the other hand, continue to underrate the Asian front.

In an article called "The World Is Round" in the current *Foreign Affairs*, Hamilton Fish Armstrong describes the American strategic concept as follows: "When mere civilians begin to grasp the significance of a California-Denmark air service across the Polar ice cap we must suppose that military planners have long ago seen that the two pairs of Russia's flanks merge, and that talk of a 'Europe first' or 'Asia first' approach to the Soviet problem is academic. If our planners have not done so, we may be sure that the Russians have." The geopolitical view does seem to be more spherical from the U.S. and Moscow than from London. This is one reason why the British could regard Mao Tse-tung so lightly as to recognize his government. Another may be that the British have never taken seriously the problem of good and evil east of Suez.

Many Britons now admit that their quasi-appeasement policy hasn't worked. The London *Economist* wants "a coherent, long-term policy for the Far East as a whole." The only policy that answers this description is one that envisions the rollback of Communism in Asia as well as in Europe. But not even the *Economist* is yet able to will the means to that. Since the U.S. has also lacked resolution on this score, the potential cleavage in Atlantic opinion is more dangerous than has been allowed to appear.

The Pentagon recently discussed with the British a plan for a naval blockade of China. The British, like one holding three fingers over a cough, muffled their concern for Hong Kong behind a flawless demonstration that the plan wouldn't work. Many Britons still think Mao can be Titoized by kindness. Americans begin to realize that kindness will neither deflect, unseat nor even Titoize Mao. The delicate American problem is therefore to find a method of unkindness which the British will not actively oppose—meanwhile waiting for them to recover their taste for victory, which they lost in the last war.

Thus there is little immediate prospect of a new Anglo-American general formula for world peace and order. But the long-run prospect remains hopeful, for two reasons.

First, Britain's geographical myopia is probably temporary. For centuries her lot has been cast with the whole world's and we must assume it will be again. "Little Englanders", now speaking as Europe-firsters, are a recurrent phenomenon in British opinion; they evince what Armstrong calls "the note of longing for the little role, the smaller task." But they never dominate British politics for long. Once the tiresome cloud over Britain's economic prospects is lifted, the political consequences in liberating British courage may be very great.

Second, philosophical differences between Britons and Americans are also temporary. The difference over Chinese Communism is philosophical. If Mao is an evil menace equivalent to the evil menace of Stalin, the British will eventually discover this fact. Our two peoples have about the same ultimate threshold of self-deception, and share a way of making their truer visions effective in the long run.





## MARTIN, MACARTHUR AND AN ELEPHANT (RAMPANT) MOVE IN

A small parade of triumph took place in a Capitol corridor last week, headed by Minority Leader Joe Martin, Republican of Massachusetts, who carried the plastic elephant that graced the G.O.P. committee rooms during the late campaign. Behind Martin came porters, with a globe, a lamp and a picture of General MacArthur. The parade turned a corner smartly and halted in the office of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, which has a fine crystal chandelier, lots of sunlight and a good

view of the Capitol mall. With that, Joe Martin was physically installed as Speaker of the House of Representatives. To the smaller, darker office that Joe had just left went the ex-Speaker, Sam Rayburn, Democrat of Texas. He had had the sunny office since 1940 with the exception of the two-year Republican 80th Congress, when Martin was the Speaker. Next day, when a new G.O.P. Congress, the 83rd, convened (*next page*), this latest change-over of the two long-time rivals was quickly made official.





**FAREWELL ON THE HILL** takes place at lunch given for Truman by outgoing Senate Secretary Les

Biffle. Here President has a few words with Senator Lyndon Johnson (Texas), new minority floor leader.



**REUNION ON THE HILL** occurs when Representative Frances Bolton (Ohio), starting her eighth

term, joins her son Oliver, starting his first term, in waving to her grandchildren sitting in the gallery.

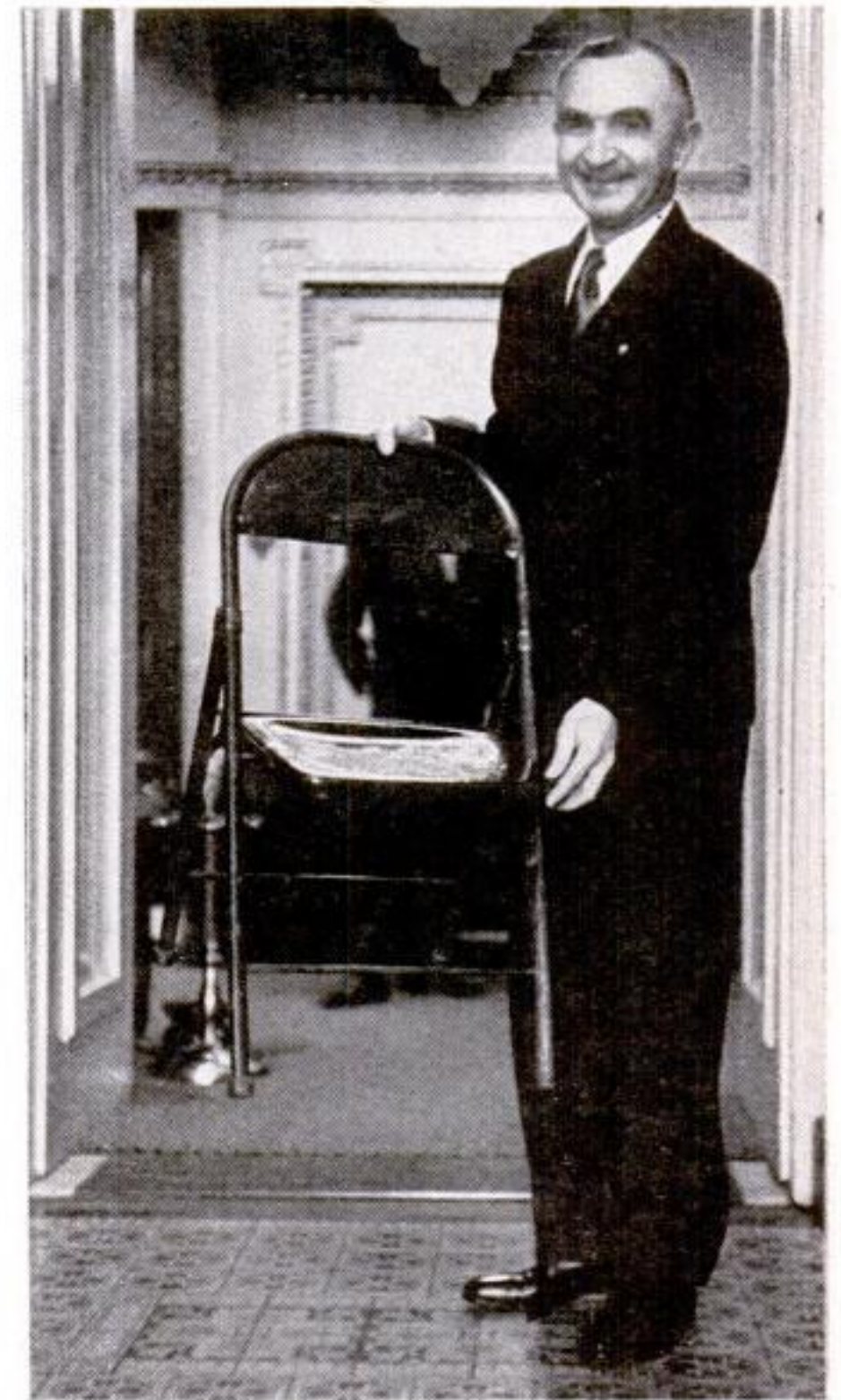


**OLD AND NEW DEMOCRATS** meet as Senator Hoey (N.C.) welcomes Senator Symington (Mo.).

## ENTRANCE

### Republican 83rd Congress opens

"Any jackass can kick a barn down," said Sam Rayburn good-humoredly last Friday as Republican and Democratic representatives and senators completed their party caucuses and prepared to convene the 83rd Congress, "but it takes a carpenter to build it back." When Rayburn spoke there was at least some thought among Democrats that the second Republican Congress in 20 years would open on a note of kicking. There was a chance for a squabble over admission of some senators, like McCarthy of Wisconsin, subject of a committee report, or a fight over the filibuster and civil rights. But Congress opened in an air of high



**MAVERICK** Wayne Morse (Ore.), who quit the G.O.P., comes to Senate with chair. He got old seat.





**OLD AND NEW VEEPS**, Barkley, who still has job, and ex-Senator Nixon, briefly jobless, meet.

## (SMILING)

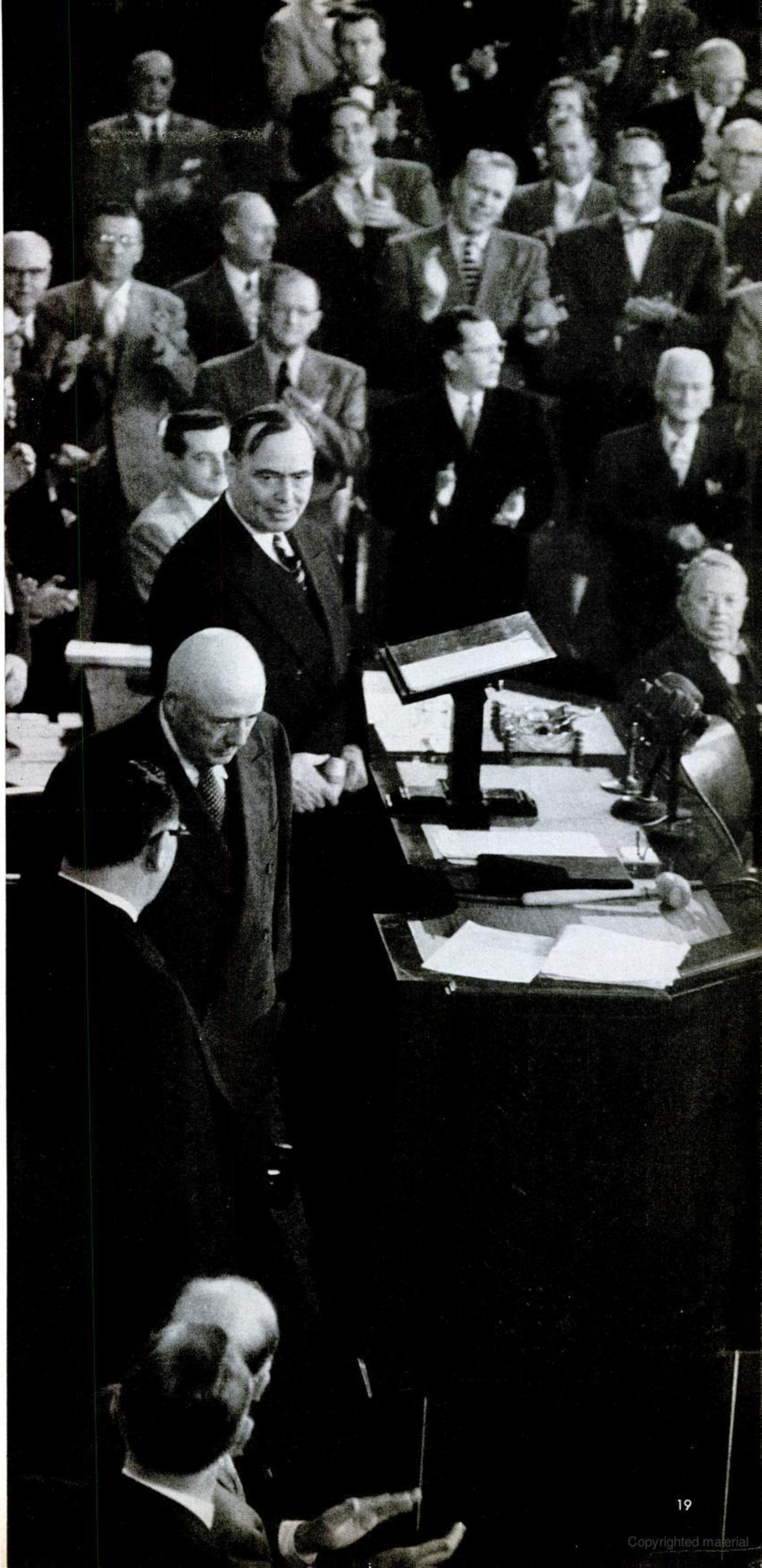
in an atmosphere of good humor

good humor which helped the Republican carpenters tack up a solid if temporary scaffold. In the House, 426 representatives (nine were absent) cheered happily as outgoing Speaker Rayburn made a pleasant speech yielding "temporarily" to incoming Speaker Joe Martin and stepped down after praising Joe's fairness. In the Senate, from the first, the new majority floor leader, Bob Taft, quashed any would-be uprisings. There were roars while controversial Senator McCarthy was signing the roster—but only because Vice President Barkley, still the Senate's presiding officer, was kissing the hand of Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine.

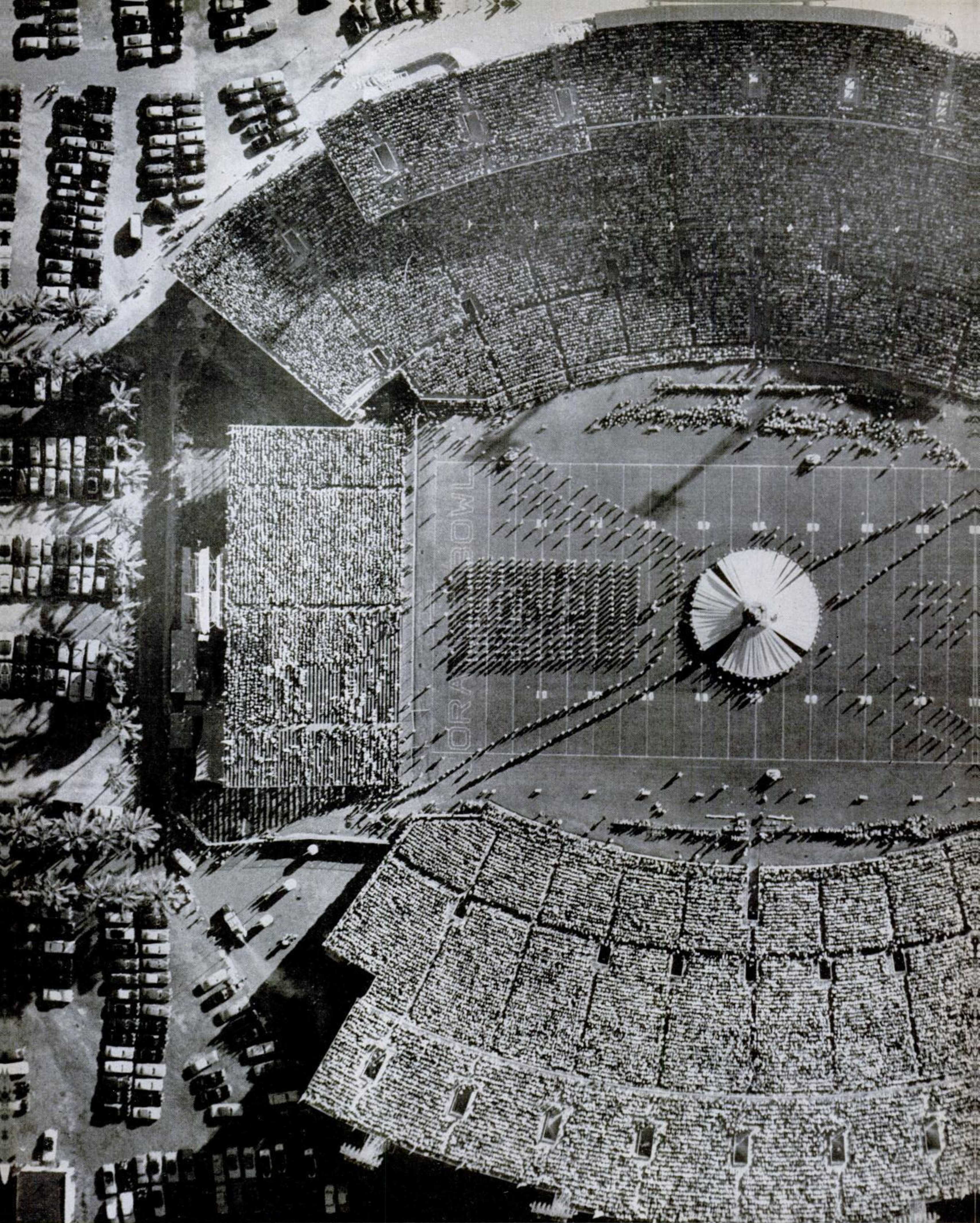


**FIREBRAND** Joe McCarthy (Wis.) challenged one and all to keep him out. But he took oath anyway.

**MARTIN TAKES GAVEL FROM SPEAKER RAYBURN** →

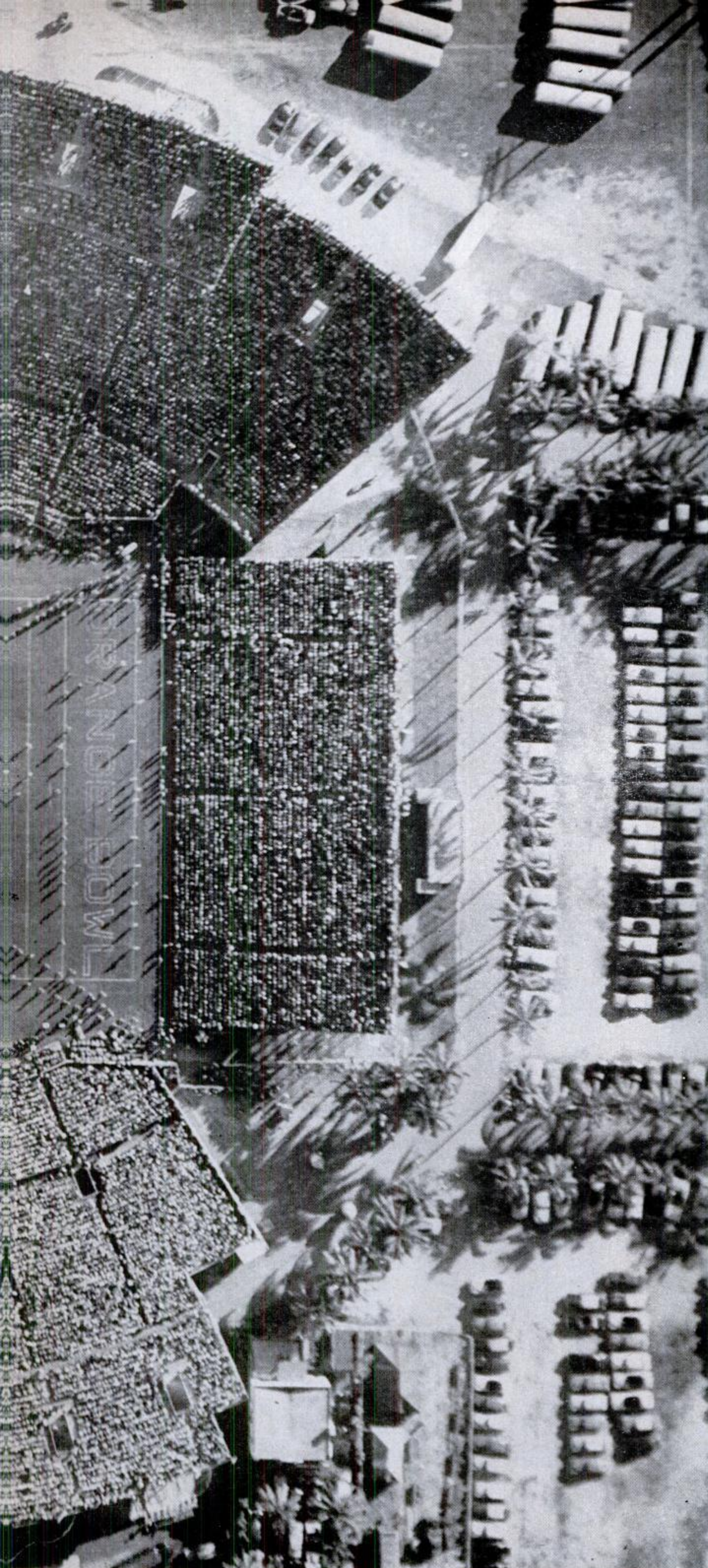






AERIAL PANORAMA OF THE ORANGE BOWL, TAKEN AT HALF-TIME, SHOWS WHITE CIRCLE OF STREAMERS STRETCHING OUT FROM QUEEN'S MIDFIELD FLOAT





**ORANGE BOWL QUEEN** stands on the streamer-decked float which makes the white circle in center of picture at left.

## AN ORANGE BOWL FROM THE BLUE

**Miami photographer outdoes Pasadena's**

Two photographers, separated by 3,000 miles but sharing the same idea, got up in the sky on New Year's Day to take half-time panorama shots of their respective bowl games. Dead center above Florida's Orange Bowl, Bill Sanders of the *Miami Herald* leaned from a plane at 1,000 feet and shot the perfect pattern at left, showing the 66,280 fans who saw Alabama's record-breaking 61-6 victory over Syracuse, the Orange Bowl queen on her streamer-encircled pedestal, and bandmen parading on the turf. Above the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, where Southern California was defeating Wisconsin 7-0, Photographer Bob Sinclair bailed out of a slow-flying plane, clutching his camera. He barely avoided crashing into the side of the grandstand, was so busy pulling his shroud lines (*below*) that he got no pictures at all before he fell into some trees outside the field.



**ROSE BOWL JUMPER** Bob Sinclair falls toward packed stands, busy pulling on his parachute cords to miss crowd.





# A PAIR OF EMBATTLED LABOR BOSSES

**Their strikes harass a big city by land and sea**

The New Year found New York City besieged by land and by sea. Mike Quill, president of the C.I.O. Transport Workers Union, called 8,000 bus workers off the city's privately owned lines. Then Joe Ryan, president of the A.F. of L. International Longshoremen's Association, backed a strike of scalers, samplers and weighers that temporarily shut down 60 of the city's 143 piers. Ryan's strike seemed to be mainly in protest against the State Crime Commission, which has exposed union racketeering.

Quill had a better case. His strike, which promised a monumental jam on the city's already sardine-packed subways, was to get his men a 40-hour week. This is a demand many of Quill's critics, who resent his high-handed tactics, concede is reasonable because it has been granted drivers on city-subsidized lines. Private bus companies said they could not agree without raising fares from 10¢ to 15¢, and Mayor Vincent Impellitteri accused Quill and the bus owners of putting the squeeze on the city. Quill said he wouldn't arbitrate until "Impy" apologized. At week's end Impy hadn't and the strike was still on. On the waterfront, though, rank-and-file longshoremen were ignoring Joe Ryan's crusade and reporting for work. Said one dockwalloper, "This is a phony and the men don't like it."



**RUFFLED RYAN** on the waterfront strike's first day was busy calling his lieutenants in Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia to ask their support for walkout.

← **QUIZZICAL QUILL** at a press conference reflects on question and is reflected by a table. He suggested that city schools be closed and teachers use television.



# It's rich, fresh-tasting! It's new and it's *Campbell's*

Your own good taste will tell you—this is ketchup the way you and your family like it. It's skillfully spiced, rich with the taste of red-ripe Campbell's tomatoes fresh off the vine. Delicious!

See how Campbell's Ketchup makes good things taste even better—whether it's one of your extra special meals like this one, or a thrifty budget lunch.

Whatever the occasion, the family will like it even more when you set Campbell's Ketchup on the table.



OVER  
3 POUNDS  
OF TOMATOES  
IN EVERY  
BOTTLE





**Smoothest thing on ice.** In a “whiskey on the rocks” (just whiskey and ice), smoothness and flavor make the big difference. Try Four Roses “on the rocks.” You’ll discover—at your first sip—the special smoothness and distinctive flavor that have made Four Roses the first choice of millions—coast to coast.

Wouldn't you  
rather drink

**Four Roses**



*Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York City. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.*



# LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

**McCarran has an uncomfortable week, Acheson has sore hindsight and a tenor swallows his mustache**

Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada spent a very uncomfortable week. Questioned as a defendant in a million-dollar conspiracy suit, he admitted that he generally got free rooms and



PAT MCCARRAN

meals from wealthy hotel and casino operators in Las Vegas. Even more aggravating was the furor raised by the McCarran-Walter immigration act. In a report hailed by eminent men of all faiths and races, a special presidential commission said that the act was a violation of American principles, dangerous to our foreign relations and "an arrogant, brazen instrument of discrimination" which should be rewritten from beginning to end. While McCarran pooh-poohed the report, the Administration was doing its best to point up the absurdities of the McCarran Act by enforcing it to the hilt.

Alabama's Tuskegee Institute, which had been keeping careful track for 70 years, reported that there was not a single U.S. lynching in 1952—the first lynchless year since 1882. But the report deplored the high number of race beatings, bombings and intimidations.

## Gunman hijacks a plane

On a routine 100-mile flight over Luzon, the pilot and co-pilot of a Philippine airliner were suddenly threatened by a Chinese passenger who waved a gun and demanded to be flown to Communist China. He shot and killed both the pilot and the purser and had made the co-pilot fly within 15 miles of the Chinese Red port of Amoy before Chinese Nationalist planes forced a landing in Nationalist territory. The six other passengers, including two Americans, were unharmed in the midflight hijacking.

Tenor Walter Midgley, singing in Rigoletto at London's Covent Garden opera house, made a striking appearance. But when he took an extra-deep breath half of his bristling false mustache dived down his throat and nearly choked him. Midgley turned his back, coughed up his bristles, then bravely finished the rest of the opera with the nylon base of the mustache still stuck in his throat.

## Rodney Dee gains, Roger Lee loses

The Brodie Siamese twins whose heads were separated three weeks ago in an unparalleled 13-hour operation at a University of Illinois hospital moved into another stage last week. Rodney Dee, the stronger twin, underwent a two-hour operation which covered his exposed brain with grafted skin, giving him a far better safeguard against infection. But the second twin, Roger Lee, still in a coma, was too weak to stand another operation.

In order to simplify its case, the government has decided after all not to prosecute 83 of the 118 Du Ponts listed as defendants in its antitrust suit (LIFE, Dec. 8). Forty-eight of the discarded defendants are minors, and evidence against the others is too inconclusive, but the government is still keeping 35 Du Ponts on the docket.

## Keep racketeers, Italy asks

Understandably disturbed by the recently announced plans of the U.S. Department of Justice, the Italian government has issued a warning that it will not permit any Italian-born racketeers who have become U.S. citizens to return to Italy, even if the U.S. should decide to deport them. If both Italy and the U.S. stick to their guns, such notorious citizens as Frank Costello, Thomas Luchese (Three Finger Brown) and the Anastasia brothers may become racketeers without a country.

In Vancouver, B.C., a 12-year-old burglar explained how he had managed to carry out four successful office burglaries inside of four hours. He had just escaped from the crowded Provincial Industrial School for Boys where he and the other young inmates, he said, were given lessons on how to pick locks by a staff instructor "in case you should lose your locker key."

explained that no more cards were needed since the children were already oversupplied. He got 20 million more. This year he tried desperately to stem the flood, but, in spite of his best efforts, in the first three days of 1953 he again found himself overwhelmed.



PROS SEDGMAN AND MCGREGOR

For the third straight year Australia's brilliant tennis team of Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor won the Davis Cup, beating the U.S. team of Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert. Then, for a guarantee of \$100,000 a year, the Aussie stars turned pro, giving the U.S. a much better chance to win back the Davis Cup next year.

## Acheson on U.N. disloyalty

Testifying before a House subcommittee, Secretary of State Dean Acheson gave his opinion that disloyal Americans in the U.N. are a matter of national interests "but not national security." He explained that because of a 1946 decision by Secretary of State Byrnes, the State Department gives opinions on the loyalty of U.N. employees only after they have been chosen. Asked if he would have acted differently knowing what he knows now, Acheson replied lightly that "My hindsight is sore at this point." But when he discussed the work of his own aides, he assumed a solemn tone and declared that he would not "'snatch the knotted cord from the hand of God and deal out murderous blows' to my associates."

## Eisler loses his job

When Communist Gerhart Eisler jumped bail in 1949 and fled the U.S., he went to East Germany and became head of the information bureau, a job which enabled him to heap abuse on the U.S. Eisler should have known his bosses better. Last week his job was liquidated, and the West wondered how long it might be before Eisler himself would go the way of his job.

Columbia University selected a new president to succeed Dwight D. Eisenhower. He is 49-year-old Dr. Grayson L. Kirk, the acting head of Columbia since 1950 and an expert on international relations.



CHRISTMAS CARDS SWAMP ENGLEHARDT

## No more cards, please

Three years ago George Englehardt, the public relations director of the United Cerebral Palsy organization, asked people to send in all their old Christmas cards so that palsied children could play with them. To his delight—and somewhat to his dismay—the first year's response was a staggering 80 million cards. Last year Englehardt thanked everyone but



# VALIANT RESCUES

## Two-day struggle saves most aboard French liner

As the 12,500-ton French liner *Champollion*, the eastern Mediterranean's best-known luxury ship, churned in a gusty sea toward Beirut, Lebanon, early-rising passengers thought something was odd about the ship's course. Instead of heading north to the Beirut harbor the ship was steaming due east. Suddenly there was a scraping and a severe thudding as the *Champollion* ran aground a quarter of a mile offshore.

The 111 passengers and 212-man crew, too near shore to be taken off by a large ship and too far to risk swimming through the surf, huddled on the *Champollion*'s sharply listing deck. Ashore, firemen from Beirut's airport, Lebanese fishermen and Palestinians from nearby refugee camps led futile attempts to reach the *Champollion* with small boats. All day long the boats were forced back or capsized. By next morning, fearing



**TAKING A BEATING** from the sea, which sent bursts of spray high over the superstructure, the *Champollion* sits helpless on the sandbar. She hit head-on but wind and waves swung stern around. Rescue attempts have not yet started.



**BATTLING THE SURF**, small rescue boat (above) is launched on first day, but is tossed by a comber and driven back. Next morning, some of 50 who swam ashore (below) come in like hobbling corks as rescuer goes out to help them.



HIS COAT OF OIL MAKING HIM LOOK LIKE GREEK WARRIOR'S STATUE, ONE





# IN A RAGING SURF

beached quarter of a mile off the Lebanese coast

the decks might collapse—the hull had already split open—the ship's captain advised those who could swim to try for land. Fifty set out. Fifteen died, beaten against the rocks in the violent, oil-covered waters.

Later that morning, with a British cruiser standing by to lessen the wind's force, a harbor boat made it to the *Champollion*. As the shoreline crowd, now grown to 25,000, alternately groaned and cheered, it took off three large loads of survivors. A smaller boat brought in the rest, and by nightfall the ship was cleared.

With the deserted *Champollion* breaking up, Beirut buzzed with rumors as to the cause of the wreck. The most plausible explanation was that in the stormy bleakness the new beacon at Beirut's airport might have been mistaken for the familiar light at the entrance to the harbor.



STRAINING FISHERMEN PULL BOAT WHICH FAILED TO TAKE LINE TO SHIP

OF PASSENGERS WHO SWAM ASHORE IS HELPED ACROSS TANGLED FLOTSAM ON THE BEACH BY THREE LEBANESE FIREMEN. CRACK IN SHIP'S HULL SHOWS CLEARLY





# Florsheim Quality...



## for over 60 years



## America's standard

## of fine shoe value



Since 1892 the name Florsheim has stood for the finest in shoe quality—choice premium calfskins; skilled, patient craftsmanship; lasts and styles to meet every possible individual requirement. Why not make your next pair of shoes a pair of Florsheims—and get on the *quality* standard—America's standard of fine shoe value. **\$17<sup>95</sup> and higher**



*The VIKING, S-1385, brown random grain wing tip; S-1423 in black.*

*The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women*

### Shipwreck CONTINUED



**TWO SURVIVORS**, Egyptian statues which stood at head of stairs in first class passengers' hallway, stand forlornly on beach near the sea, calm now three days after the wreck. Liner was named for great French scholar Jean-François Champollion who, in 1822, deciphered hieroglyphics on famous Rosetta Stone and found key to Egypt's ancient monuments and civilization.





## Not a shadow of a doubt with Kotex

— *with Kotex* you get absorbency that doesn't fail:  
the trustworthy kind of protection you *need*, for safety,  
for comfort, and a fresh, dainty feeling.

— *and only Kotex* of all leading napkins has  
flat, pressed ends. So there's no revealing outline.

— *best of all, this pad* is made to *stay soft*  
while wearing—to retain its fit and comfort for hours.  
No wonder Kotex is America's first choice in napkins  
. . . *very personally yours.*



Super Kotex in  
the Brown Box

Junior Kotex in  
the Green Box

Regular Kotex in  
the Blue Box

*More women choose Kotex\**  
*than all other sanitary napkins*

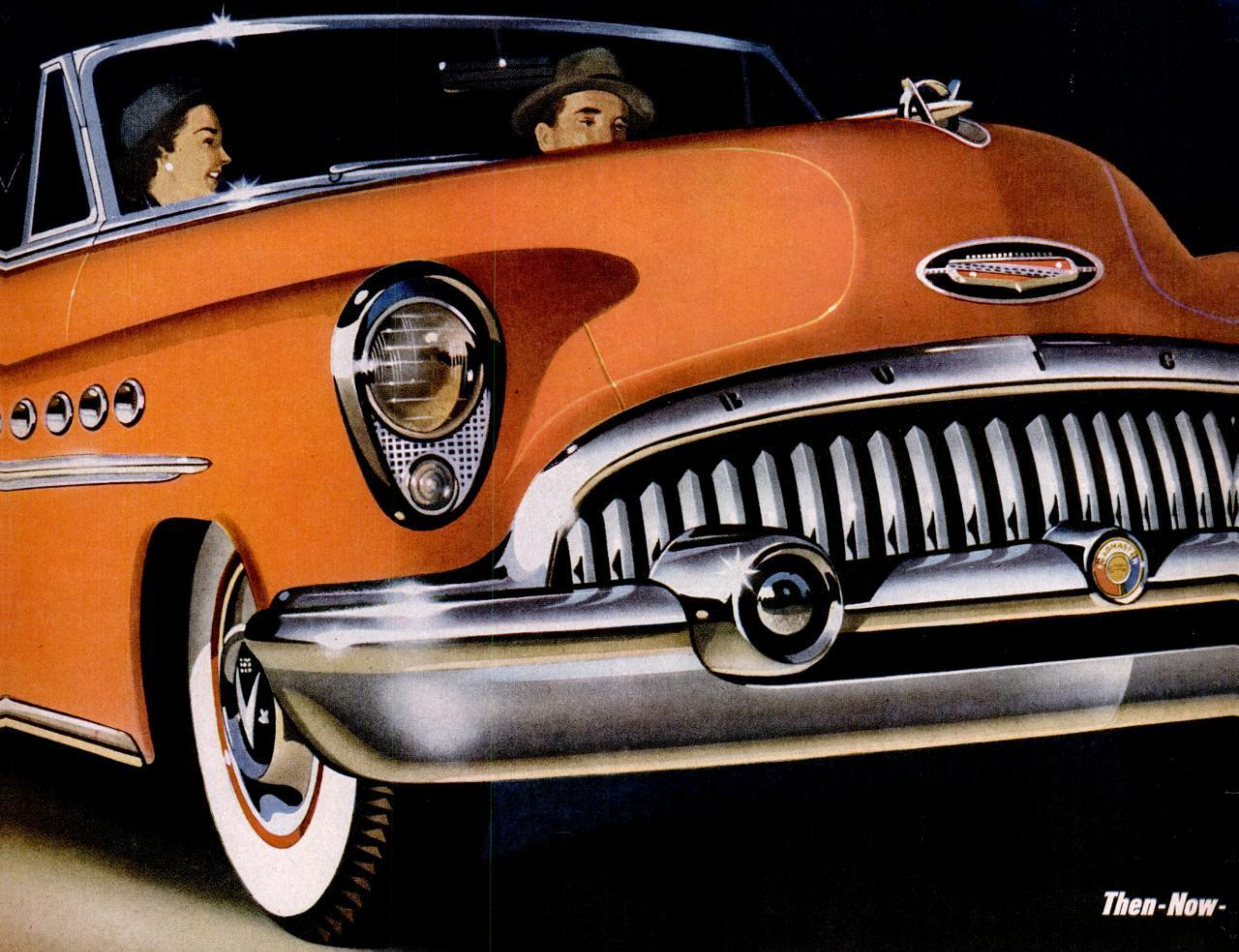
Not a shadow of a doubt when *Toni Owen* turns her talent for  
separates to imported Scottish tweeds. Above—a brief jacket with  
versatile cardigan neckline; a free and easy skirt. Both: lush oatmeal beige.

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



*World's Newest* **V8**

*powers BUICK'S GREATEST*



*Then-Now-*

**NOW ON**



# CARS IN 50 GREAT YEARS

**H**ERE you see pictured the Golden Anniversary ROADMASTER — engineered, styled, powered and bodied to be fully worthy of its paragon role in this fiftieth year of Buick building.

A quick listing of simple facts will reveal just cause for celebration.

★ **It has the world's newest V8 engine.**

*Vertical valves; 12-volt electrical system; 180 pounds lighter; entire engine is so compact, a new, more maneuverable chassis has been built around it.*

★ **It has 188 Fireball horsepower.**

*A new Buick record; engine horsepower per pound increased 40%.*

★ **It has a compression ratio of 8.5 to 1.**

*Highest compression on the American scene today; bettered fuel economy.*

★ **It has a dynamic-flow muffler.**

*For the first time in automotive history, a muffler with zero power loss.*

★ **It has a new Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive.**

*Now adds far swifter, quieter, more efficient getaway to infinite smoothness at all speed ranges.*

★ **It has new braking power.**

*Most powerful braking action of any Buick in fifty years; plus the new ease of Power Brakes, optional at extra cost.*

★ **It has a still finer ride.**

*The softest, steadiest, most buoyantly level ride that Buick's advanced engineering has yet produced.*

It has, also, wondrous handling ease, with Power Steering as standard equipment. It has superb comfort. It has sumptuous fabrics and tailoring. And its acoustics are so thoroughly mastered that it may well be one of the world's most quiet cars.

**But** no listing of facts can do true justice to this phenomenal automobile, or to its brilliant brothers, the 1953 SUPERS and SPECIALS.

And no words can really tell you the beauty you see, the comfort you feel, the excitement you experience — when you look at and drive any one of these big, beautiful, bounteous Buicks for 1953.

Will you come in and see for yourself that these are, in simple truth, Buick's greatest cars in five brilliant decades?

*Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.*

*Television treat — the BUICK CIRCUS HOUR — every fourth Tuesday.*

**When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them**

**DISPLAY AT YOUR BUICK DEALER'S**





One **TASTE** is worth a thousand pictures —  
thanks to —

### *Spaghetti and Meat Balls — Hunt Style*

ONE taste? Mother, your family will never stop with one taste of this savory, savory dish! . . .

So give 'em BIG servings! They'll love it — down to the last drop of rich, savory sauce!

The recipe's *easy*. And low in cost, for Hunt's Tomato Sauce costs but a few cents a can. Get a few cans and try it!

**¾ cup chopped onion 1 clove garlic, minced  
4 tbsp. oil or drippings**

Lightly brown onion and garlic in hot oil. Then take:

**1 lb. ground beef 1 tsp. salt**

Add salt to meat, mix lightly. Form into

small balls and brown in pan with oil. Then add:

**1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce ¼ tsp. pepper  
1 cup water 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce**

Cover pan and simmer 40 minutes. Pour over hot spaghetti (8-oz. pkg.) and sprinkle with grated cheese. Serves 4.

When you add Hunt's Tomato Sauce to your recipes, it's like *doubling* your cooking skill. Bright new flavor — new family enjoyment of your dishes. Add Hunt's to meat loaf, casseroles, stews, fish, leftovers! Costs but a few cents a can.



For breakfast or dessert — Hunt's Heavenly Peaches\*

## **Hunt- for the best**

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.





SEVEN NEW MOTHERS WITH BABIES WAIT OUTSIDE OLD HOSPITAL FOR AMBULANCES TO CARRY THEM TO NEW ONE. BABIES ARE 12 HOURS TO FIVE DAYS OLD

## MOVING DAY FOR A HOSPITAL

Moving day for the Tuscaloosa, Ala. hospital was an exciting event—leaving the old Army building it occupied for a \$3.3 million plant. But it was also a tricky business. The 77 patients—14 mothers with new babies, three persons in casts and traction splints—had to be carted two miles to the new hospital, along with 10 oxygen tents, \$9,000 worth of drugs, 250 bedpans and 5 rabbits used for pregnancy

tests. While keeping an eye on all moving objects, the staff kept both hospitals running. At the last minute, with the blood supply dwindling, the doctors had to perform an emergency operation. But donors appeared and the job was done. Then the operating room lights were ripped out and taken to the new hospital where the doctors were already busy on cases that would not wait for everything to be moved.

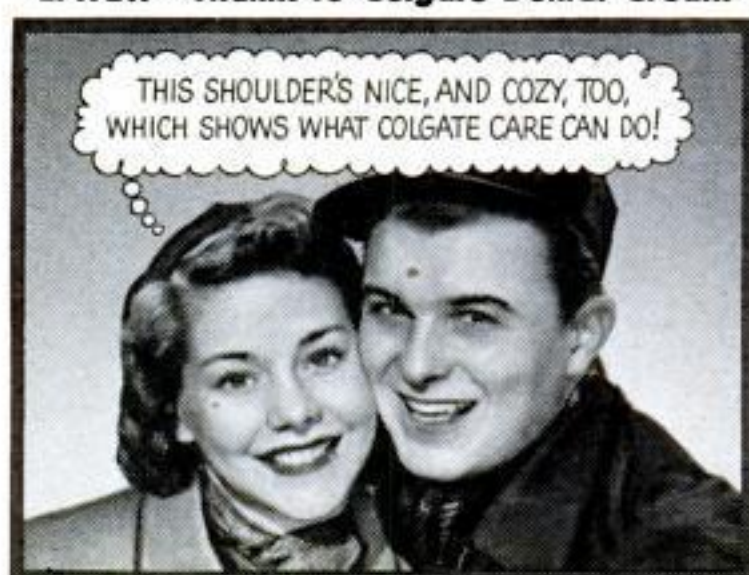
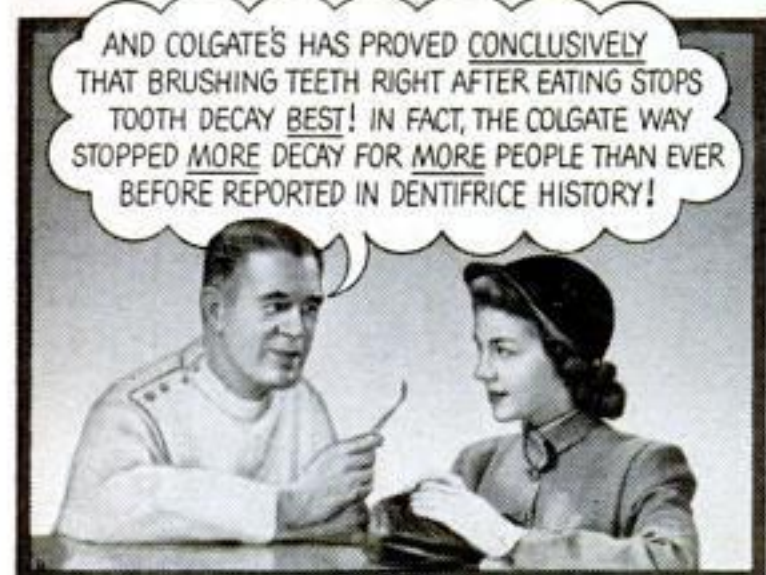
TUSCALOOSA'S NEW HOSPITAL HAS MODERN FACADE AND 240 BEDS →







LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



## Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** **STOPS BAD BREATH** and **STOPS TOOTH DECAY!**

Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



It Cleans Your Breath  
While It  
Cleans Your Teeth!

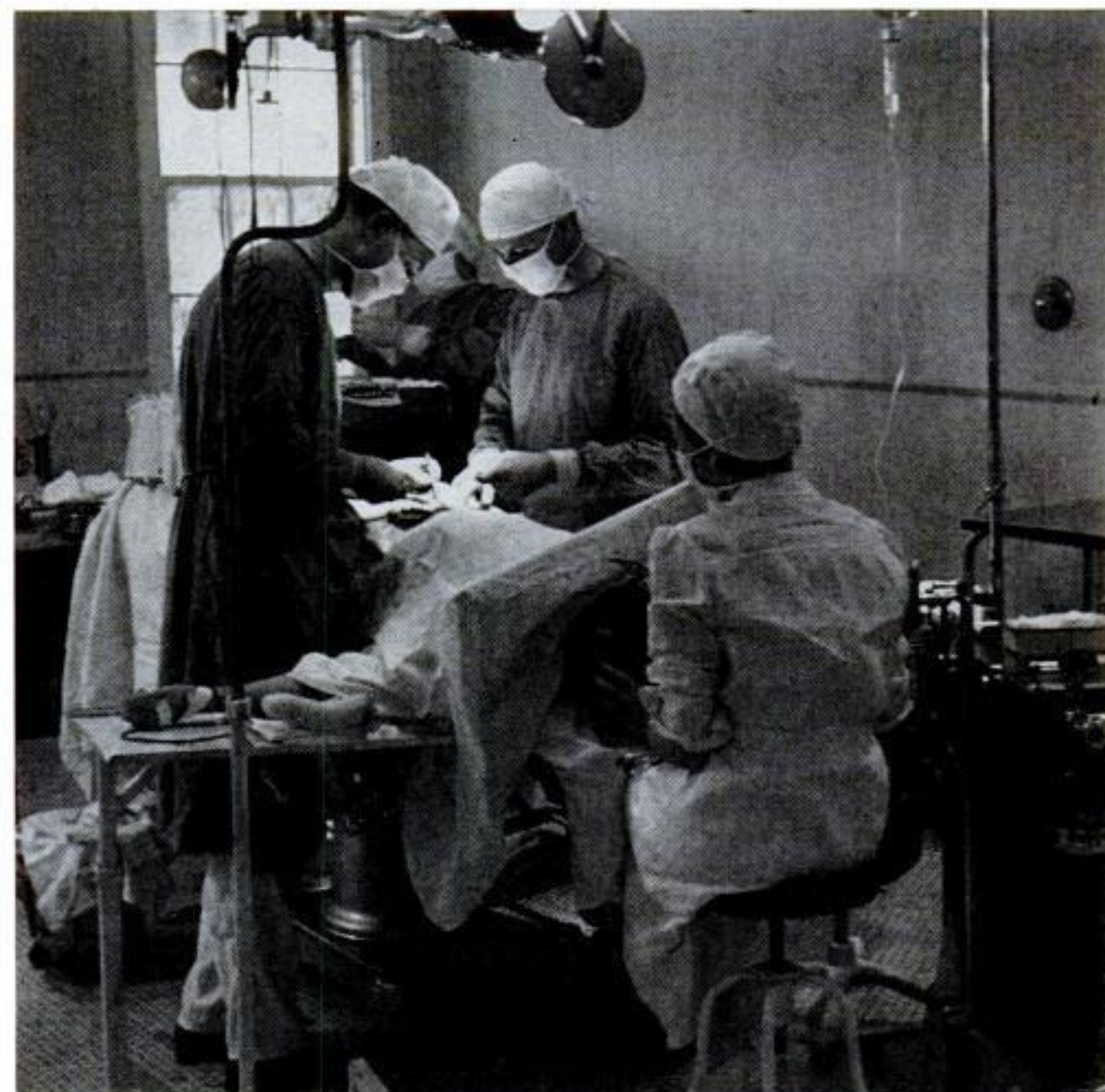


PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

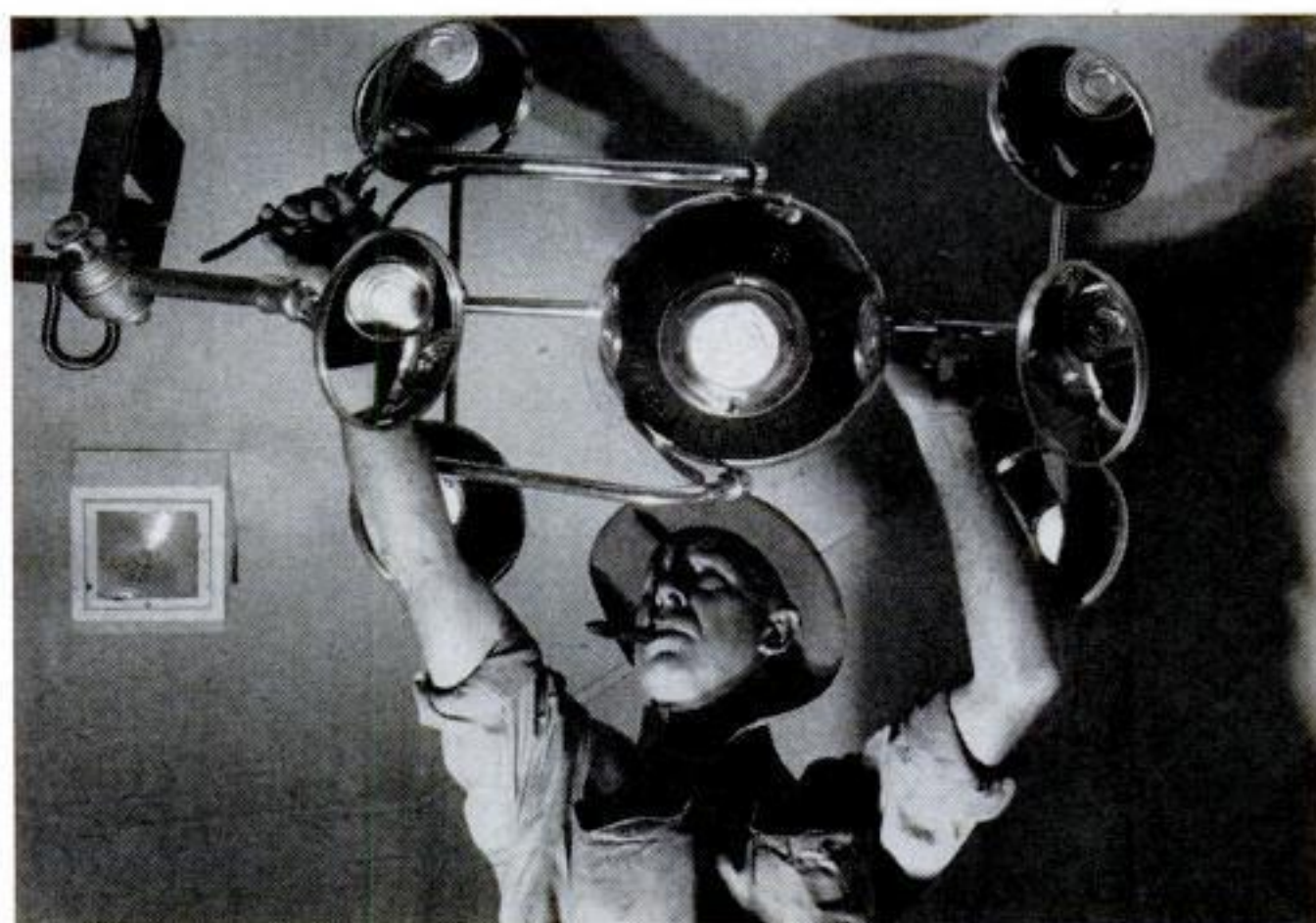
## Hospital Moving CONTINUED



**DISAPPOINTED DISCHARGE** was well enough to go home instead of to new hospital. "I'd like to stay," she said, "but I have children at home."



**LAST OPERATION** in old hospital, an emergency hysterectomy, had to be performed after most equipment had already been moved to new building.



**LIGHTS GO OUT** of old operating room to be put in new one. Most equipment was moved safely but one intricate tissue-slicing machine got out of kilter.

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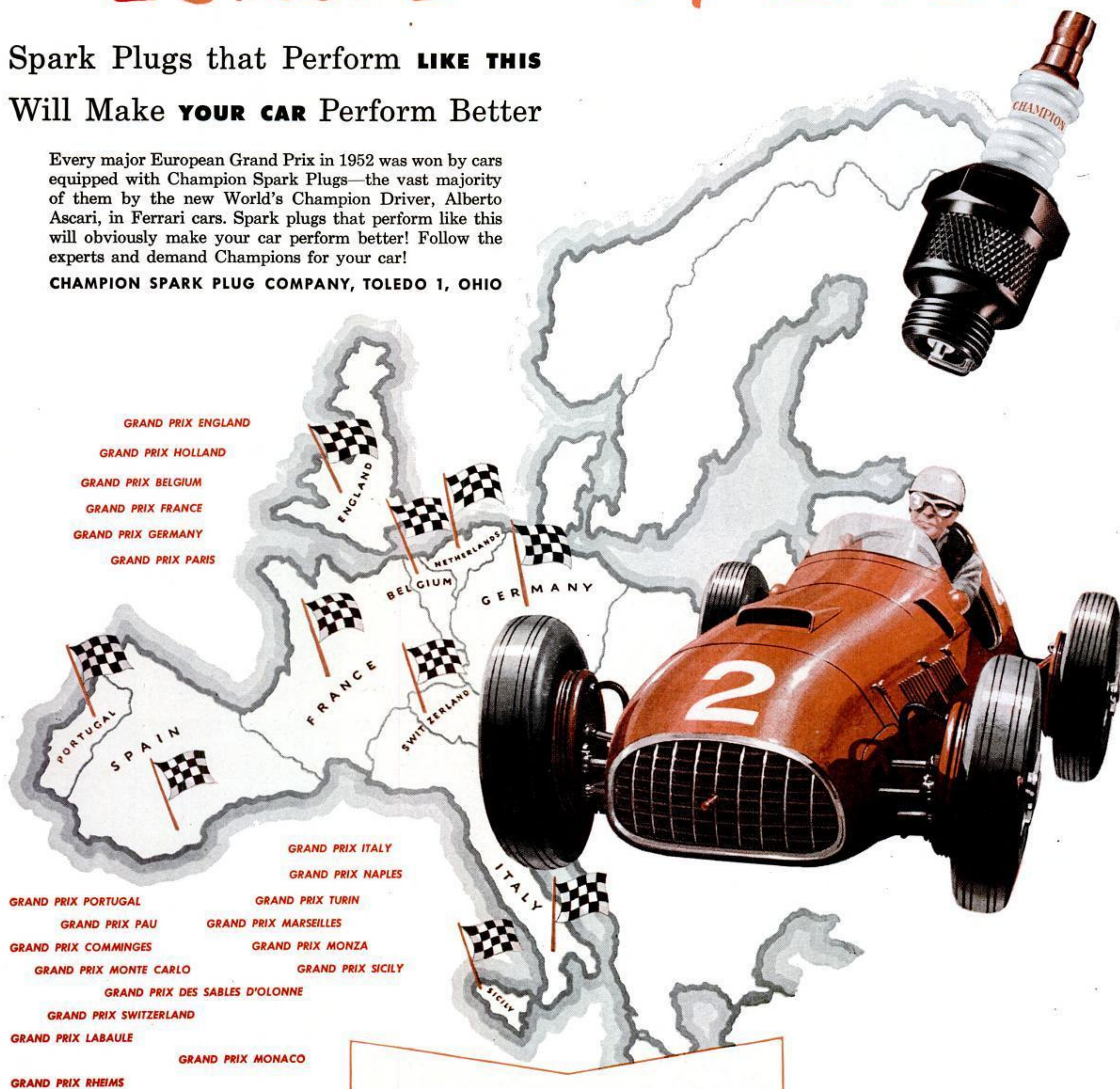


# CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS TOP ALL OTHERS *IN EUROPE AS IN AMERICA!*

Spark Plugs that Perform **LIKE THIS**  
Will Make **YOUR CAR** Perform Better

Every major European Grand Prix in 1952 was won by cars equipped with Champion Spark Plugs—the vast majority of them by the new World's Champion Driver, Alberto Ascari, in Ferrari cars. Spark plugs that perform like this will obviously make your car perform better! Follow the experts and demand Champions for your car!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



## CHAMPIONS

Better by Far for **EVERY CAR** Regardless of Make or Year



*I dreamed I went skiing in my  
maidenform bra*

"Speeding through space...and on top of the world...because the experts say my form is flawless! Figuratively speaking, I'm the loveliest sight on this dreamscape! Wonderfully moulded, excitingly dreamlined...and Maidenform\* gives my figure a breath-taking lift!"

Shown: Maidenette\* in white nylon taffeta; also available in satin and broadcloth...from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N.Y. 16  
There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure.



© 1951, Maiden Form Bra Corp., Inc. \*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet

**Hospital Moving** CONTINUED



**TELEPHONE SWITCH** was rushed to keep communication going inside hospitals. The 58 phones were carried out of hospital by litter, like patients.



**EMPTY BASSINETS** in nursery of old hospital are given a final look by watchman who stayed on alone to guard pieces of equipment not yet moved.



**FIRST BABY** in new hospital, born 18 hours after it opened, is footprinted to prevent any mixup with other infants. Father looks on through glass wall.



HATS ETC. MR. JOHN INC.



*News: the Weathervane halter top that makes a costume of your suit, \$8.95.*

*The double-collar suit, \$25.→*

Weathervane's stay-crisp Celanese acetate fabric comes in 17 exciting new colors. Misses', junior or Proportioned Plus sizes, one of which is sure to be your size.



## WHOEVER SHE IS, WHEREVER SHE GOES, SHE'S WELL-DRESSED IN A WEATHERVANE®



*The beautifully detailed, twice-piped suit, \$30.*

*The versatile arc-pocket suit, \$25.→*



**More women** have come back for another Weathervane than any other suit. Why? They like the superb fit. The expensively tailored details. And the astonishing fact that all this great *good taste* can be had for just **\$25** and **\$30!**

There's only **one** Weathervane and it's tailored by *Handmacher*®

At one fine store in your city, or write Handmacher-Vogel Inc., Dept. LI, 533 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 18.





## RADIANT RINK

Neon tubes embedded in stage  
give ice show a sunset glow

These skaters, festooned over a giant rainbow-colored gridiron are part of a new kind of show in a new kind of setting. The show, which opened two weeks ago at New York's famous Roxy Theater, is the first grand-scale ice extravaganza to be given along with a regular movie program. To create the new setting, rows of neon tubing were embedded just below the surface of the ice. As the tubes flash on

and off in different colors, the ice gives off a diffused radiance which makes the skaters look as if they are skimming through a sunset.

In the ballet above, part of an hour-long ice show, the stage is augmented by seven icy pedestals upon which the ballerinas pirouette precariously. Boy and girl in the center spotlight are Tony Le Mac and Jo Barnum. She is the great-granddaughter of the great P. T. Barnum.





As distinguished in performance as in appearance,  
with Full Power Steering, Power Braking and the World's  
Most Powerful Engine Design!

# THE *Distinguished De Soto* FOR 1953



It's the most beautiful De Soto ever built. Every line, every curve, every detail is new, from air-vent hood to jet tail lights, from one-piece curved windshield to sweep-around rear window.

#### *Sensational Power*

Expect incomparable performance, whether you choose the mighty 160 h. p. Fire Dome V-8 or the economical De Soto Powermaster Six.

#### *Full Power Steering*

Here's the most wonderful car improvement since the self-starter. Makes

driving safer, easier under all conditions. And it makes parking as easy as dialing a telephone.

#### *No-Shift Driving*

This De Soto offers effortless No-Shift Driving — Power Braking — Oriflow Shock Absorbers — Safety-Rim Wheels — Chair-High Seats — dozens of other outstanding features.

#### *Now on Display*

This beautiful new De Soto is now on display at your De Soto dealer's. See and drive it soon. It will be an unforgettable experience.

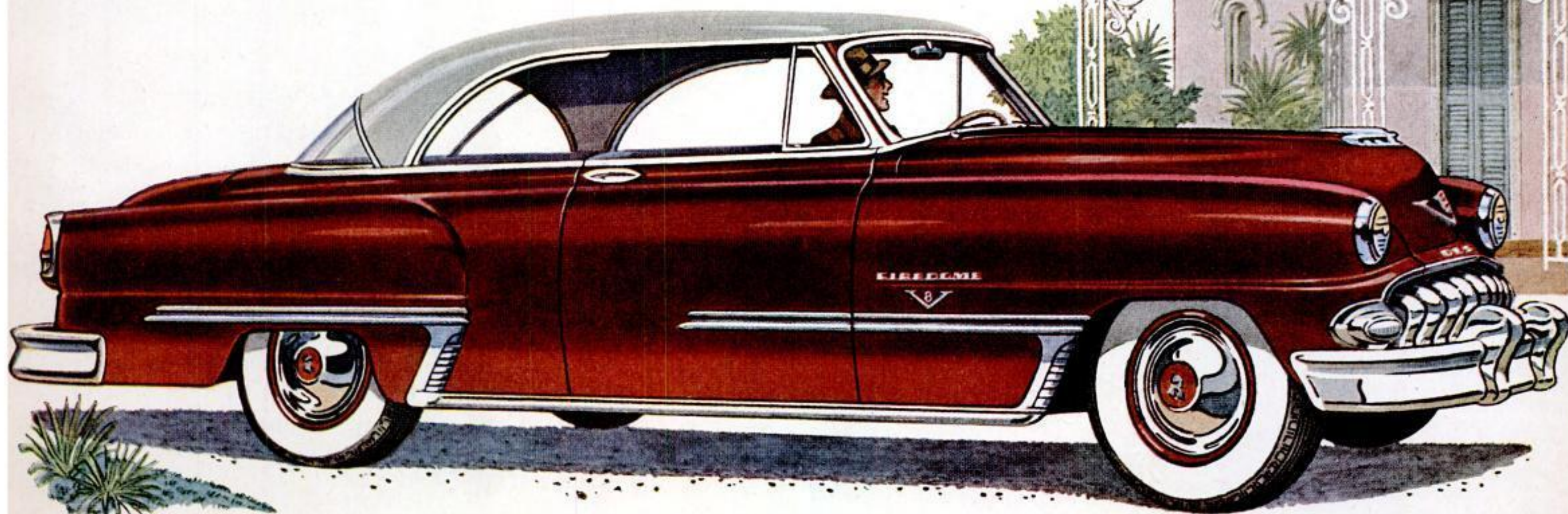
De Soto Division, Chrysler Corp.

**DeSOTO**



*Famous for Fine Engineering*

The 160 h.p. FIRE DOME V8 • The POWERMASTER 6



DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present **GROUCHO MARX** in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TELEVISION . . . NBC networks



# Good Morning to You

BITE SIZE  
WHEAT CHEX

BITE SIZE  
RICE CHEX

Wake Up and Enjoy  
a New Experience in  
GOOD EATING ...

**PARTY MIX—Good  
and Easy Bite Size Snacks**

Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. butter in shallow baking pan. Stir in 1 T. Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt and  $\frac{1}{8}$  t. garlic salt. Add 2 c. Wheat Chex, 2 c. Rice Chex, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. nuts. Mix well. Heat 30 minutes in 300° oven, stirring every 10 minutes. Cool.

Tempting rice—hearty wheat—flavor-spun into tender shreds, toasted to sunny crispness ... wonderful when your taste welcomes something morning-fresh. Take time to enjoy them each day ... those *delicious* flavors you get in THE ONLY BITE SIZE CEREALS IN THE WHOLE WIDE, WONDERFUL U. S. A.!

Other delicious Checkerboard Cereals ... Instant Ralston, Regular Ralston

Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis, Mo.





HEROINE OF "FORBIDDEN GAMES" PASSES HER HAND IN QUIET AMAZEMENT OVER MOTIONLESS FACE OF HER MOTHER, KILLED BY A GERMAN MACHINE GUN

## A CHILDISH GAME WITH DEATH

**A pictorially poignant French film recounts tragedy of two war-torn waifs**

A remarkable French movie, *Forbidden Games*, starts with a violent page of history: the strafing of a column of refugees by German planes in 1940. Suddenly it narrows down to the bewilderment and terror of one little girl, orphaned by bullets, wandering aimlessly with a dead dog in her arms. She comes to live with a family of tobacco-roadish peasants. She plays with their young son, but since there is no one in the chaos of wartime to tell them what to play at, they create their own games: horrible ones. They develop a passion for collecting the corpses of animals and burying them as so many humans are being buried around them.

Pushing blithely on to blasphemy, they ransack the church and even the village graveyard for crosses to put up in their own private cemetery. The games end in tragedy when the children are parted by their shocked elders. Masterful photography creates scene after scene of great pictorial poignancy. And the two stars, Brigitte Fossey, aged 5, and Georges Poujouly, 11—neither of whom ever acted before—play their roles with such heartbreaking sincerity that the film is raised to the stature of a noble outcry against the wanton waste of war. It has just won the New York Film Critics award as the best foreign language picture of 1952.

**HEARTBREAK** comes to the little girl when her pet dog, which is the creature nearest to her heart, lies dead in her arms, another victim of the German strafing. →

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# OUTSHAVES ANY LATHER OR BRUSHLESS CREAM



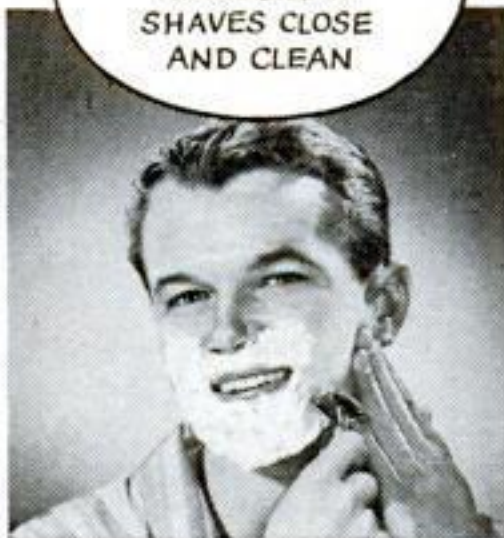
## FASTER

INSTANT LATHER  
NO MESSY BRUSH  
NO GREASY FINGERS



## SMOOTHER

GLIDES EASY  
SHAVES CLOSE  
AND CLEAN



## CLEANER

NO RAZOR CLOG  
RINSES INSTANTLY  
FASTER, CLEAN-UP



## YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO LATHER OR BRUSHLESS CREAMS AGAIN!

**RAPID-SHAVE** outshaves any old-fashioned lather or brushless cream—because no lather or brushless gives you all these big advantages!

**QUICKER AND EASIER!** Just press the button and—whish—instant lather! Richest, thickest, creamiest lather you've ever known!

**TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF WHISKERS IN SECONDS!** Yet with all its advantages over old-fashioned lather and brushless creams, it's only 79¢ a can. For the shave of your life—get **RAPID-SHAVE** today!

MORE THAN  
70 SUPER  
SHAVES  
ONLY 79¢

nearly 2½  
months supply



## 'FORBIDDEN GAMES' CONTINUED



FASCINATED by the jumble of crosses in the country cemetery, the two children begin to think how they can beautify their own private graveyard.



SCHEMING as they kneel at church funeral services, the two look over all the ornaments of the church which they plan to make use of in the future.





CLIMBING on the altar itself to steal crucifix at a moment when priest's back is turned, the boy is unaware of the enormity of what he is committing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Makes dry-er Martinis*

*So smooth  
it leaves you  
BREATHLESS!*

■ SMIRNOFF VODKA has graced the Royal tables in Europe's gayest capitals . . . the vodka beyond compare since 1818.

Makes a *dry-er* Dry Martini, a more delicious Collins, and blends perfectly with fruit juices, colas and soft drinks of every kind.

*Try it!*

# Smirnoff

*the greatest name in* **VODKA**

80 or 100 Proof • Made from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Inc., Hartford, Conn.





**AMBER-EYED**, ash-blonde, spirited, Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr. of New York and Long Island is a delightful subject for hair stylist Jungst of the Madison. His flair is for an easy naturalness—with a difference.

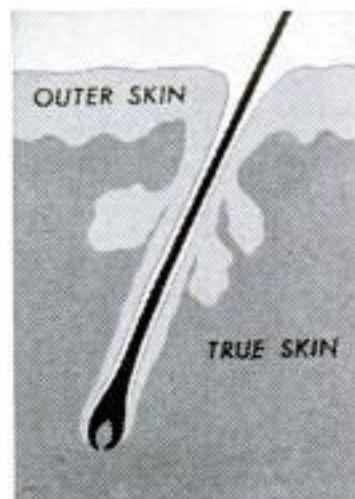
## Society Hair Stylist JUNGST



of the Madison,  
master of distinguished  
simplicity, says:

*"This 'babying' shampoo is my choice for thrillingly beautiful Hair-dos. It is Conti Shampoo, rich in the world's tenderest cleansing ingredient for the hair."*

**HAIR IS OUTGROWTH OF SKIN.** Treat it tenderly as you treat the skin of your face—of new-born baby. Basic ingredient of Conti shampoo is same as used in famed Conti olive oil Castile soap esteemed for baby skin care. Same as used in beloved Conti Baby Oil, Conti Baby Powder. Brilliantly compounded for the special needs of hair, Conti "babying" shampoo gets in and out of hair quickly, washes out completely. Leaves hair just right for obedient hair-dos. Pure. Safe. Conti cannot cause drying of hair or scalp.



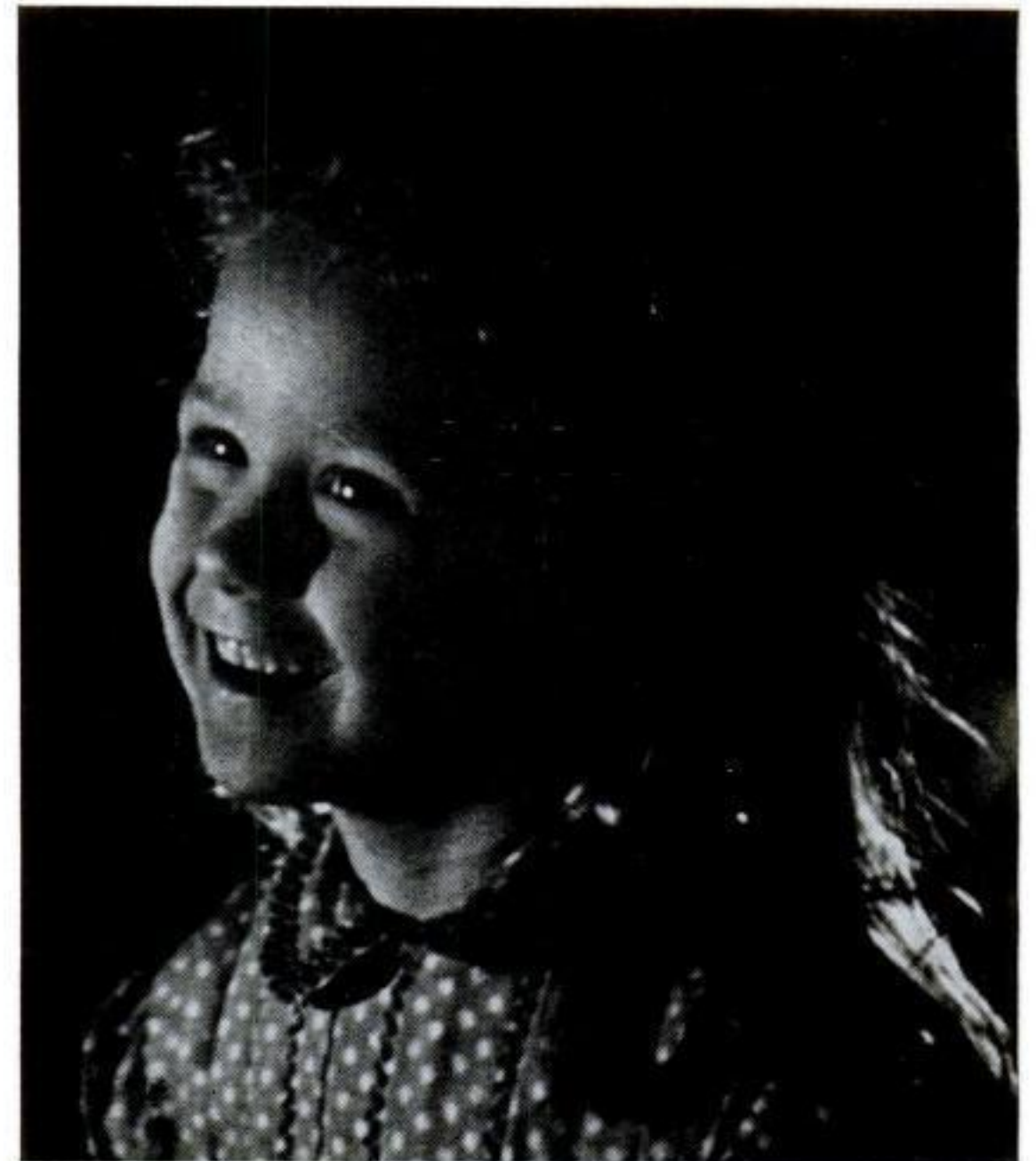
← **IMPORTED.** From renowned olive presses of sunny Mediterranean shores comes the pure olive oil used in Conti shampoo. A natural oil for your hair's natural loveliness.

**QUICK. EASY ON HAIR.** Conti's fast small-bubble lather gets into greasy hair freely. Slips out as easily. Speedy. Tender. Good to hair. Wash hair as often as you like with "babying" Conti shampoo. Economical. Only 49 cents, regular size. 89 cents family size.



**FAST SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER TELLS YOU CONTI IS SAFE**

Advertisement



**BRIGITTE HAPPY** smiles as she discovers that she can come to live in same house as her new-found friend, the peasant boy.



**BRIGITTE FLIRTING** gives a softly appealing look to her friend while she inspires him to embark on his career of stealing crucifixes for their graves.



**BRIGITTE SOBBING** is separated from the boy she loves dearly, and is left desperate and lonely in a lost children's center.



**Again for '53...**

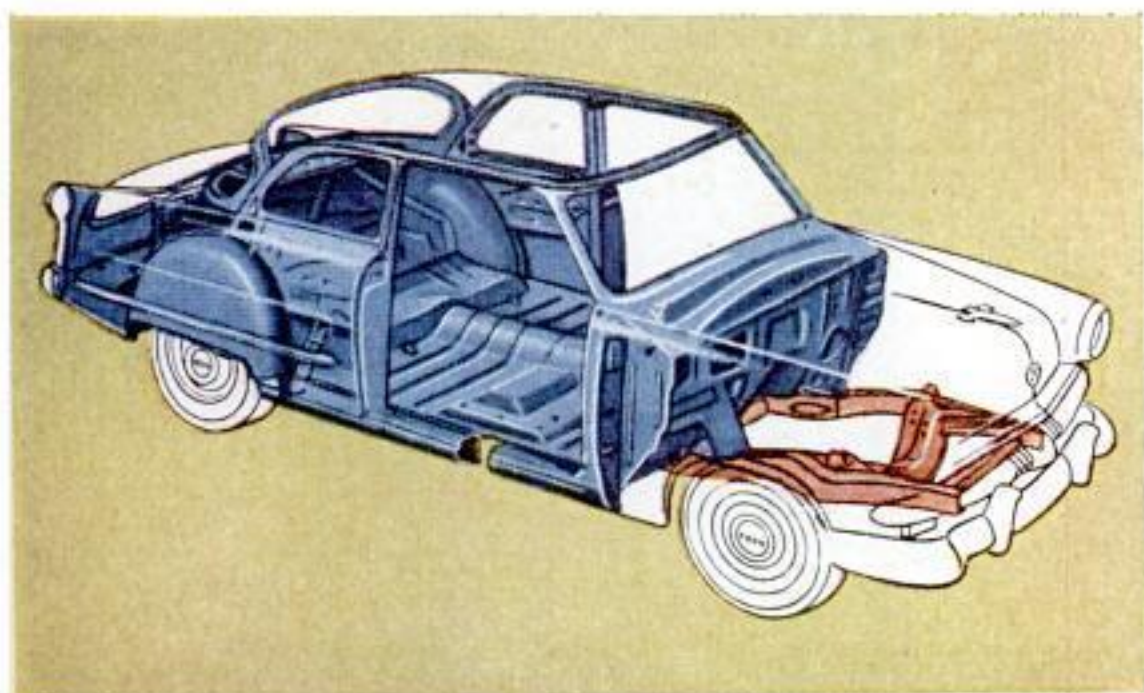
# **FORD'S out Front**

**with the new STANDARD of the AMERICAN ROAD**

**I-REST** tinted safety glass makes driving far easier on your eyes. Green tint cuts reflections and road glare.



**And with 41 "Worth More" features, it's worth more when you buy**



**Hull-Tight Construction** and K-Bar reinforced box section frame give Ford top strength for weight. You ride in dust-free, draft-free comfort in a car that's designed to stay "tight" for years to come. And this Ford will keep *looking* young for many seasons, thanks to Ford's baked enamel finish.

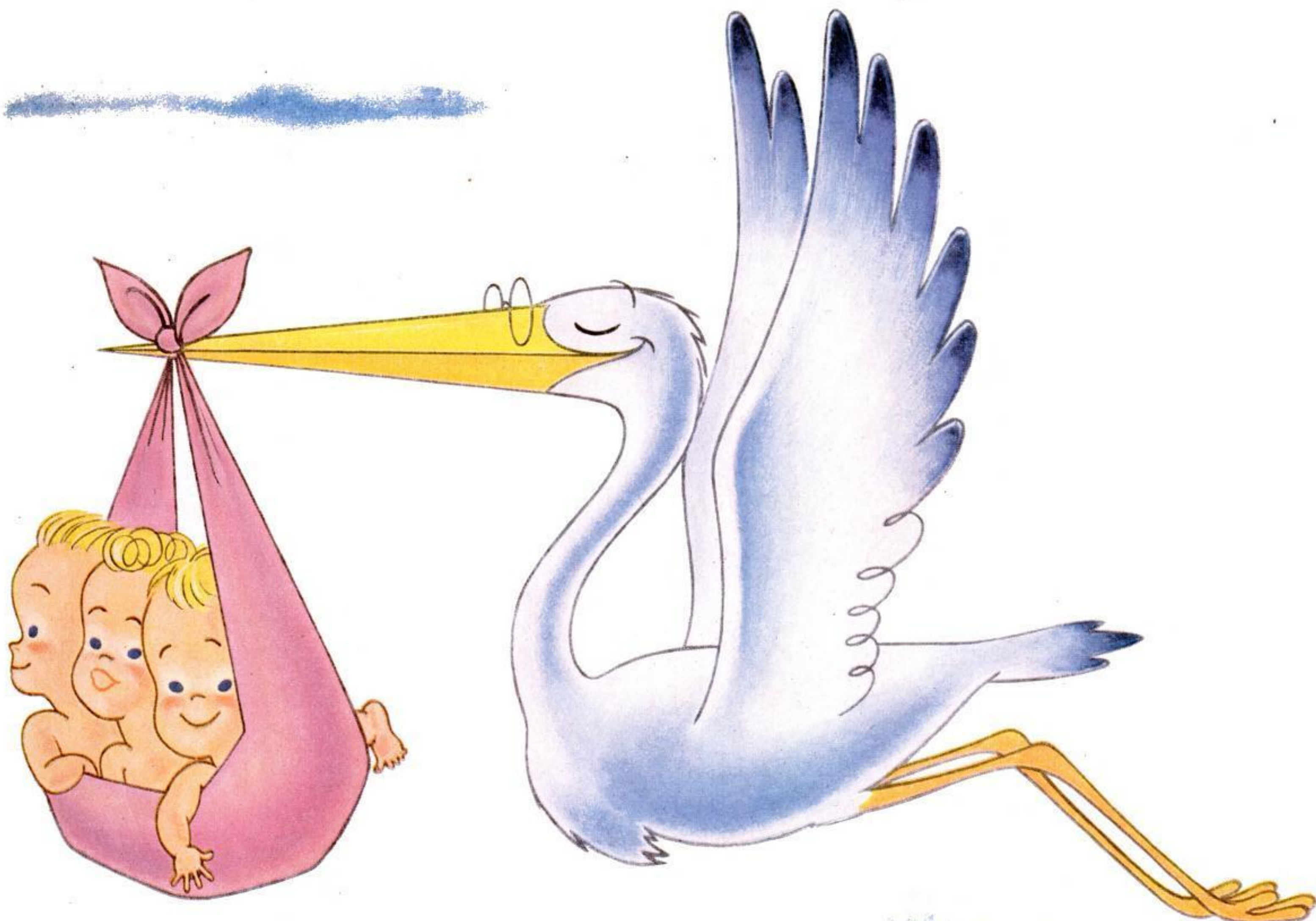


**Shift to Fordomatic**, and you'll never shift again. It's the finest, most versatile of the Automatic drives. And remember only Ford in its field lets you choose between Fordomatic, Overdrive or Conventional Drive.



**New Miracle Ride . . .** NOT JUST NEW, MORE RESPONSIVE SPRINGS AND "SHOCKS," NOT JUST FOAM-RUBBER CUSHIONS. HERE'S A COMPLETELY BALANCED RIDE THAT GIVES YOU AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPT OF COMFORT.





# Now's the time for

**Look out below!** Here come three good reasons for economy, and what better way to baby your food budget than to serve Jell-O gelatin desserts!

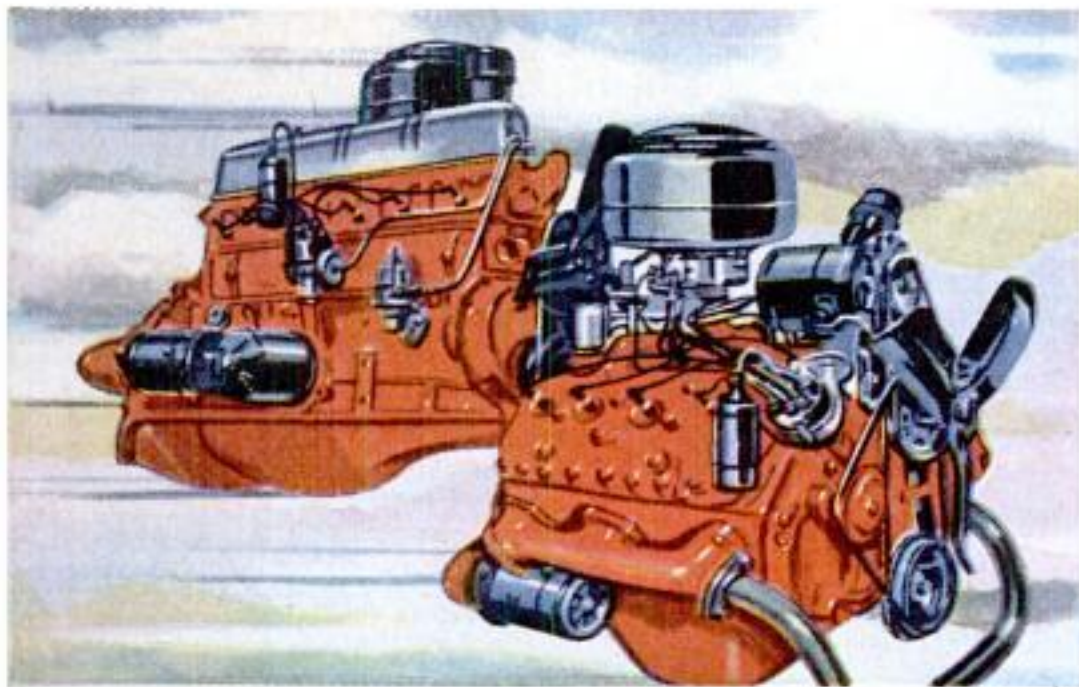


JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

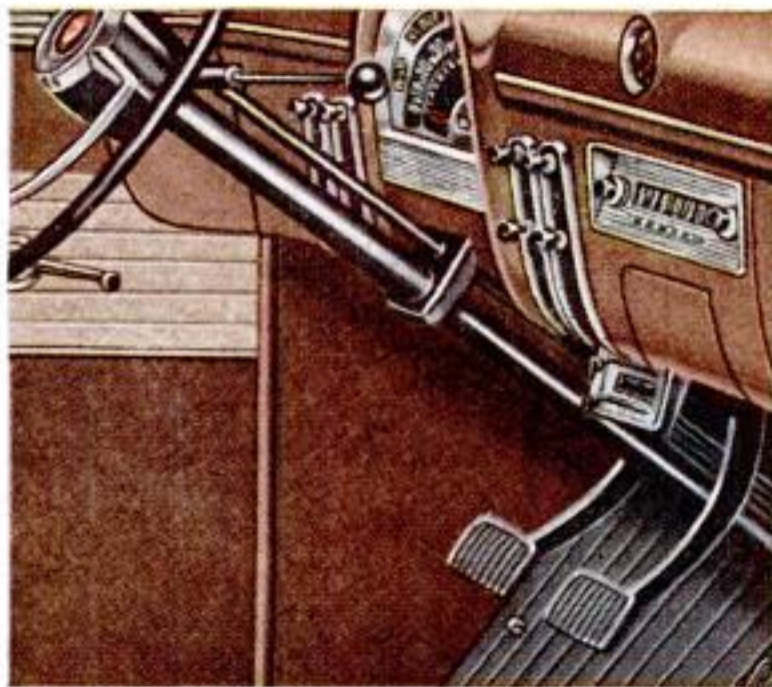
Copr. 1953, General Foods Corp.

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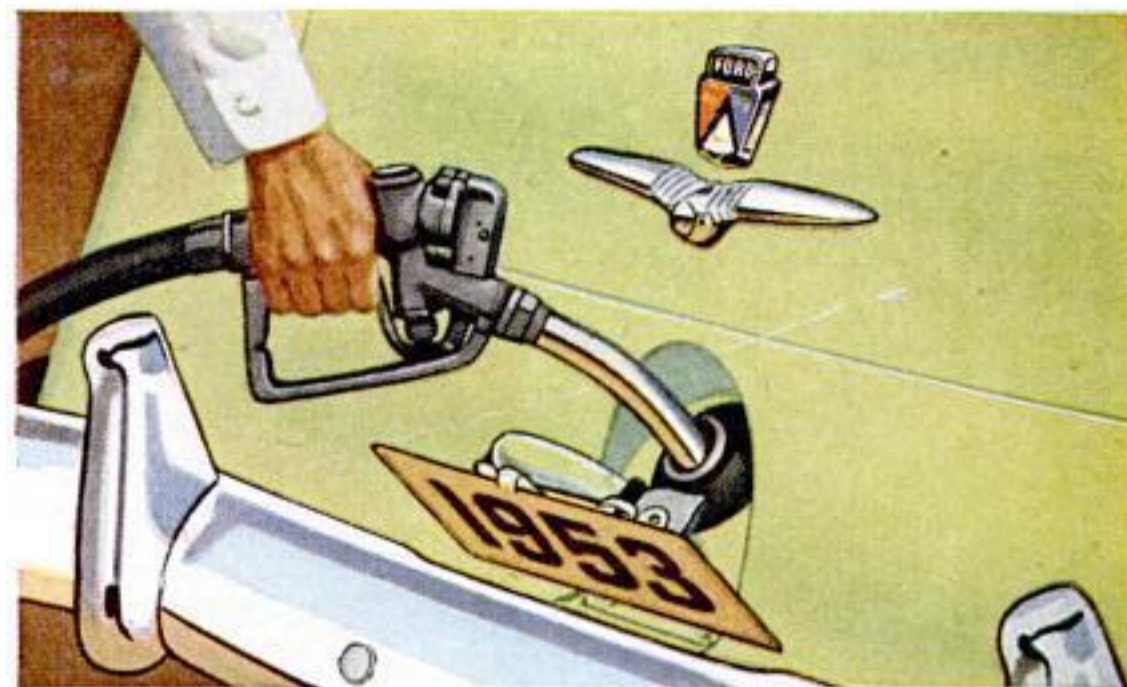




**The one V-8 in its field** is the Ford V-8. You get top "Go" per gallon because its Automatic Power Pilot squeezes high-compression power from regular gas. You'll find this feature, too, in Ford's 101-h.p. Mileage Maker Six.

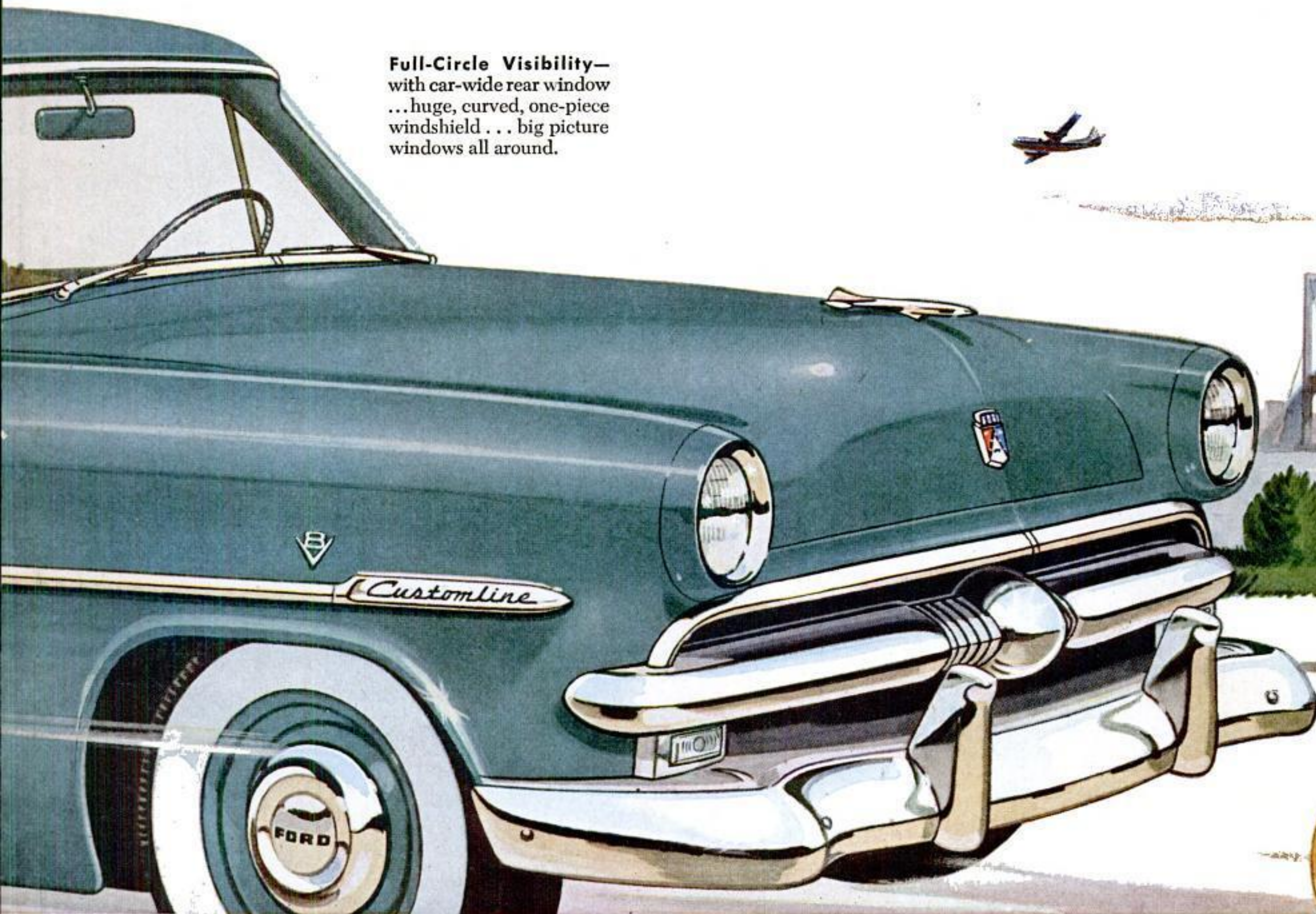


**Power Pivot Pedals** are suspended from above to work easier and eliminate drafty floor holes . . . to give you increased foot room. Only Ford, in its field, has them.



**Center-Fill Fueling** prevents hose marks from marring the finish of your car . . . eliminates gas spilling on fenders. It also makes filling up easy from either side of gas pump. And the shorter fill pipe gives more luggage space in trunk.

**Full-Circle Visibility**—with car-wide rear window . . . huge, curved, one-piece windshield . . . big picture windows all around.



Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive, I-REST tinted glass, white sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.



**...worth more when you sell it!**



**Counterbalancing Space Saver Hinges** lift the deck lid when you turn the key. Space Saver hinge design also helps give Ford the most trunk space in its field. The hood, too, is counterbalanced to open automatically and stay open till it's closed.

Never before in history were the demands on a car so great! You "live" more in your car . . . so you need more living room (and luggage space). You drive greater distances . . . so you need a car with lots of "Go". . . yet one that's light on gas.

Good roads are better, bad roads are worse. So you want riding qualities that set an entirely new standard of smoothness on *all* roads.

In today's fast-flowing traffic, you need a car that really lets you *see* everything that's going on around you . . . a car with almost effortless steering, braking and parking.

And, of course, you want the *style-setter* . . . a car that *belongs* wherever you may drive.

**ONLY THE 1953 FORD GIVES YOU SO MANY THINGS YOU NEED AND WANT FOR SO LITTLE MONEY.**

See the big '53 Ford. Value Check its 41 "Worth More" features. Test Drive the '53 Ford. You'll agree that *here* is the New Standard of the American Road!



No wonder the swing is to **FORD!**



# “Soaping” dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair  
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos  
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils  
to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your  
hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinsing  
needed. Halo *does not dry . . . does not irritate!*



***Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!***





**FORGER IN CHURCH** points to his frescoes on walls of nave. Basing his work on a fragment of

authentic Gothic mural in church, he added an array of saints, animals, scenes from Aesop's fables.



**FORGED MURALS** represent angel (center) announcing the birth of Christ to haloed shepherds.

## FRESCO FAKER

German forges Gothic church art

In 1951 the German city of Lübeck unveiled what some critics called the greatest art discovery of the century—a series of 13th Century frescoes which had been uncovered during restoration work on its war-bombed church. So important was the discovery that a book was published about the frescoes, they were reproduced on a stamp and experts came from all over to examine the paintings.

Recently a new art discovery was made in Lübeck. A local painter, Lothar Malskat, revealed that the frescoes were forgeries and that he had done them. Hired with his partner to help restore the church, Malskat covered the walls with his own "Gothic" murals. When his partner walked away with all the praise and most of the pay for the "restoration" job, Malskat confessed. Both artists are now awaiting trial while church officials maintain a glum silence.



**STAMP** reproducing frescoes' shepherds was issued to commemorate 700th anniversary of church.





**GUESTS WHISPERING  
ABOUT YOUR PARTIES?**



**NEXT TIME SERVE KING  
—IT'S THE BLEND THAT  
TASTES THE BEST!**



**FOR SMOOTHER, Milder,  
LIGHTER DRINKS STEP UP TO  
THE KING OF BLENDS!**

BLENDED WHISKY. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY.



**LATIN INSCRIPTION** was painted by Malskat to indicate that the restoration of the "Gothic" frescoes was undertaken in 1950 and completed in 1951. Lively pattern of flowers and animals was invented by the artist to decorate the vaulted ceiling.



**AT ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION** Prince Louis Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, Kaiser's grandson, congratulated citizens on their "ancient" frescoes.



**ANOTHER FORGERY** "in style of Degas" is held by Malskat in his studio. He boasted he had painted and sold 600 "old masters" to get even with art collectors who wouldn't buy his own work. "They wanted names, so I gave them what they wanted."



**"GOOD MORNING, MR. BROWN,  
JOHNNY INVITED ME OVER FOR  
SOUP FOR LUNCH!"**

© '53 CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

**THE BUTTERMINT THAT MELTS**

**Butter**  
makes the  
difference



**Vernell's**  
fresh BUTTERMINTS

Vernell's Sales Company, Seattle, Washington  
One of America's Leading Candy Confections  
AT SUPERMARKETS, DRUG AND DEPT. STORES



# GUARD AGAINST THROAT-SCRATCH

enjoy the smooth smoking  
of fine tobaccos...  
the finest quality money can buy

## Here's Mildness You Can Measure

See how PALL MALL's greater length of  
fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat



Light a PALL MALL and notice how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

At the very first puff of your PALL MALL you will enjoy PALL MALL's cooler, sweeter smoking. And your enjoyment of PALL MALL doesn't stop there.



After 5—10—or 17 puffs of each cigarette, your own eyes can measure PALL MALL's extra length for extra mildness. **Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

**Outstanding**  
...and they are  
**mild!**

Wherever you go, notice how many  
people have changed to PALL MALL  
in the distinguished red package

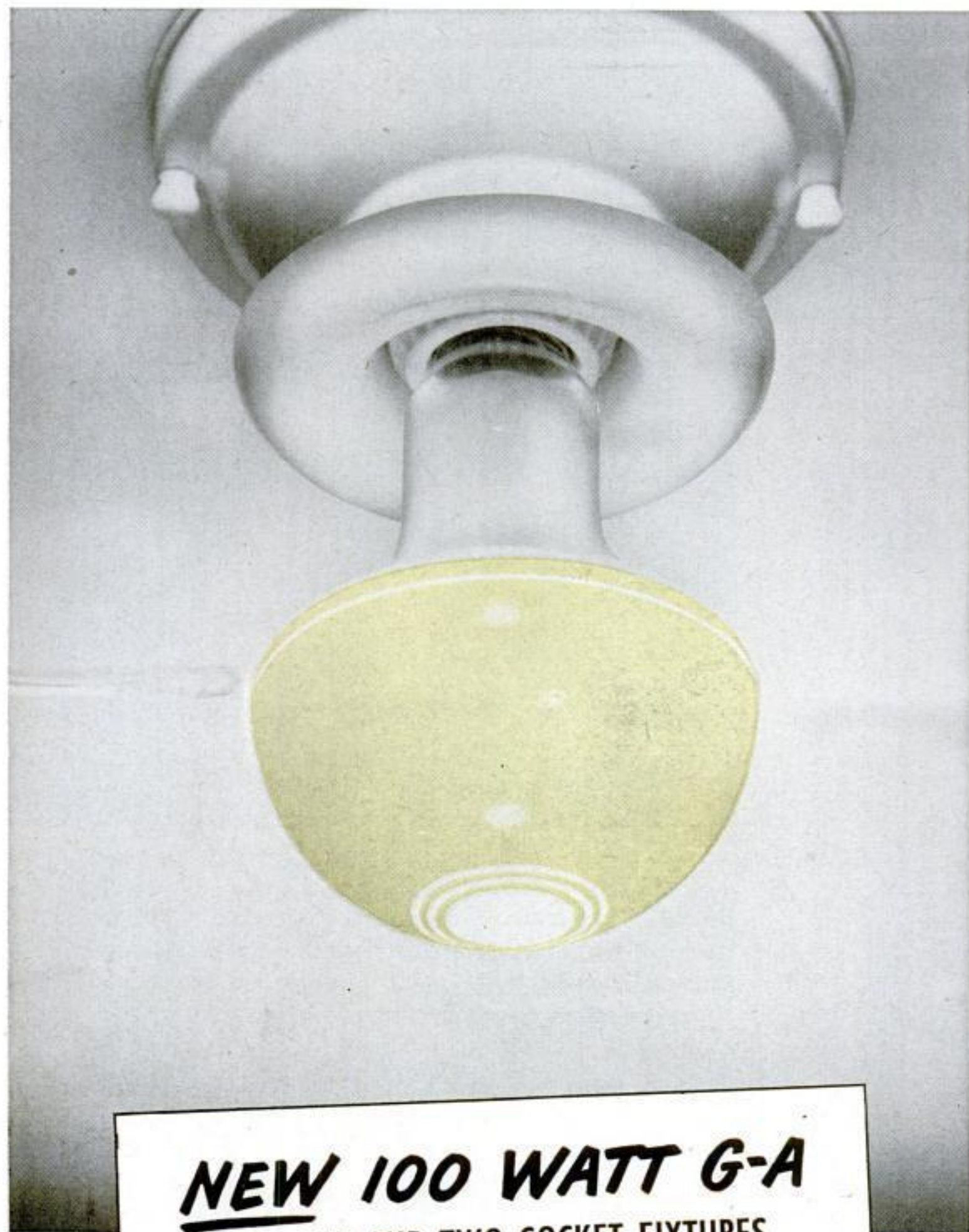
**THE FINEST QUALITY  
MONEY CAN BUY**



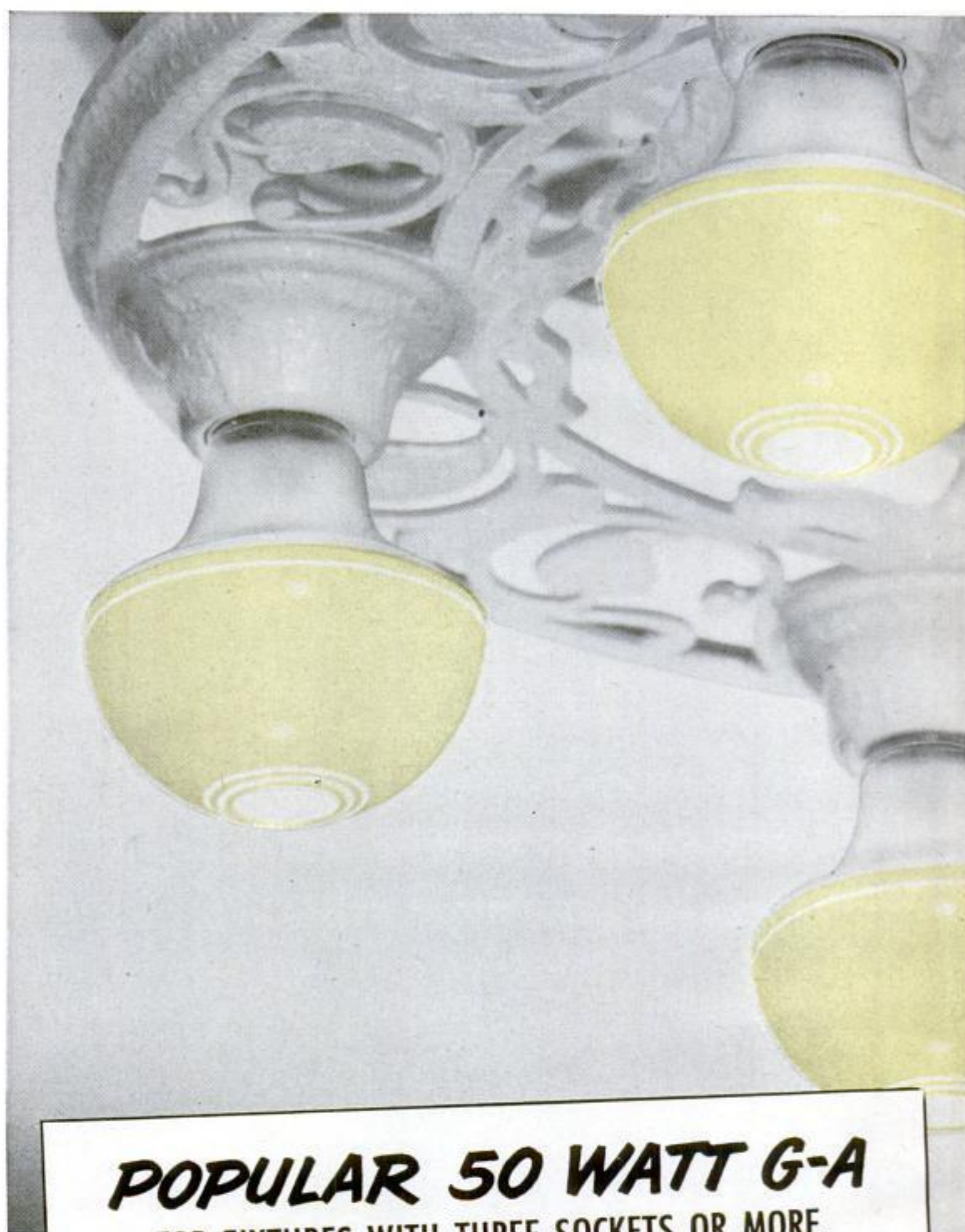


# *Now in two sizes!*

## SPECIAL LAMP BULB DESIGNED BY G.E. FOR "BARE-BULB" CEILING FIXTURES



***NEW 100 WATT G-A***  
FOR ONE AND TWO SOCKET FIXTURES



***POPULAR 50 WATT G-A***  
FOR FIXTURES WITH THREE SOCKETS OR MORE

**O**VER two years ago General Electric set out to do something about the harsh, bare-bulb look of multiple-socket ceiling fixtures.

We designed a special 50-watt lamp bulb that has brought new beauty to old fixtures in thousands of homes. Now it's available in the 100-watt size too, for use in one and two-socket fixtures.

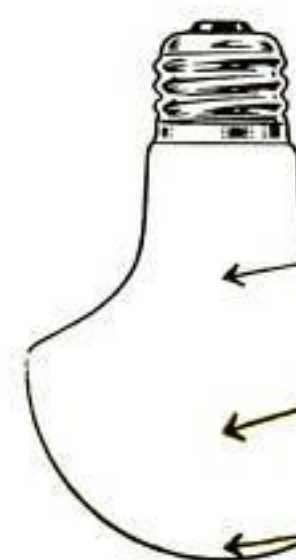
The new and different "mushroom" shape of the General Electric 50 and 100-watt G-A bulbs directs

most of the light upward for a soft indirect lighting effect. And the downward light is mellowed by an ivory enamel coating to flatter you . . . and your furnishings.

Try General Electric "G-A" lamp bulbs to modernize your living room, dining room, hall and bedroom ceiling fixtures. And they're ideally suited for apartments, hotels, restaurants and clubs.

100-WATT SIZE **60¢**  
plus tax

50-WATT SIZE **40¢**  
plus tax



**HOW THE  
50 AND 100-WATT  
G-A BULBS WORK:**

Inside frosted portion sheds light on ceiling.

Ivory enamel "coating" mellows downward light.

Unshaded spot adds attractive sparkle.

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**





**BRIGHT PANTS** are worn in Italian style with a long T-shirt by Pucci, who also sells the shoes in unmatched pairs. Sweater will be imported for \$20 and slacks copied for \$30 by Lord & Taylor.

# For Now and Next Summer

## NEW U.S. AND EUROPEAN STYLES HIT BEACH IN MAJORCA

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MILTON GREENE

Once as exotic as the pomegranate, resorts like the West Indies are now within reach of junketing secretaries, and even Capri has become a household word in America. One outpost, largely ignored by tourists, is the island of Majorca, 120 miles off Spain, where scenic beauty and low prices (\$6 a day with meals at a deluxe hotel) attract travelers and migratory residents from western Europe. Visitors keep up an international babble in the island's cafes and parade a kaleidoscopic array of international styles on its rocky beaches. On these pages, against Majorcan backgrounds, are

new winter resort clothes from France, Spain, Italy and also the U.S.

This winter's vacation clothes are generally more restrained than last year's, but they sometimes break away from favored whites and neutral colors with a glaring combination (*above*). Pedal pushers and tapered pants have given way to full-length slacks, crisply tailored and worn with a variety of tops. For vacationers who seek sunshine during the summer months and find it in Michigan instead of Majorca, facsimiles of these fashions will soon be turning up in the U.S. in all price brackets.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**SKIRT AND STOLE** handloomed by Madrid's Emmy Fisch (\$48) is worn with low-necked sweater to make afternoon outfit. Swansdown's U.S. copy in same coloring will cost \$45. Design on the bead-curtained doorway indicates that shop sells wine.



**MATTRESS TICKING** in muted colors is used for skirt worn with organdy version of the head covering which Majorcan farm workers wear under big shade hats. Tiled furniture and floor are remnants of dwellings built during the Moorish occupation.







**NATIVE FABRIC**, a white striped coarse material used for wheat sacks, is made up into two-piece sports dress. Outfit will be copied in denim (Saks Fifth Avenue, \$30). The mosaic walls and pillars are part of 13th Century ruins excavated near Palma.

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**AFRICAN BURNOOSE** is worn by Arabs and Moors, has been copied in French wool (\$200) for Schiaparelli's customers. Shown over an elasticized Jantzen bathing suit on the beach at Camp de Mar, it can also be used out of season as a housecoat.



**FLUTTERY HAT** of shredded opaque Cellophane is a shaggy dog design by Pucci (\$4). Italy's zany beach headgear has caught on at both U.S. and European resorts.

← **HIGH-WAISTED PANTS** of printed cotton and fluffy blouse (Korday, \$17) are Givenchy's new style for cocktails at home. The wearer is camouflaged here by gnarled St. John's bread tree which grows widely in Majorca and along Mediterranean coast.



**SHORT BEACH COAT** of beige and white striped denim by Givenchy is rimmed in terrycloth. This style will be copied in U.S. by Bonwit Teller for about \$20. At open air huts like this swimmers buy Martinis made with Spanish gin for 10¢ or sherry for 6¢.

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# RESORT FASHIONS

CONTINUED

**FRILLY SHIRT** in piqué and corduroy pants (Carolyn Schnurer, \$35) are copied from bullfighter clothes and are worn with red espadrilles which cost 22¢ in local fishing villages. This typically tidy rural Majorcan cottage has well in the living room.



**GAUDY STRIPES** in Italian colors are used by Capri's Emilio for two-piece Shantung dress (\$130), a more acceptable outfit than slacks in most foreign resort towns. This is one of Palma's 150 straw accessory shops where \$1 will buy almost any item.

**DOTTED SHAWL** is traditionally worn mantilla-style over a high comb. In its new sportswear use it is normally worn over a white shirt. It is called *madronero* in Spain because balls resemble edible berries of the madrona tree. Spanish price is \$10.







# The best-dressed beds wear CANNON percales!

(and they're not expensive at all!)



## Smart fashion colors! 6 to choose from!

There's a Cannon color that's more becoming to you—and your bed. Choose *your* sleepy-time color from 6 smart fashion shades (see chart at right) or classic white. And rest content, milady—for the colors *last*! Cannon Percale Sheets are *colorfast*, as approved by the American Institute of Laundering.



## Cannon Combspun\* percales! Budget-priced!

These are luxuriously smooth, downy-soft sheets. And sturdy, too—because they're Cannon *Combspun* Percales. The cotton is combed till only longest, strongest fibers remain. Yet these sleeping beauties cost only a few pennies more than heavy-duty muslin sheets.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## Perfect fit—Cannon Fitted Sheets!

For trimly dressed beds, get Cannon Fitted Sheets, in white or colors, twin or double sizes. They slip over your mattress, stay smooth without a wrinkle, cut bedmaking time in half. Permanent fit—residual shrinkage less than 1%.



## Inspiration! Make thrifty ensembles with sheets!

Make vanity skirts, curtains, dusters with Cannon Percales. It actually costs you less than with comparable fabric by the yard. For patterns, sewing tips, ideas galore, get Cannon's color-illustrated booklet, "Make it with Sheets!" Send 10¢ with your name and address, to Cannon Mills, Inc., Box 1, Brooklyn, N. Y.

More women use  
Cannon Percales than  
any other brand!

**Cannon** combspun  
percale sheets



COPR. 1953. CANNON MILLS, INC., N. Y. 13, N. Y. • CANNON TOWELS • STOCKINGS • BEDSPREADS

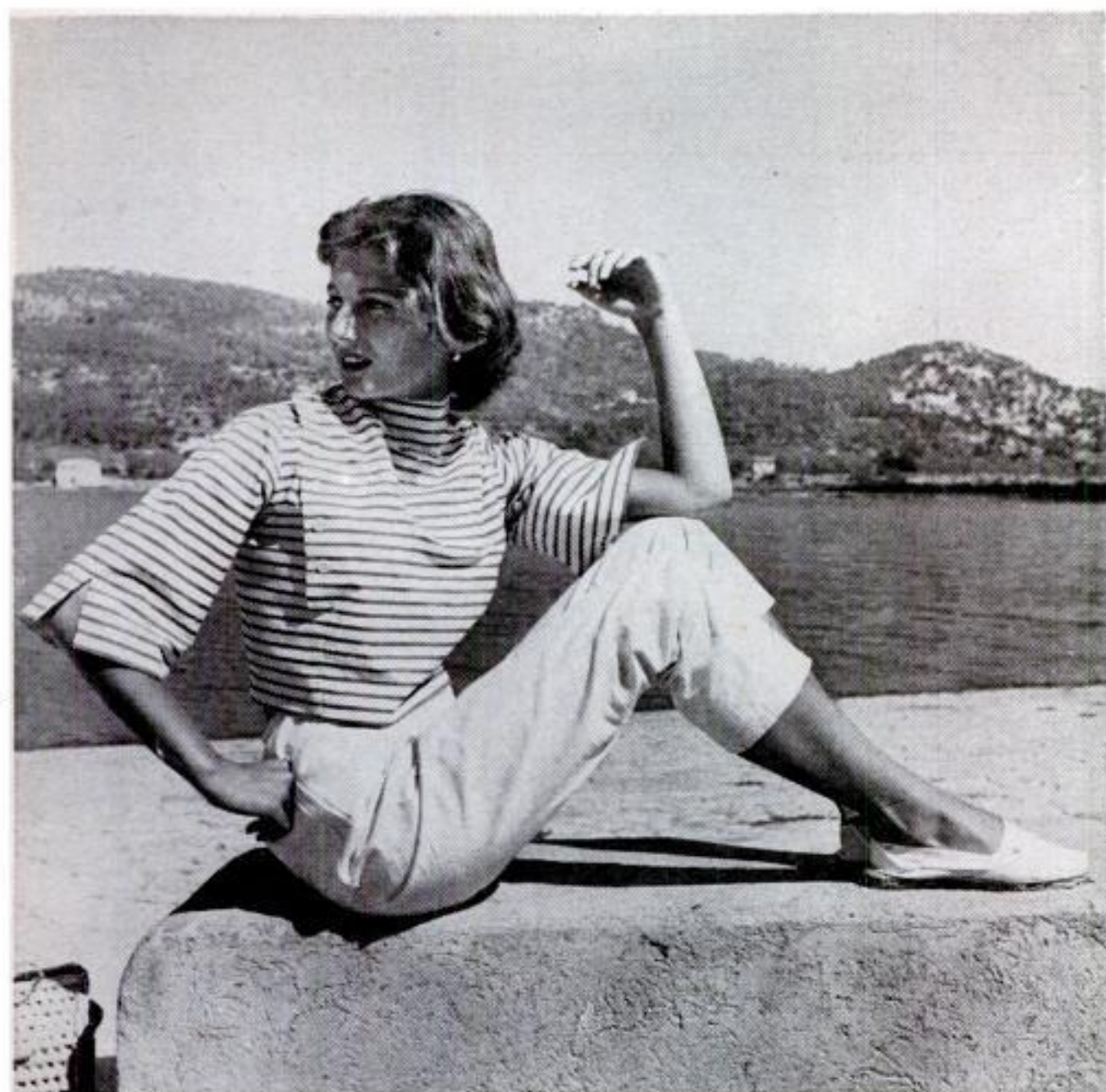


FITTED



REGULAR





MAJORCAN FISHING VILLAGE of Andraitx is background for sailing outfit also shown on LIFE's cover. Designed by Frenchman Hubert de Givenchy, it is worn here by 20-year-old English model, Fiona Walter, will be copied in striped denim and cotton gabardine by U.S. firm of Korday (\$13).

## TRAVELERS ARE ALWAYS REDISCOVERING MAJORCA

The first tourists to discover the Mediterranean island of Majorca arrived some time in the Bronze Age and, like tourists ever since, decided never to go back home. For thousands of years thereafter, one war followed another as fresh waves of visitors and the old settlers fought like jealous lovers to possess this sea- and sun-kissed paradise, which is scarcely bigger than Rhode Island. By turns it was held by the Iberians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and Moors before James I of Aragon took title for Spain in 1229.

Lately wars have taken to by-passing Majorca but the tourists have never stopped rediscovering it. Two of its most famous discoverers were Chopin and his mistress, George Sand. Wintering there in 1838, they left a faint perfume of scandal, now become a cherished memory, at Valldemosa where their whitewashed cells in the Carthusian monastery are preserved as tourist exhibits.

Majorca's latest wave of discoverers has come from the U.S. Following both wealthy Europeans and South Americans and thrifty English vacationers who must make a \$70 travel allowance provide for a two-week holiday, Americans have found a place where the dollar is still a powerful coin. Flying from Paris in four hours or sailing overnight by boat from Barcelona, they find themselves putting up in spotlessly clean pensions for as little as \$1.50 or renting a villa for \$50 a month with a servant. For amusement, they have the choice of exploring a history fashioned by a dozen races, going to bullfights or open-air nightclubs by the sea or shopping for leather and textiles. The climate is so balmy that a long afternoon siesta becomes an easy habit, yet is so invigorating that even at 6 a.m., after finishing a seven-course dinner at midnight, a swim seems like a good idea. For the adventurous there are auto rides through the villages, the olive groves, and over the hairpin curves of the cliff roads in hired cars, few newer than a Peerless or a Maxwell and some powered by burning the hulls of almond nuts.

By the Majorcans, who speak the Catalan language and do not easily understand the tourists' phrase-book Spanish, Majorca's new discoverers are treated with a polite, incurious courtesy which is always restful and frequently baffling—especially when the tourist gets ready to leave. Majorcans are true believers in the *mañana* spirit and, having little regard for time itself, have even less for the hurry-up exigencies of steamship and airline schedules. Sometimes the tourist, sweating out the delays and red tape of obtaining a firm reservation to get away, comes to suspect that there is almost literal truth in the tourist's aphorism, "If you once go to Majorca, you'll never leave."

**NEW**  
**FINESSE**  
 Shampoo and  
**STOPETTE**  
 Spray Deodorant

both for just **\$1** plus 10c F.E.T.

squeeze it!... it sprays

Look for the "TWOsome"  
 specially priced for limited time only!

**REGULARLY 60c EACH**  
 Specially Priced To Introduce Dr. Montenier's Remarkable  
 New Shampoo To The Millions Who Rely On Stopette.

Like Flowing New Life In Your Hair! Finesse Shampoo has a "magnetic" attraction for soil, leaves your hair brilliantly clean without stripping it of vital, natural oils. The result is more life, more body . . . lasting, natural sheen. Finesse is a flowing cream . . . easier to use, wonderfully economical. Give three quick squeezes to the unique "accordion" bottle...use hardly a thimbleful . . . for hair that's bright with life and beauty.

And Everybody Knows Stopette! The original spray deodorant, favorite with millions of fastidious men and women, Stopette provides the famous *extra* Margin of Safety that keeps underarms comfortably dry all day long. Use Stopette regularly and . . . Poof! There goes perspiration!

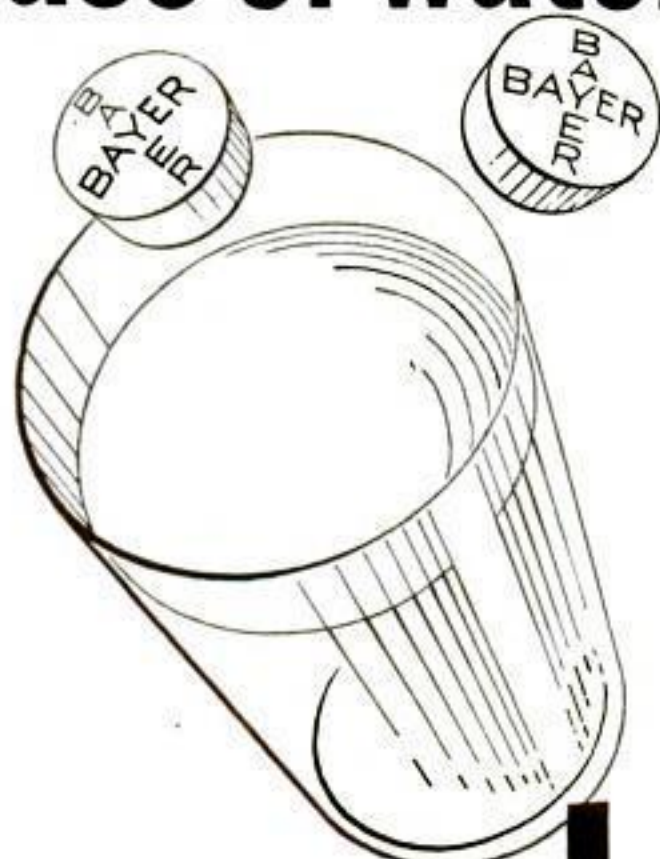
JULES MONTENIER, INC., CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS



**AT THE FIRST  
SIGN OF A**

**C O O L D**

**Take 2  
Bayer Aspirin  
Tablets  
with a full  
glass of water**



**and feel better *FAST!***

**HERE'S ADVICE** about colds that we think your own doctor will tell you is sound and effective.

No matter how you try to stop or shorten a cold, the first thing to do—*before you do anything else*—is to take Bayer Aspirin.

You should do this because a cold is almost invariably accompanied by muscular aches and pains—and a headachy, feverish feeling. And for your own good, you need a medication that will relieve these distressing symptoms — and will relieve them *quickly*.

One reason why Bayer Aspirin tablets bring you this relief—and do it with amazing speed—is that they start disintegrating almost instantly.

This Bayer way of feeling better fast—tested and proved by millions—is now used by more men, women and children than ever before.

So don't experiment with a cold. Use *Bayer Aspirin*. And for sore throats due to colds, gargle three times daily with 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets dissolved in  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a glass of water. When you buy, always be sure to ask for *Bayer Aspirin*—not for "aspirin" alone.

**NEW! FLAVORED  
Children's Size BAYER Aspirin!**

Provides all the advantages for which genuine Bayer Aspirin is famous—and tastes so good, children willingly chew it, drink it dissolved in water or mix it with their food. Low price saves you money, too. 24 tablets cost only 15¢.

**Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine**

**BAYER  ASPIRIN**





RAPTLY SINGING A LOVE LYRIC, SWEDEN'S ROMANTIC CROONER SNODDAS DISPLAYS THE EMOTIONAL INTENSITY WHICH ENTRANCES HIS MILLIONS OF FANS

## Heartthrob for the Swedes

THEY ARE SWOONING OVER BUCKTOOTHED BALLADEER NAMED SNODDAS

The most popular singer and most familiar face in Sweden today is that of the popeyed, bucktoothed 25-year-old crooner above. His name is Gösta Nordgren, but to Swedish music fans in whose breasts he rouses romantic passions he is known more affectionately as Snoddas. A former fishmonger who liked to play *bandy* (a form of ice hockey), Gösta always *snodde* (whisked past) the ball, which won him the more immobile job of goalie and the nickname. Snoddas became a crooner last spring when, asked to sing on a radio amateur hour, he murmured a ditty, *Flottarkärlek* (Lumberjack Love). Its refrain, "*Haderianhadera . . .*" (roughly

"tra-la-la-la-lera"), became almost a national anthem and, on a Snoddas record, helped to sell half a million copies.

Since then Snoddas, whose lack of any voice at all is regarded as the key to his success since it makes all Swedes identify themselves with him, has made a succession of hit records. Nearly half of Sweden's population has paid admission to hear him, and his face and signature are used to help sell a wide assortment of Swedish products. So solid is he in Sweden, in fact, that when Johnny Ray achieved a kind of fame there he soon became known as the American Snoddas.





THE YEAR'S MOST  
EXCITING NEW IDEA  
FOR MODERN LIVING!

# SERVEL Electric Wonderbar

PORTABLE, SILENT REFRIGERETTE STYLED AS SMART FURNITURE



Serve icy drinks right from your own easy chair! So handy while watching TV!



**Silent as a Moonbeam!**  
Ideal for sickroom, nursery!  
Saves so many steps!



**Holds a Party Full!**  
Chills sodas, mixers,  
beer, snacks!



**Wheel it Outdoors!**  
Enjoy it on porch or patio!  
Legs or casters optional.

*Silently, it chills food and drinks! Freezes ice cubes! Rolls indoors or out! Serves as a refreshment center, a snack spot, a portable bar!*

Ah! — Cold drinks, snacks and ice right at your elbow — in a sleek cabinet that's smart in *any* setting! It's the perfect gift — the perfect servant for entertaining, parties, family fun! Ideal for offices and boats, too!

*Just plug it in!* It's permanently silent! Freezing system carries 5-year warranty — has no moving parts to wear or become noisy. Spilled drinks can't mar it. Uses no more current than a lamp. AC or DC, 32 to 230 volts. Mahogany, blond, white. See it wherever fine appliances are sold.

# Servel

The name to watch for great advances in  
REFRIGERATION and AIR CONDITIONING  
GAS • ELECTRIC

SERVEL INC., Evansville 20, Indiana  
In Canada, Servel (Canada) Ltd., 548 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario

## SWEDISH HEARTTHROB CONTINUED



**SNODDAS ON DISPLAY** in window attracts young fans to a record store for his autograph. Five of his records have sold more than 500,000 copies each, but since Snoddas sings only in Swedish they have not sold in the U.S.



**SNODDAS PRODUCTS** include nail files, chocolates, elephants and toy effigies of himself, along with *bandy* clubs, and clothes which he here models. His name also helps sell Snoddas lemonade, Snoddas shirts, Snoddas sausages.



**SNODDAS AUDIENCE** flocks around flower-bearing crooner at an outdoor appearance. He is so popular that Swedish political parties tried to get him to appear for them but, Snoddas said, "I am standing above all parties."



# "Best on the market" says Mrs. D. F. Cochran, Cochranville, Pennsylvania

## Swans Down Angel Food Mix!



YOU MAKE PERFECT  
ANGEL FOOD WITH EASE—  
OR DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY BACK!

**TRY IT!** You'll agree with Mrs. Cochran and all the women who say Swans Down's the best angel food mix on the market!

Makes heavenly cake—light as a cloud, divinely moist and tender. You just add water and your favorite flavoring!

It's *so* sure, *so* easy, you can thrill your family by serving the "Queen of Cakes" often! No need to wait for special occasions.

Begin today. Get the big red package—see how heavenly and luscious angel food mix *can* be, when it's Swans Down Angel Food Mix!



SWANS DOWN ANGEL FOOD MIX  
MAKES A CAKE AS BIG AND LUSCIOUS  
AS A 12-EGG CAKE MADE  
THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY!

### All Swans Down Mixes make Kissin' Cakes with old-fashioned, home-baked goodness!

They're all complete mixes. Liquid is all you add. No extra cost for eggs! In just minutes, you'll make cakes so dreamy-delicious and fine they'll win you kisses and praises.

Get Swans Down White Cake Mix for delicate feather-fine white cakes! And get Swans

Down Devil's Food Mix for rich, moist chocolate cakes, the only mix with *extra*-luscious Walter Baker Chocolate flavor blend.

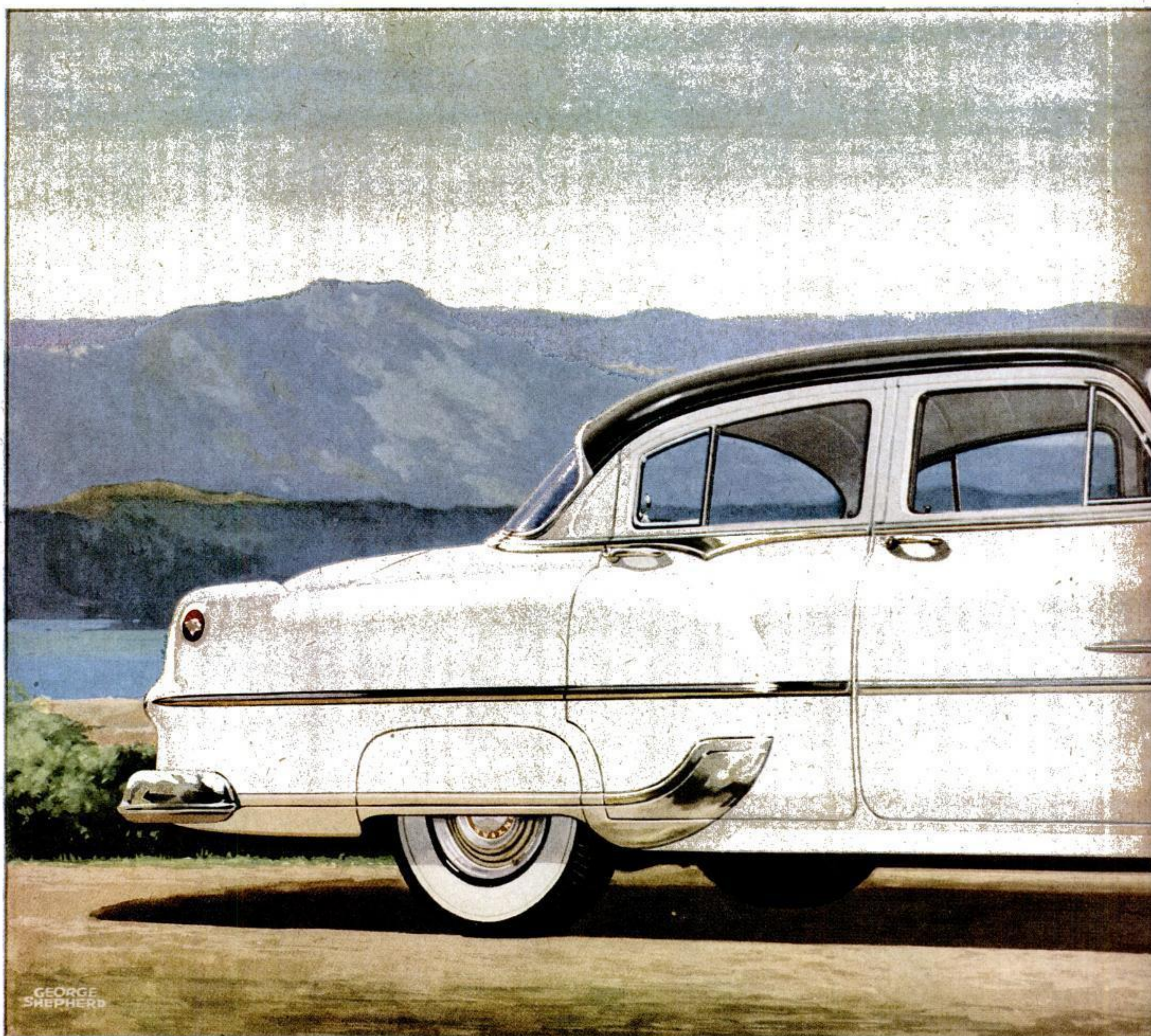
You'll love 'em as much as you love Swans Down Angel Food Mix! Get them today at your grocer's.

See "Our Miss Brooks," starring Eve Arden, Fridays 9:30 P.M. EST on CBS-TV.



Products of  
General Foods





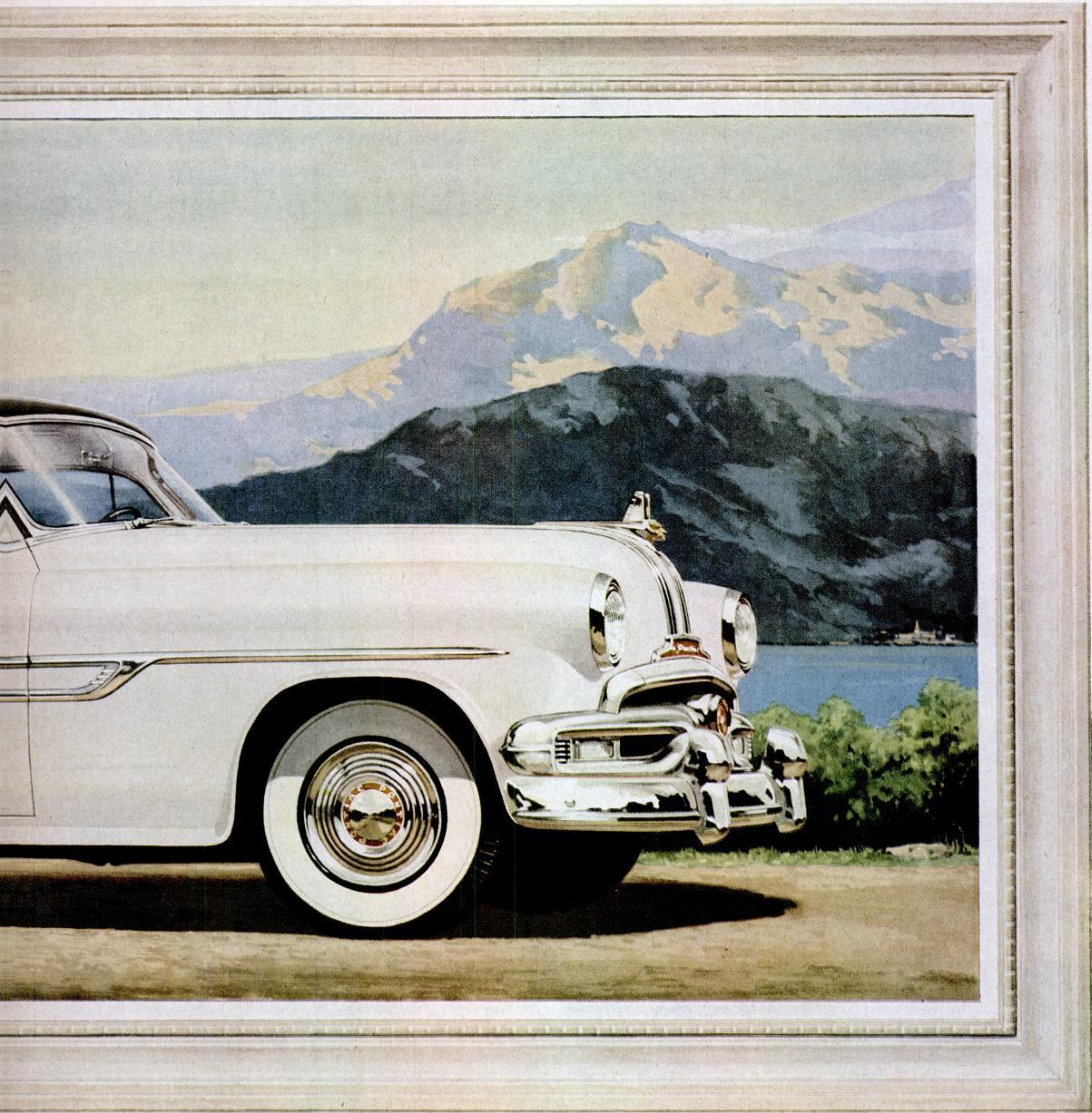
*PRESENTING THE BEAUTIFUL NEW*

*1953 Dual-Streak Pontiac*



SEE IT AT YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER





## A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

In our showrooms we have the greatest Pontiac ever built—the perfect expression of the Pontiac idea: To produce the finest, most beautiful, most luxurious car that can be built to sell at a price just above the lowest.

This wonderful 1953 Dual-Streak Pontiac is completely new in every styling detail, inside and out. It has a longer wheelbase for a smooth, easy ride. It has sweeping new vision with its one-piece curved windshield and wrap-around rear window.

Pontiac's famous Dual-Range\* power train makes it a spectacular performer anywhere, any time.

We are proud of the wonderful new features of this great car, but we are just as proud of the great Pontiac tradition which is built into every line and part—the tradition of *thorough goodness*, dependability and economy.

Visit us and see this new more beautiful proof that dollar for dollar you can't beat a Pontiac!

\*Optional at extra cost.



# There's Nothing Like Old Grand-Dad

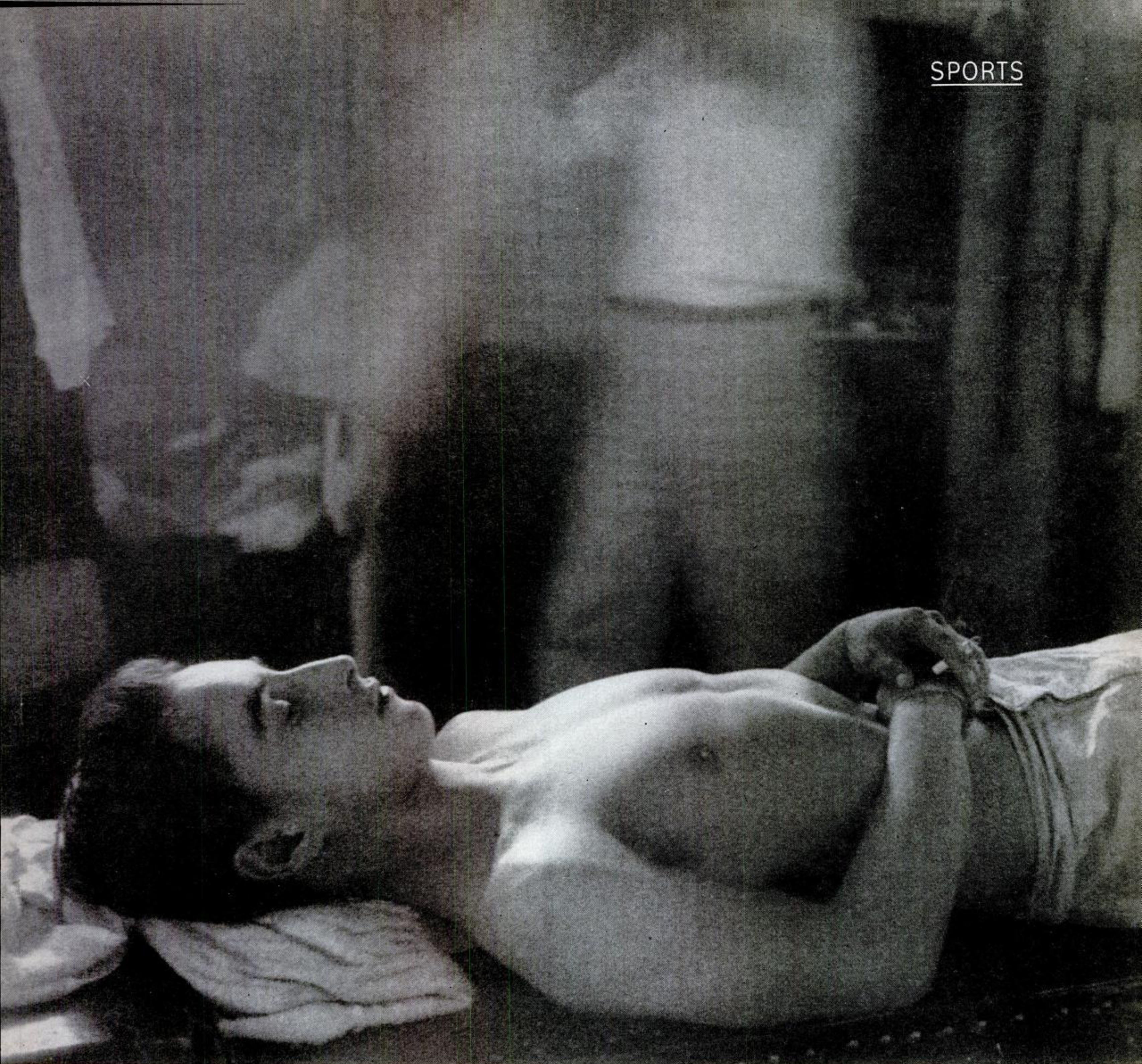
**I**F you are seeking perfection in bourbon, you should make the acquaintance of Old Grand-Dad soon. For here is one of Kentucky's finest bonds—a whiskey that has mellowed through its long maturing years in new charred white oak casks. A sip will tell you—there's just nothing quite so smooth, so rich, so heart-warming in flavor as Old Grand-Dad—the Head of the Bourbon Family.

*The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky*



**OLD GRAND-DAD**  
*Head of the Bourbon Family*





TONY DeSPIRITO, KING OF THE JOCKEYS FOR 1952, LIES EXHAUSTED IN THE DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE TENSION OF A GRUELING SEVEN-RACE DAY

## FORTUNE SMILES ON A HOT-SHOT

**An ambitious, nervy 18-year-old jockey finds himself new holder of record for wins in a single year**

Two years ago Tony DeSpirito was one of the kids, known technically if not flatteringly as punks, who hang around stables at race tracks, getting odd jobs rubbing and walking horses. He was a poor boy from Lawrence, Mass., not far from the Rockingham Park track. He was hard as nails and recklessly ambitious. As it turned out, he had a way with horses. A trainer noticed him and gave him a chance to become a "bug boy" or apprentice jockey.

Bug boys seldom get great horses to run; many of their mounts, in fact, are what are known to bettors as pigs. But it was soon

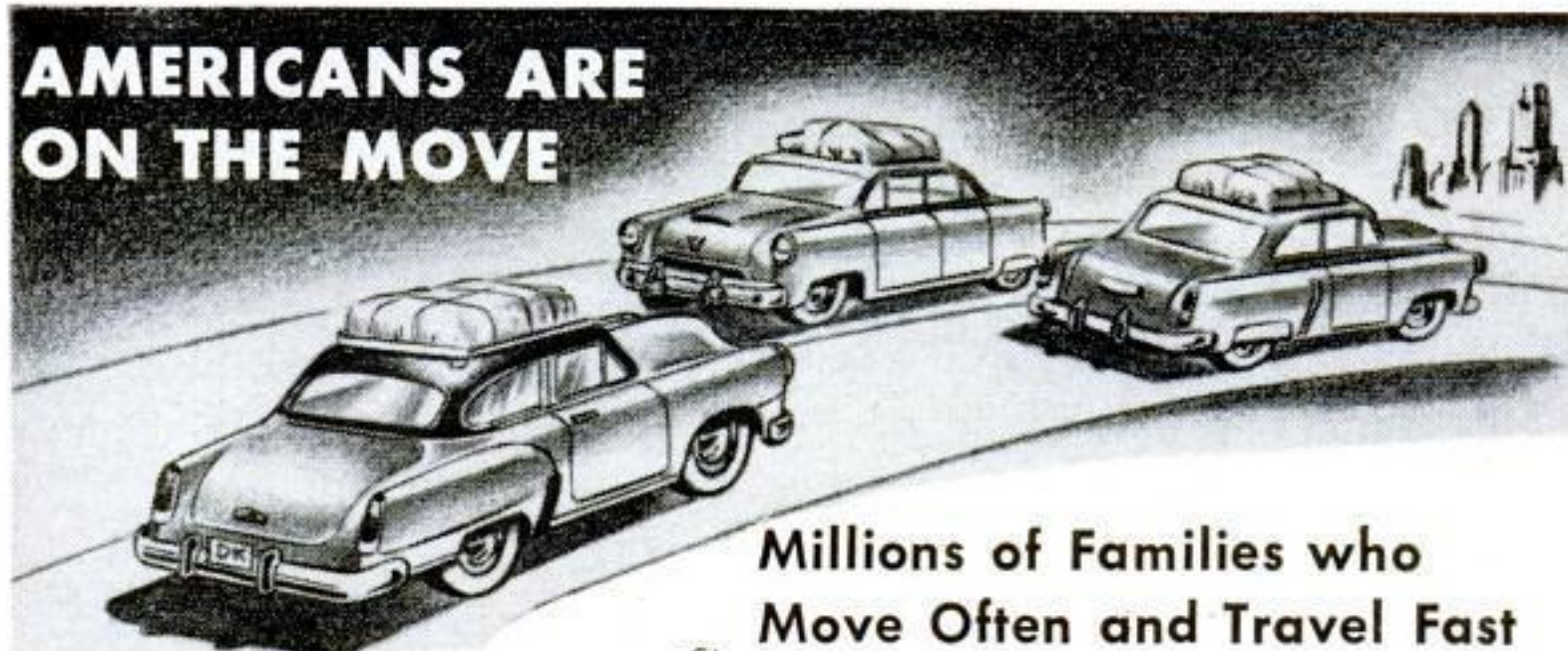
noticed that Tony, riding at minor tracks, was bringing in pig after pig. Like all young hot-shot jockeys he made his wins as much on nerve as on skill. He would take desperate chances, squeeze through narrow openings that would have scared older men. He was called incompetent by Rockingham Park stewards for reckless riding and advised to quit the track. But he came back and went on winning.

By the fall of 1952 he was well on his way to breaking the old record of 388 wins in a single year—twice tied but not beaten for 46 years. As the score went up bettors generally

drove the odds down and made his mounts favorites. Then came a 10-day suspension, for a foul, and it looked all over. But Tony came back stronger than ever. On the next to the last day of the year, three short of the record, he rode four winners to set a new one, 389. Next day he made it 390. Little (5 feet 2 inches) Tony was on top of the world, making \$40,000 a year, and putting at least some of it away in the bank. But no one could tell whether he would go on to a long and successful career, or blow his money and lose his touch and sink out of sight like many hot-shots before him.

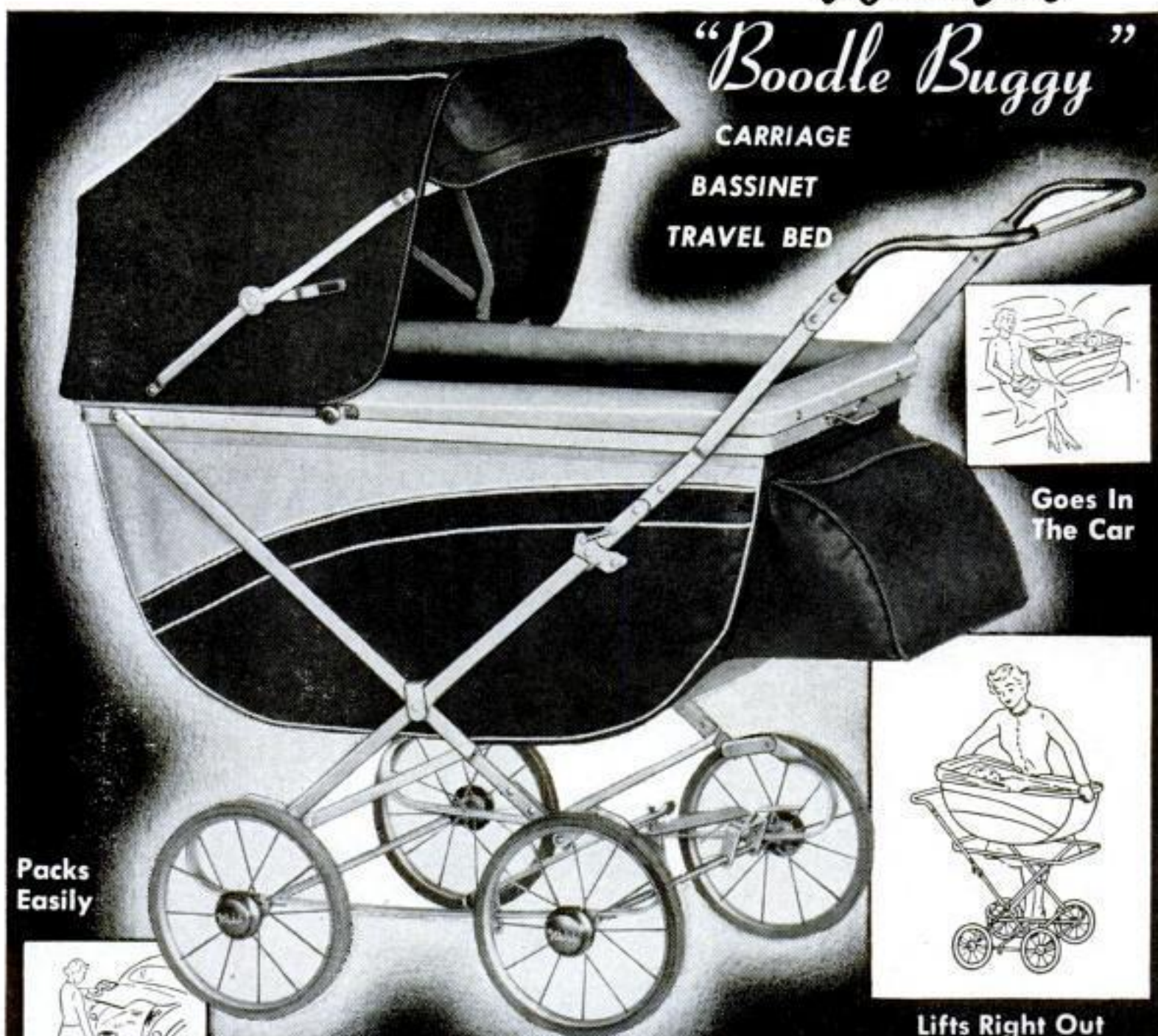


## AMERICANS ARE ON THE MOVE



Millions of Families who  
Move Often and Travel Fast

Take Baby  with Ease  
When they have a *Welsh*



*"Boodle Buggy"*

CARRIAGE  
BASSINET  
TRAVEL BED



Goes In  
The Car



Lifts Right Out

Packs  
 Easily



In Beautiful "Madagaska" or Leatherette  
Or a *Welsh* "ME DRIVE" Seat



Teach baby to steer . . . when to "honk"  
the horn . . . how to watch traffic! It's fun  
and instructive! Baby can sit down or  
stand up.



*The "Playmate"*

A gentle glider-swing exerciser to  
keep baby happy. Can't tip over.  
Easily folded.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

**WELSH CO., St. Louis 4, Mo.** *World's largest manufacturer  
of folding baby carriages*

## Hot-Shot CONTINUED



**TONY'S PARENTS**, Tony Sr. and Nellie, unemployed mill workers, use  
some of the \$100 a week he gives them to finance track bets, mostly on him.



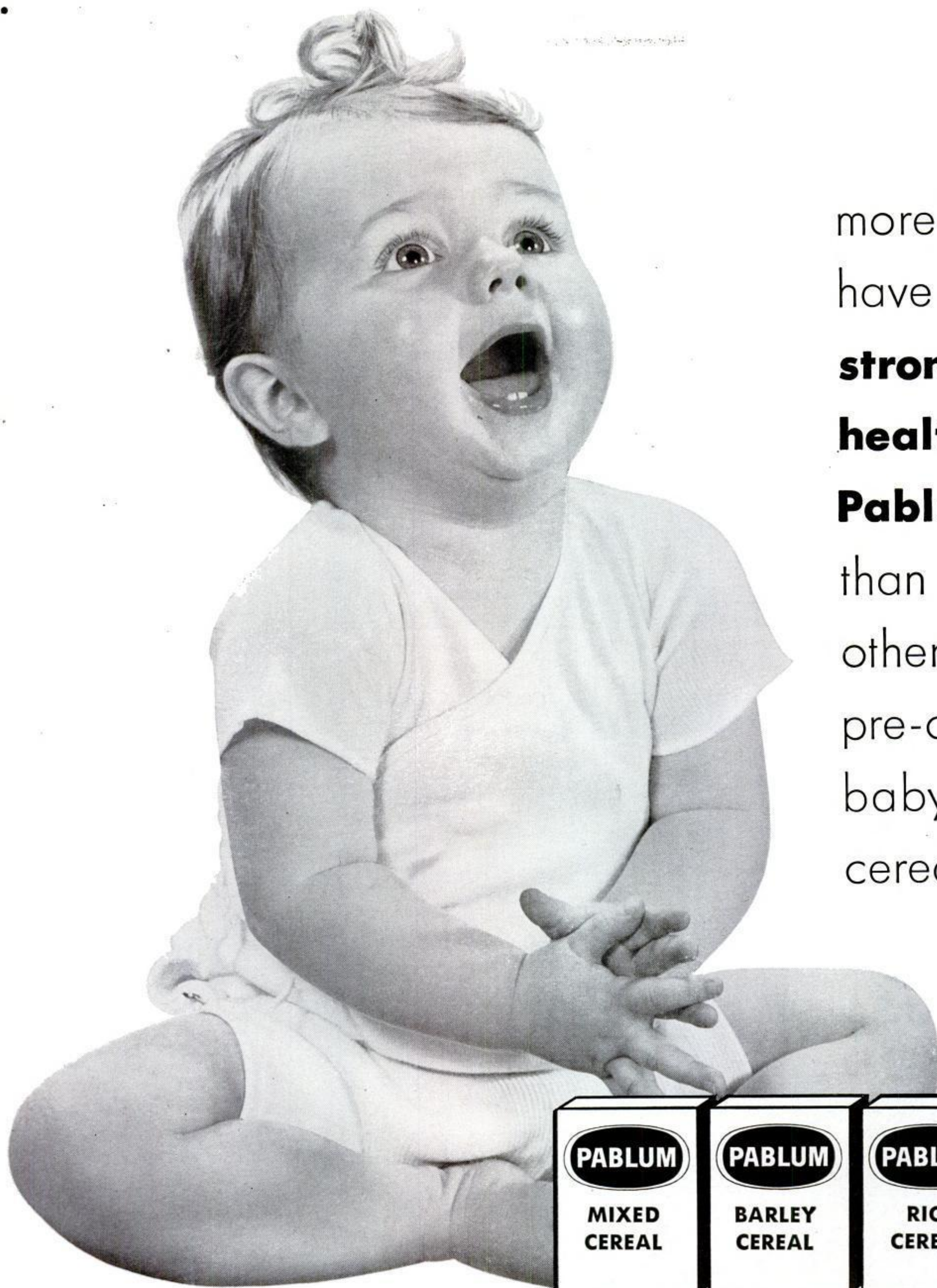
**TONY'S FAMILY** sit down to dinner. Alongside Tony is a Hawaiian friend.  
Tony, eldest of three children, has bought folks a car, is buying a house.



**TONY'S ADVISER**, Jim Carr, his contract holder, owns a stable, has paternal  
interest in his young racer, tries to keep his money put away safely.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72





more babies  
have grown up  
**strong** and  
**healthy** on  
**Pablum** cereals  
than on any  
other  
pre-cooked  
baby  
cereal



**4** varieties at your grocer's or druggist's

**Boon to Mother  
Safe for Baby!**

Exclusive "Handy-Pour" spout on the Pablum package prevents messy, wasteful spilling . . . keeps baby's cereal fresher and safer between feedings.



**Best to Start On  
Best to Stay On!**

Four different-tasting Pablum® Cereals give baby the variety he craves, plus high nutritional values so important up through his second and third year.



**Time for Baby's Visit  
To the Doctor's?**

Don't put it off! He is anxious to help you, even with your smallest problem. Remember, he is the expert when it comes to knowing what is best for your baby.

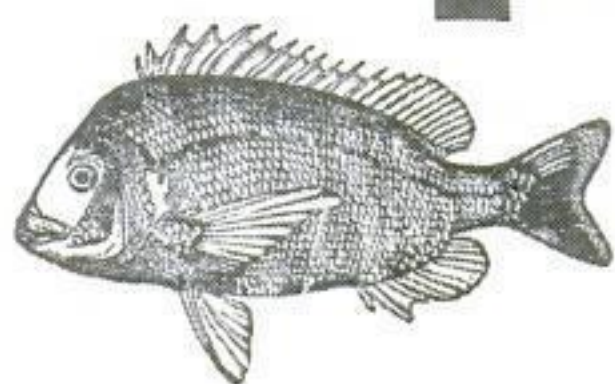


*Pablum is the Original Pre-Cooked Cereal . . . made only by Mead Johnson & Co., Evansville, Ind.—world famous for nutritional products for infants and children.*

**MEAD**



# stop



## cooking odors!



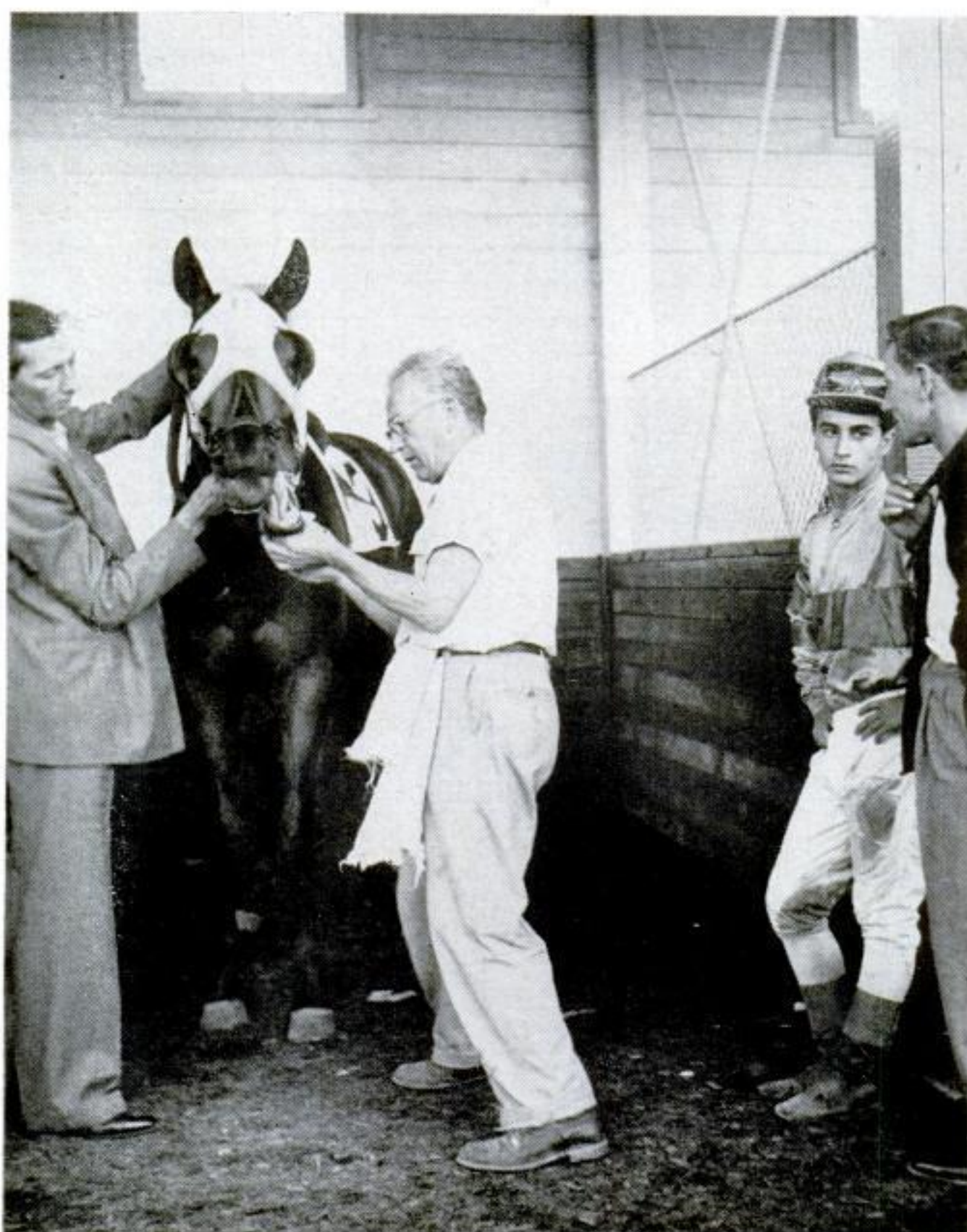
Use  
air-wick  
to  
help  
overcome fish odors  
if you want to  
stay "in the swim"  
with your guests!  
air-wick kills typical  
indoor odors 3 times  
as effectively as  
other deodorizers  
tested! Get air-wick  
today.

### air-wick \*

The product that made  
chlorophyll a household word.  
Makes every room in  
your home clean-smelling  
and pleasant.

\*air-wick is a trademark of SEEMAN BROTHERS, INC.  
©1953, SEEMAN BROTHERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hot-Shot CONTINUED



**RECORD-BREAKING HORSE**, King's Quest, is made ready for the ninth race at Tropical Park as DeSpirito waits with his usual unruffled expression.



**RECORD-MAKING JOCKEY** next day won his 390th race. Then he lost next seven on muddy track, getting little for his pains besides a spattered face.



any way - any day  
**HAMBURGER**  
tastes better  
with



**HOT SCHOOL LUNCHES**  
**Creamettes**  
MORE TENDER • MORE DELICIOUS  
MACARONI



**EYES TIRED?**  
TWO DROPS - QUICK RELIEF

When your eyes seem dull and  
full of sleep, relief comes in  
seconds with just two drops of  
Murine in each eye. Murine's  
seven tested ingredients cleanse  
and soothe your eyes as gently  
as a tear so the feeling of  
fatigue seems to float away.  
Try it today. Murine makes  
your eyes feel good!

**MURINE**  
for your eyes





# "Fresh up" with Seven-Up!

Copyright 1953 by The Seven-Up Company



Buy 7-UP by the case or in the handy  
7-UP FAMILY PACK of 24 bottles!

Family supply! Easy-lift center handle! Easy-to-store!

*You like it... it likes you!*

When the young crowd gathers for an evening of fun, 7-Up joins the party! Sparkling and crystal-clear, 7-Up adds its lively part to all good times.







## *He lost a war and won immortality*

EVEN AMONG the free, it is not always easy to live together.

There came a time, less than a hundred years ago, when the people of this country disagreed so bitterly among themselves that some of them felt they could not go on living with the rest.

A test of arms was made to decide whether Americans should remain one nation or become two. The armies of those who believed in two nations were led by a man named Robert E. Lee.

What about Lee? What kind of man was he who nearly split the history of the United States down the middle and made two separate books of it?

They say you had to see him to believe that a man so fine could exist. He was handsome. He was clever. He was brave. He was gentle. He was generous and charming, noble and modest, admired and beloved. He had never failed at anything in his upright soldier's life. He was a born winner, this Robert E. Lee.

Except for once. In the greatest contest of his life, in the war between the South and the North, Robert E. Lee lost.

Now there were men who came with smouldering eyes to Lee and said: "Let's not accept this result as final.

Let's keep our anger alive. Let's be grim and unconvinced, and wear our bitterness like a medal. You can be our leader in this."

But Lee shook his head at those men. "Abandon your animosities," he said, "and make your sons Americans."

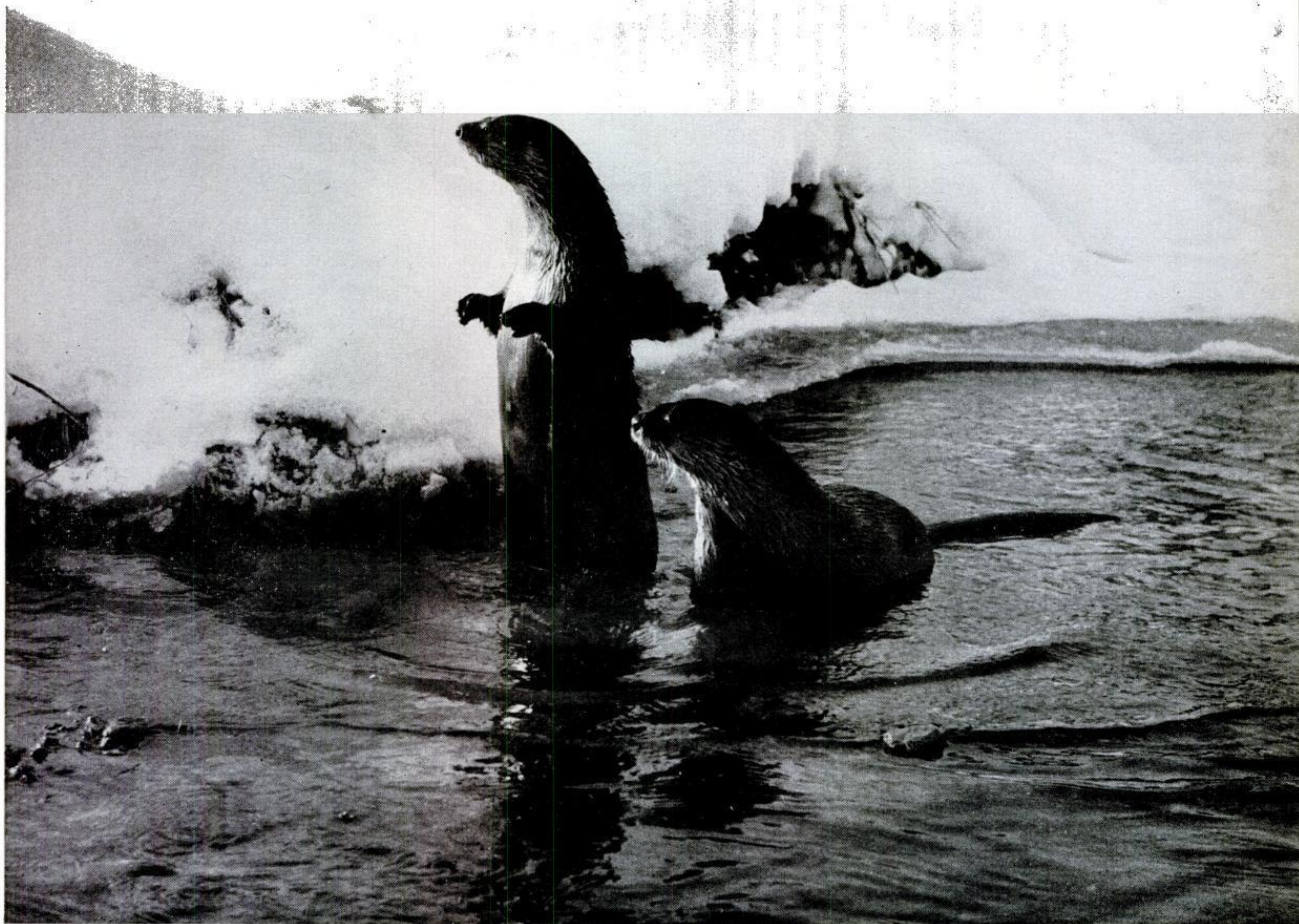
And what did he do himself when his war was lost? He took a job as president of a tiny college, with forty students and four professors, at a salary of \$1500 a year. He had commanded thousands of young men in battle. Now he wanted to prepare a few hundred of them for the duties of peace. So the countrymen of Robert E. Lee saw how a born winner loses, and it seemed to them that in defeat he won his most lasting victory.

There is an art of losing, and Robert E. Lee is its finest teacher. In a democracy, where opposing viewpoints regularly meet for a test of ballots, it is good for all of us to know how to lose occasionally, how to yield peacefully, for the sake of freedom. Lee is our master in this. The man who fought against the Union showed us what unity means.

*John Hancock*

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS





STARTLED BY A SOUND, TWO OTTERS, TAKEN OUT FOR A ROMP IN THE WOODS BY THEIR MASTER, CEASE THEIR PLAY TO "PERISCOPE" FOR SOURCE OF NOISE

# The Good Life of Good Otters

THEY ENJOY PROTECTION, PERPETUAL PLAY AS A MINNESOTAN'S PETS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY WALLACE KIRKLAND

Of the diminishing thousands of otters still left in the U.S., the two above are among the very luckiest. Not only do they romp and play like other otters lucky enough to have survived the fashion of otter coats for women and otter collars for men, they also eat better than most of their brown-pelted brethren and, together with nine other otters, have found a protector and a comfortable home as the

house guests of Emil Liers of Homer, Minn.

Even in the wilds, where once they abounded in lakes and streams, otters are perpetually playful. Far better-humored than their relatives, the weasel and the mink, they chase each other endlessly, playing follow the leader, wrestling, sliding down mud banks and across the snows and, of course, swimming in any open water. The otters which are Liers'

pets do all this, and more. At his home Liers has built a tank for their use when he cannot take them out for a romp in the woods. He supplements their natural diet of frogs and fish with horsemeat and cereal, and when they are particularly obedient and well-mannered gives them the run of the house. In 25 years of this happy relationship Liers has had more than 150 otters. Not one has ever left home.

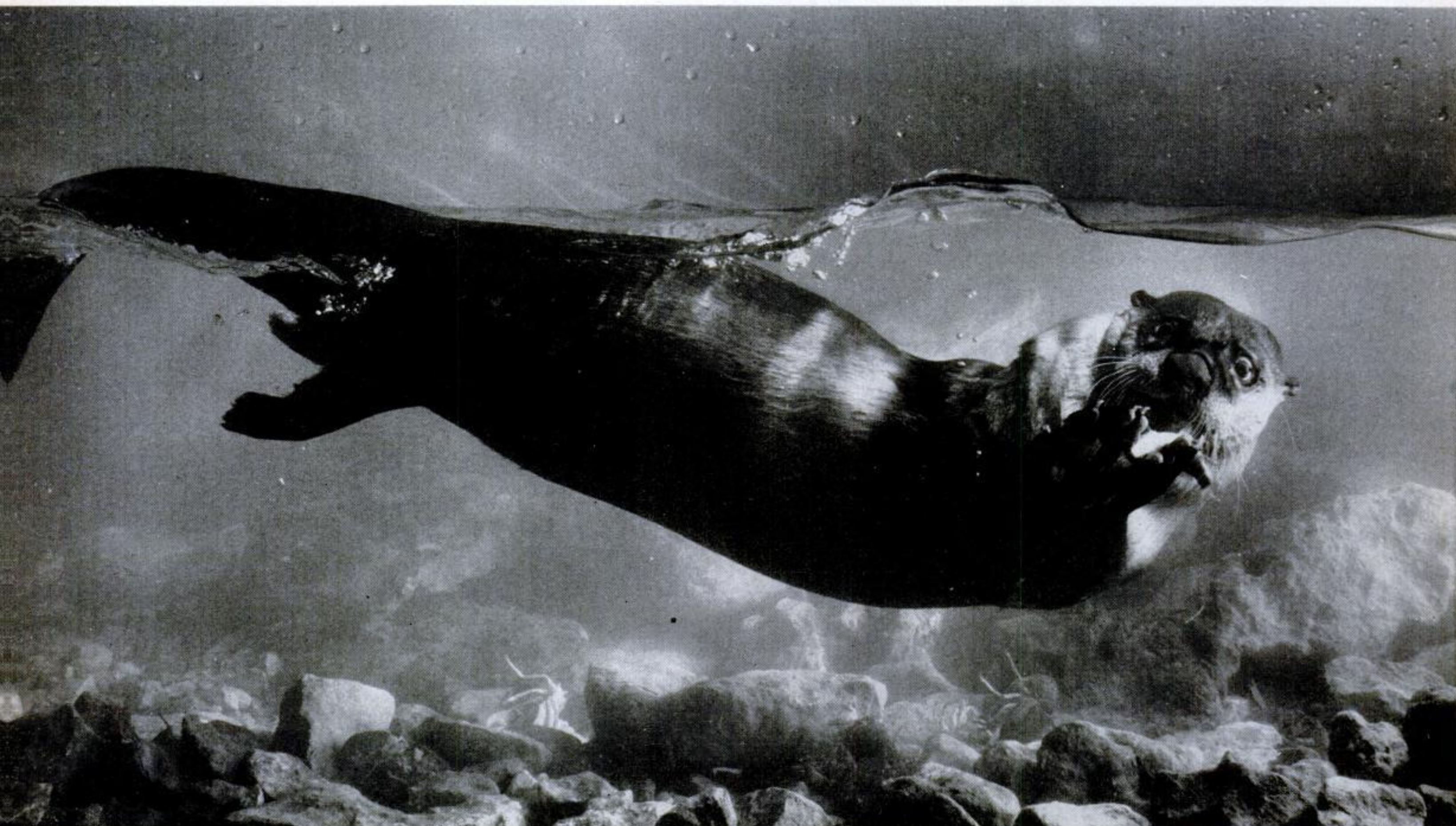
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75





AT MEALTIME, WINONA, ONE OF LIERS'S OTTERS, DIVES FOR FROG. THIS SEQUENCE OF UNDERWATER PICTURES WAS TAKEN AT FISHERY NEAR LIERS'S HOME



WINONA PREPARES TO MUNCH MINNOW WHICH FIRST SHE HAS PATIENTLY CORNERED AND NOW HOLDS TRAPPED BETWEEN HER POWERFUL WEBBED FOREPAWS





BEMIDJI TWISTS PRETZEL-LIKE TO SNARE CRAYFISH. DESPITE SIZE (3½ FEET) AND WEIGHT (20 POUNDS), ADULT OTTERS ARE QUICK AND AGILE IN WATER



LIKE A HUNTER AFTER THE HUNT, BEMIDJI RELAXES TO ENJOY PRIZE. OTTERS CAN STAY UNDER WATER FOR FOUR MINUTES BEFORE SURFACING TO BREATHE





TWO OTTERS TRAVEL ACROSS THE SNOW IN A LUDICROUS SERIES OF HUMPS AND SLIDES. OTTER FIRST GATHERS ITS FEET TOGETHER, HUNCHING ITS BACK,

## THEY ARE AT HOME ANYWHERE

With Liers's conscientious care, his otters live a long time. The oldest of his colony is a prolific 19-year-old matriarch named Tara. Most of the others—Tarquol, Marqueta, Norita, Qu-Appelle, Mityi, Twinkle and Sleek—have been acquired through breeding. The liveliest of the lot are gifts—Winona and Bemidji, now 6 years old, who were given to Liers as cubs by a local game warden when their mother was killed by a hunter, and 3-year-old Squee-Wee, another adopted orphan. When they are outside playing near the banks of the Mississippi, Liers rounds them up by simply calling "Here Winona, here

Bemidji, come otties." If they have been swimming they come up shaking themselves, as dogs do, to get dry.

So much a part of his life have the otters become that Liers has given up all other activity to become a lecturer, an adviser to zookeepers, and to write a book, *An Otter's Story*, which will be published this spring. Wherever he goes, to schools or wildlife groups or scientific societies, Emil takes some of his otters with him. As a result, they are undoubtedly the only otters in the world who are as comfortable in a hotel room as they are in bed at home.



IN HOTEL ROOM at Winona, Minn., Bemidji and Winona, released from their wire traveling cages

while on tour with Liers, indulge in uninhibited morning antics, causing the washbasin to overflow.

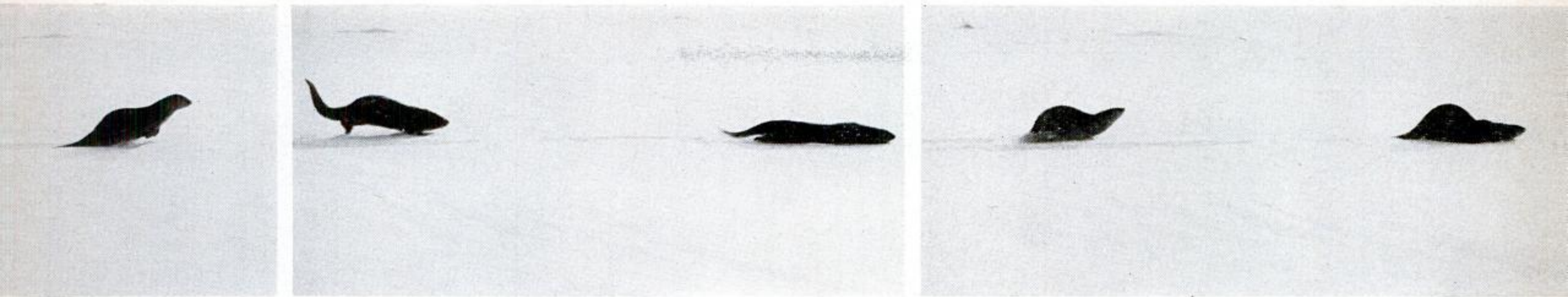


DOWN THE STEPS at home come Bemidji and Winona. In kitchen Mrs. Liers will give them dinner.

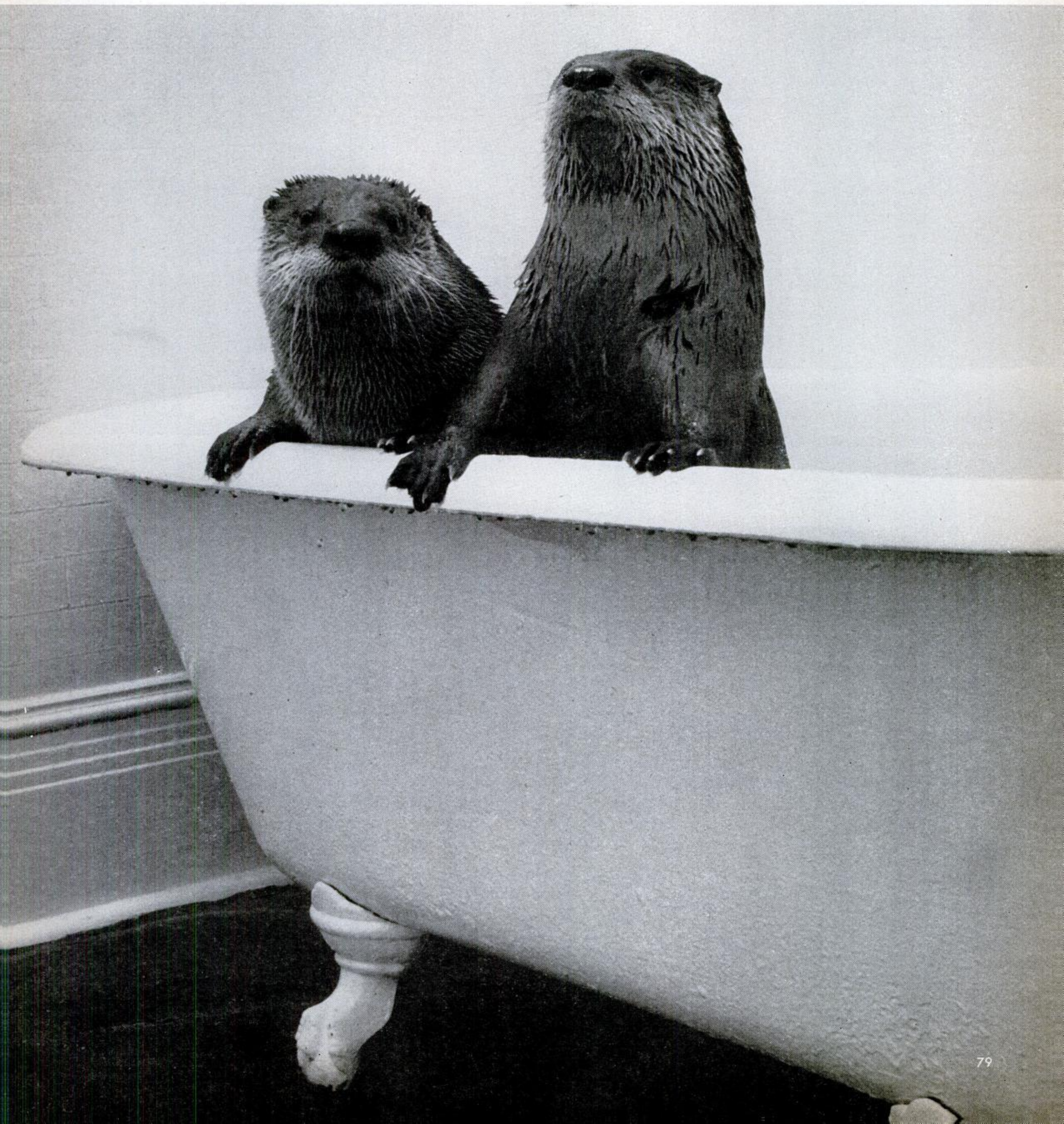


IN BED WITH EMIL, Squee-Wee playfully ducks out from under covers to peek about inquisitively.





THEN HURLS ITSELF FORWARD. THE DISTANCE COVERED ON EACH SLIDE VARIES FROM 10 TO 15 FEET, DEPENDING ON THE DEPTH AND SOFTNESS OF SNOW







DEBUT OF "WILLIE THE ACTOR" came when Sutton first used a disguise to rob a bank. Here Artist William Sharp, who drew the illustrations

for this article, depicts the moment when the startled bank guard discovers that the "Western Union messenger" he has let in is actually a bank robber.



# Confessions of an Archthief



**TRAPPED,** Sutton sits in court at his trial last year, looking gaunt but dapper as he faced what looked like end of his long criminal career.

**WILLIE SUTTON MADE 'A SCIENCE OUT OF CRIME,' BUT HE STILL FAILED**

by **WILLIE SUTTON** as told to **Quentin Reynolds**

*On Feb. 18, 1952 a little man with the look of a malicious leprechaun was picked up by the cops in New York City. He was the famous and fabulous Willie Sutton, and he was quickly tried for a bank robbery, convicted and given a sentence of 30 years to life. For reasons he himself states in this article, Willie Sutton decided to write the whole story of his life; and with the aid of Author Quentin Reynolds he has just completed it. Bearing no brief for Sutton, LIFE publishes a condensation of this autobiography for what it is, the candid memoirs of a crook—revealing and sometimes at variance with the newspaper accounts at the time and with the considered judgments of a jury. But it is nevertheless Sutton's life story as he sees it. This unconventional autobiography will also appear in book form, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.50) next month.*

**M**Y mind goes back to 1944. I was in Eastern State Penitentiary, working as a secretary for the prison psychiatrist. He is now a private psychiatrist and doesn't want me to use his name, and because he was one of the few real friends I ever had, I won't. But he was a tall, good-looking man with a soft voice that had a magic effect on the crazed inmates who had cracked under the strain of prison life. And he performed mental miracles.

I recall seeing, now and then, a letter from a former inmate for whom the doctor had obtained a parole. The letter would tell about how the man had married, had children and gone straight. I would say, "This is one of the fellows they told you couldn't be rehabilitated." The doctor would nod and chuckle.

On one of these occasions I seized the opportunity and asked him point-blank, "What about me? I've been here 10 years now. Don't you think I've learned my lesson?"

The doctor hesitated and then said, "I don't know, Willie. Apparently," he added softly, "banks present an irresistible challenge to you."

"You don't think," I asked, "that I can ever be a useful member of society?"

The doctor studied me for a moment and sighed. "Only you can answer that one, Willie."

"I'm going to prove I can, Doctor," I said, smiling. But I wasn't smiling inside. I had learned enough about psychiatry as his secretary to know that he couldn't tell me flatly what I was sure he believed: there was no chance for me to adjust myself to the environment of a free world. Just the same, I wasn't ready to accept this diagnosis.

Eight years later—on May 2, 1952—I recalled that conversation. I was standing for sentence before Judge Peter T. Farrell of the Queens County Court, who looked down at me and said, "The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be confined in a state prison for a period of not less than 30 years. . . ."

Again I thought of the doctor when I read the stories about me in the newspapers and magazines. Several writers tried to psychoanalyze

me. One writer gave a great many reasons (valid to him, I'm sure) why I had been driven into crime. I tried to follow his reasoning, but because he knew nothing about my early life he was playing a guessing game. A detective-story writer did a thoughtful series in which he held that all my life had been an attempt to escape, not only from prisons but from myself. I have no quarrel with his conclusions. Perhaps he's right—I just don't know.

I do know, however, that not even Freud could analyze a man merely by reading newspaper stories about him. So I have decided to indulge in an experiment in self-analysis. I've been asked by many a man on a parole board, "Willie, what made you become a criminal?" And for the life of me, I've never been able to give an honest answer. Now I have plenty of time to see if I can come up with that honest answer. I expect to spend the rest of my days in prison. So I will set down my story. Call it a confession, if you will. But anyway, when it's down in black and white, perhaps some psychiatrist will be able to answer the question I've never been able to answer: "Willie, what made you become a criminal?"

## Mass every Sunday

**Y**OU could have called us the typical Brooklyn family of the early 1900s. We lived in a two-family, yellow frame house on High Street. My father, William Sutton, was a big, happy man, well satisfied with his job. He was a blacksmith. There were still plenty of horses in Brooklyn, so he had plenty of work. We went to Mass every Sunday morning and had chicken every Sunday for dinner.

For us kids the whole world was bounded by Tillary Street and the East River. This was the only world we knew, and it wasn't a very pretty world. It centered around Sands Street. Sands Street was dotted with saloons catering to the sailor trade. Peaceful enough during the day, Sands Street became a battleground at night.

My first crime was minor enough. Two of us volunteered to do the shopping for our families, and the grocery clerk was delighted to let us wait on ourselves. We found it easy to slip a few groceries into our pockets or shirt fronts. From there it was a logical step to visit the same store at night. We climbed in the back window at least half a dozen times, rifling the cash register of as much as \$5 a haul. We became the wealthiest kids in the neighborhood. We were never caught, never even had a narrow escape. It was my first taste of easy money—a taste I'm afraid I've never completely lost.

Just the same, I went straight for most of the next few years, even while holding down a job as messenger in a bank. But then the war came, and with it easy-money jobs in defense plants. I got used to cash in my pockets, parties, liquor, silk shirts and girls. I volunteered for the Army, but I was 17 at the time and wasn't accepted.

Despite the high life I had been living I still had some money saved up after the war ended. But it didn't last long, and when it was



# Here's the *ONLY* Cough Drop...

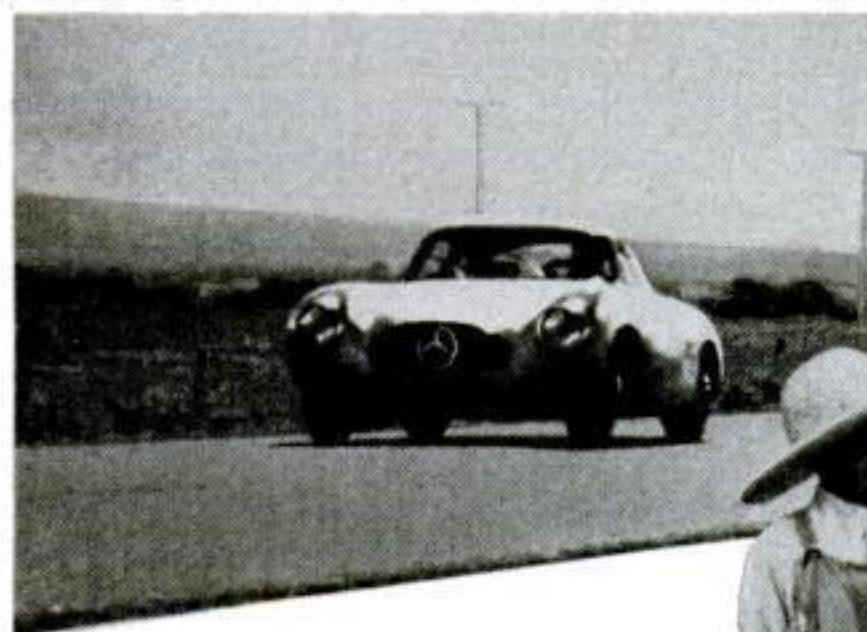


**...REALLY  
MEDICATED**

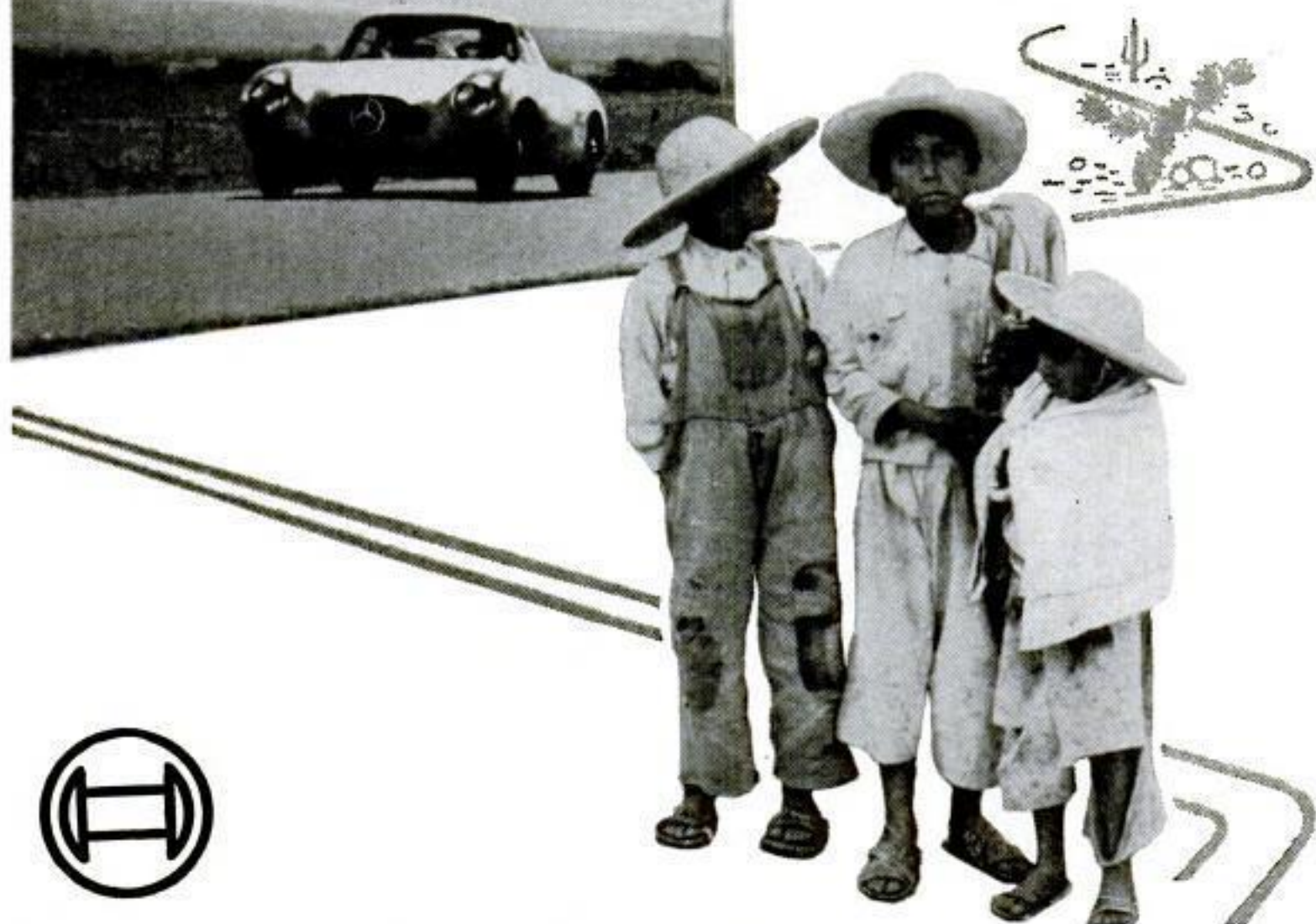
with cough-easing  
ingredients of Vicks  
VapoRub *plus* other  
soothing medications.

**THAT'S WHY THEY'RE  
SO EFFECTIVE!**

## III. CARRERA PANAMERICANA MEXICO



world's toughest race proves  
superiority of BOSCH automotive  
electrical equipment.



Equipped with BOSCH magnetos and BOSCH spark plugs, the MERCEDES-BENZ 300 SL wins both first and second places in the world's most gruelling long-distance race. KARL KLING is the winner, and HERMANN LANG the runner-up in the 1,934 mile Mexican classic from Tuxtla on the Guatemalan border to Ciudad Juarez on the frontier of the U.S.A.

# BOSCH

ROBERT BOSCH GMBH STUTTGART · GERMANY



FIRST EASY MONEY came around 1910 when Willie and friend broke into a grocery store. Willie rifled cash register while partner kept lookout.

## THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

gone I pulled my first big robbery. With two friends I broke into the office of a shipyard and got away with \$16,000. Our flight took us, by train and car, all over northern New York State; but within two weeks we were back in Brooklyn, in jail. We all got suspended sentences.

This first actual brush with the law taught me a lesson—for a while. I read a want ad, placed by a man named John Condon, a landscape gardener. I got the job, and became an avid horticulturist overnight. Anyone born in the country takes flowers, shrubs and trees for granted, but for me every one of them was a new discovery. For about three months I commuted out to the big Long Island and Westchester estates, planted trees and shrubs all day and commuted happily home to Brooklyn. I was completely satisfied with life, and not a larcenous thought entered my mind. Then that job disappeared; people couldn't afford landscape gardening any more. I picked up a few other jobs but none of them lasted either. I went back to my life of crime. One of my favorite hangouts was a poolroom run by Joe Quigg. It was there that I met "Doc" Tate.

Doc was probably the greatest expert on locks in the country. A real practitioner, he always wore gloves, even in the warmest weather, to protect his sensitive fingertips. I began to learn the difference between amateurs like myself and professionals like Doc Tate. He had been caught many times. But each time he asked himself, "What did I do wrong? What precaution did I fail to take?" And he never made the same mistake twice. When I met him, he had worked out his system until it had become a fine art.

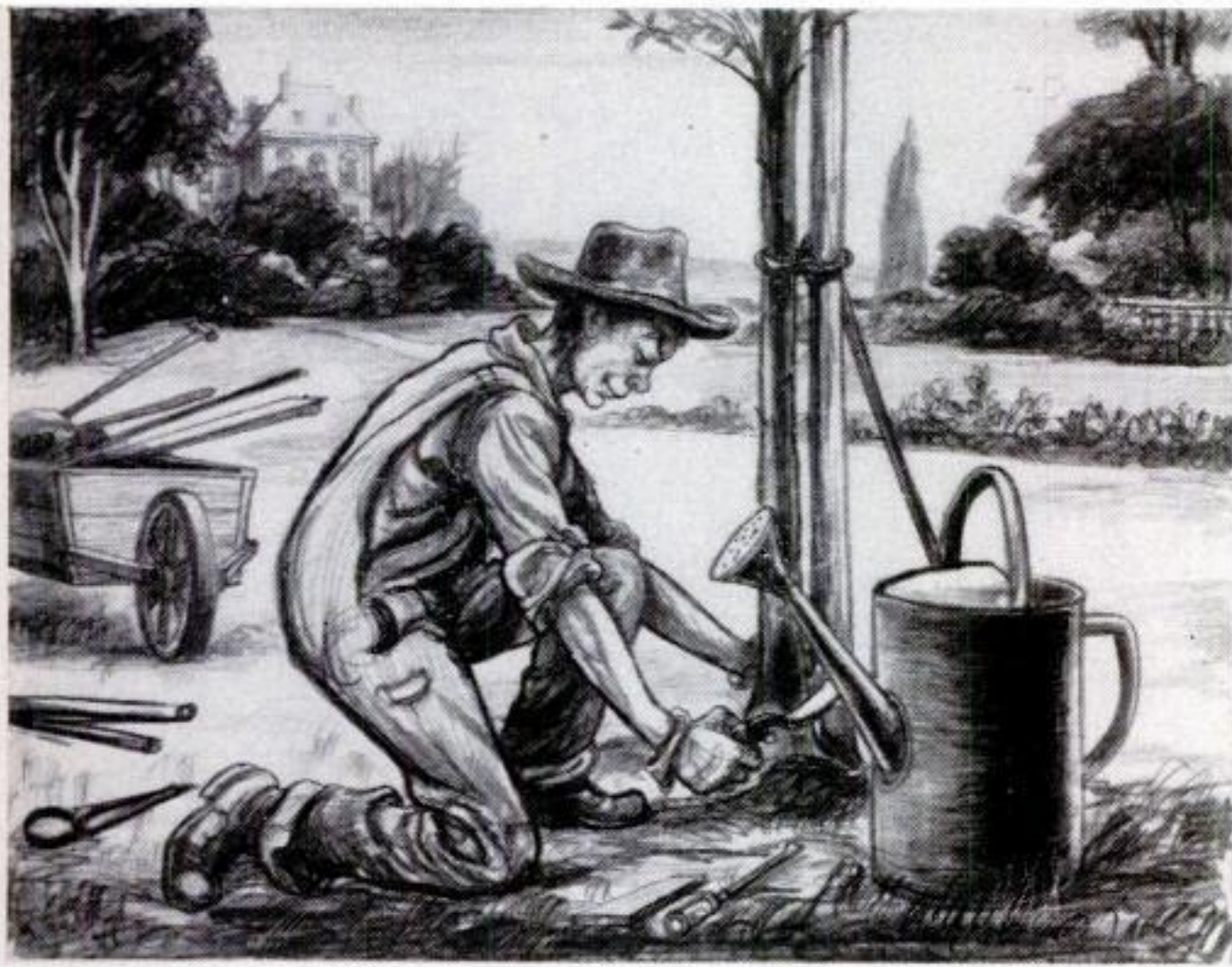
I became Doc's eager student. After a while he let me go along on jobs, in Boston, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. From him I learned my most valuable lessons: Use nitro and the blowtorch only when the "legitimate" ways—the punch, jimmy and other tools—fail. Do an out-of-town job, then get as far away as possible as fast as possible. Use ordinary tools, the kind that can be bought in any hardware store, and leave them behind—except the jimmy, which will get you out of many a tight, locked place. Choose your fence with the greatest of care. And plan, plan, plan. The Doc was my mentor. But I'm convinced that becoming a criminal was my fault, not his. The Doc only helped me become a successful criminal—for a while.

## I go into business

SHORTLY I went into business for myself. At first I made my share of mistakes, figuring a bank safe as easier than it was and working all night for nothing, for example. But I made some good hauls too. The first time I got caught it was not because of any mistake on the job but because I had a confederate whose wife got jealous of his mistress and talked to the police. I went to Sing Sing, was transferred to Dannemora. It was September 1929 before I was a free man again. I went straight for a while, but after trying in vain to get a good job I went back to bank robbing again.

My plan of action came to me as I was walking along Broadway one afternoon and noticed an armored truck stop in front of a business house. Two of the uniformed guards approached the door, rang the bell and were admitted. In a few moments they marched





**AN HONEST JOB** was a short idyl in 1921. Working as a gardener, he developed fondness for trees and flowers. Job folded and he returned to crime.

from the store, climbed into their truck and drove off. The uniforms those guards wore intrigued me. I doubted very much if the clerk who admitted them to the store looked at their faces. When he saw the uniforms he waved them in. The right kind of uniform would unlock any door. I looked in the classified telephone directory and found several firms which manufactured all kinds of uniforms.

That afternoon "Willie the Actor" was born.

I decided to take on my friend Jack Bassett as my partner. I told him to rent a room in the Broadway district under the name of the Waverly School of Drama. Then I had a hundred letterheads and business cards printed. I typed out a letter on the imposing stationery of the Waverly School of Drama, saying that we were putting on an amateur play, and that I wanted to rent a bank messenger's uniform. I sent the letters to a dozen costume-renting outfits. Their replies were prompt. If I would send the actor in to be fitted, they were sure they could give complete satisfaction. Armed with their letter, I visited one of the theatrical costuming houses and was delighted with what I saw. They had uniforms of every description. If I wished, I could be a cop, a fireman, a Western Union messenger, an Army officer, or even a knight of King Arthur's Court. They asked me no questions after I handed them the letter they had sent to the Waverly School of Drama. They just assumed that I was another actor. I looked over half a dozen uniforms of the type worn by messengers, and selected a neat-looking khaki outfit, inconspicuous and conservative. Wearing this, I felt that I could walk into the House of Morgan, if necessary, and be accepted as a bank messenger.

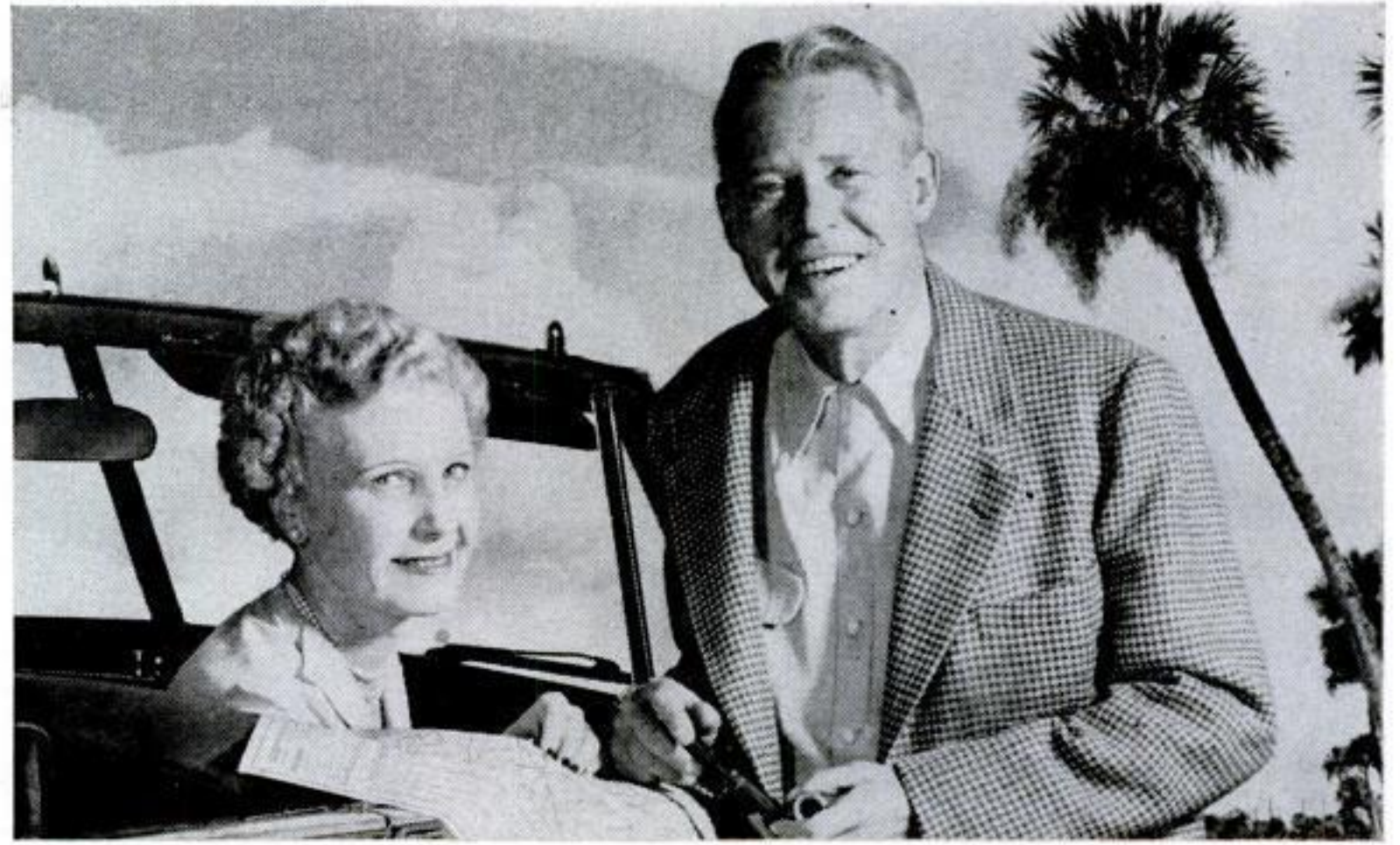
I had selected my bank carefully. I knew just how many employees worked there. I knew what time each arrived and when each left. I found that the first employee arrived at 8 each morning. He opened the bank and, after identifying the employees, admitted them as they arrived.

My plan began to take shape. First, however, I needed to know the name of the bank manager. A phone call to the bank secured that information. I schooled Jack Bassett very carefully as to his part in the drama. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to think of this as a drama with myself as director and main actor. I dropped into a Western Union office and sent the Waverly School of Drama a telegram, merely to get the yellow Western Union envelope. When it arrived, I steamed it open and threw the message away. Then I typed out the name of the manager and name and address of the bank on a yellow sheet of paper. I placed this inside the envelope so that the name and address could be seen through the window of the envelope. It was a pretty good imitation of an actual telegram. I bought a small briefcase, the kind usually carried by bank messengers. Now I was ready.

Shortly after the guard entered the bank at 8 o'clock, I rang the bell. The guard opened the door an inch or two, saw my uniform and swung the door back.

"I got a telegram for the boss," I mumbled. Handing him the bogus wire, a small notebook and a pencil, I asked him to sign for the telegram. He held the notebook in one hand, the pencil in the other, and began to sign. As soon as both of his hands were occupied, I merely reached down and lifted his revolver out of its holster. I told him very quietly to be a good boy, to obey orders

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## How we retired in 15 years with \$250 a month

It was the day our son Jimmy started college that the thing happened that changed all our lives. Thanks to that, Marge and I are retired in Florida today—doing just as we please. And thanks to that, too, a white envelope arrives each month, every month—with a check for \$250 inside it.

It all started about fifteen years ago—September of '37. I was forty-two. And till that moment I had no more hope of retiring in fifteen years than Jimmy had.

We'd come back from seeing Jimmy off at the station. Marge sat in the living room sewing. The house seemed quiet and empty. I sat down in my chair and picked up a magazine. It opened to an ad on a page Marge had marked, "Read, please." The ad said, "You don't have to be rich to retire on a life income." It was one of the ads I'd often read of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. Read it I did—all the way through. "Sure, Marge," I said, "sounds wonderful. But a thing like that costs plenty."

"How do you know how much it costs?" asked Marge, "you just think it's expensive. Let's find out. You know, soon Jimmy won't need us. He'll be out on his own. We won't need a big house. Won't need a lot of the things we're used to. We could live well on less money if it was steady. Can't

cost us anything to look into it."

That's how it happened that we sent in the coupon.

Back in the mail came a booklet that explained all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It was true, you didn't have to be rich. Actually, it was for just average people like ourselves. It was simple, systematic, and sure. No investment worries—experts did your investing for you. Soon after, I applied and qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Plan.

Jimmy's married now, with a good job. Winters, his youngsters come down and spend a long vacation with us in the Florida sunshine. For, you see, we're retired with a monthly income of \$250 that comes regular as clockwork. Marge was right. It didn't cost anything to find out. And it's certainly paying off.

### Send for Free Booklet


This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$10 to \$250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

 <b>PHOENIX MUTUAL</b> <i>Retirement Income Plan</i> <b>GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE</b>	
<p><b>PLAN FOR WOMEN</b></p> <p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 914 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, "Retirement Income Plans for Women."</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>	<p><b>PLAN FOR MEN</b></p> <p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 914 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>

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# RELAX...



**TUMS**

**NO FEAR OF ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN**

Relax and enjoy your food! If acid upset follows, simply take TUMS. These delicious antacids neutralize the excess acid that causes your stomach distress. That is why you feel fine—so fast.

TUMS are carminative; comforting; soothing. Never over-alkalize.

• still only 10¢ a roll

**FOR THE TUMMY**

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

## Best for every lighter!

**RONSONOL® LIGHTER FUEL**



Best for ANY Fine Lighter

LASTS LONGER! Lights Instantly! Burns Cleaner! Pleasant Scent!

Big 4 oz. can **25¢**

**RONSON® REDSKIN® 'FLINTS'**



5 Extra Length REDSKIN 'FLINTS' with the distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating. Best for ALL lighters.

Super Sparks! Instant Lights! Last longer because they are longer!

Handy Five-Flinter **15¢**

THIS SURE-FIRE TEAM MADE BY **RONSON** MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



**WILLIE'S MENTOR** was fastidious "Doc" Tate, who imparted his encyclopedic lore on locks while strolling New York's upper West Side with Willie.

### THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

and he wouldn't be hurt. He took a few steps backward, complete bewilderment in his eyes. Then he raised his hands a little shakily. At that psychological moment Jack Bassett walked in and shut the door after him.

I knew that six employees of the bank would arrive within the next few minutes. They were all due at 8:30 and my observation had established the fact that these were very punctual workers who were never late. I told the guard that I knew how he operated each morning and that he should follow his usual custom. He looked at his gun in my hand and shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. The bell rang as the first employee arrived. The guard opened the door and the first arrival gave him a cheery hello and said, "It's a wonderful day, Fred."

"That's what you think," the guard mumbled.

The employee walked in and blinked as he saw us. The guard shut the door and Jack very politely asked the employee to sit down.

Jack had gotten half a dozen chairs and had lined them up against the wall. The employees arrived, one by one, and took their places in the row of chairs. The last to arrive, promptly at 8:30, was the manager himself.

"All I want you to do," I told him, "is to open your vault. It would be very silly for you to refuse. If you do refuse, nothing will happen to you, but I promise you that the lives of your employees here will be jeopardized."

I could see from the calm, contemptuous look in the manager's eyes that threats to him wouldn't mean a thing. He would willingly expose himself to any danger, I felt, even death, rather than open that vault and repudiate the trust the bank had in him. But now I saw a struggle going on in his mind. Did he have the right to jeopardize the safety of his employees who sat there against the wall, plainly terrified? Doubt, indecision and then hopeless resignation showed on his face.

"I guess I have no choice," he said wearily.

"That's right," I told him, "you have no choice."

While Bassett held his gun on the six employees, I walked with the manager to the vault. It was 8:40 now. The bank opened for business at 9, and I knew that there were always several customers there waiting, undoubtedly to draw out money that could be used for either petty cash or payrolls that day. I prodded the manager very gently with the guard's gun and told him to hurry. He did. The door swung open and I found two small tin boxes inside containing \$48,000 in crisp new bills.

I put the money in my briefcase, told the bank manager to sit down with his employees, and then gave them a little lecture. I said that my friend and I were leaving now, but that we had a third member of our group on guard outside. If anyone went through this door during the next five minutes, he would be shot. I knew, of course, that as soon as Bassett and I left, they would run for the phone to call the police. I didn't mind that. It would take the police at least 10 minutes to arrive. However, I didn't want any of them running out after us, raising an alarm. I figured my little speech would keep them there for at least three or four minutes. That was all the time Jack and I needed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



**'Chap Stick' for Cold Sores**

Use famous 'Chap Stick'—the only antiseptic lip balm—for those painful cold sores that often follow colds and fever. *Specially medicated—specially soothing*—brings fast relief.

Carry 'Chap Stick' with you always; pocket size, easy to apply. And when lips are chapped, cracked or feverishly dry—smooth on 'Chap Stick' and they'll feel better instantly.

Every 'Chap Stick' is now individually marked. For extra protection, buy a personalized\* 'Chap Stick' for each member of the family.



Personalized—a different mark for every user

**Chap-an's**

ALL HANDS THAT WORK need

The hand cream made for men

Penetrating, extra soothing, antiseptic. Quick relief for chapped, cracked, work-sore hands.

In generous man-sized tube. At druggists.

CHAP STICK CO., LYNCHBURG, VA.

**SHORT, SHORT DOG STORY**

Millions of dogs eat Rival Dog Food. They look so handsome, have so much pep, that folks ask what they eat. When they learn it is Rival Dog Food, they change to Rival. Then their dogs, too, look and feel "like a million." All dogs live happily ever after on **RIVAL DOG FOOD**

**STOP PAYING FANCY PRICES for FLOOR WAX!**

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COMPARE prices and you'll buy Aerowax every time!

**AEROWAX** is the **GOOD** wax that Saves You Up To **28¢** PER PINT

**CORNS GO FAST!**

Enjoy quick relief and speedily remove aching corns with soothing, cushioning, protective, world-famous Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**



An Advertisement by Hiram Walker



## IT'S NOT LITTLE THEATER WHEN YOU'RE IN IT

These men put their hearts into their hobby, the community's Little Theater. Perhaps your own big interest is photography, fishing, or collecting 18th Century clocks. In any case, nothing gives you more pleasure than talking about it with your fellow hobbyists,

The Little Theater enthusiasts in our picture have hit on a way you can make your hobby sessions still more enjoyable. The bottle on the

tray is the clue: it is Imperial, the whiskey Hiram Walker makes so uniquely smooth and mellow; the whiskey that men like yourself have made one of America's very largest selling brands.

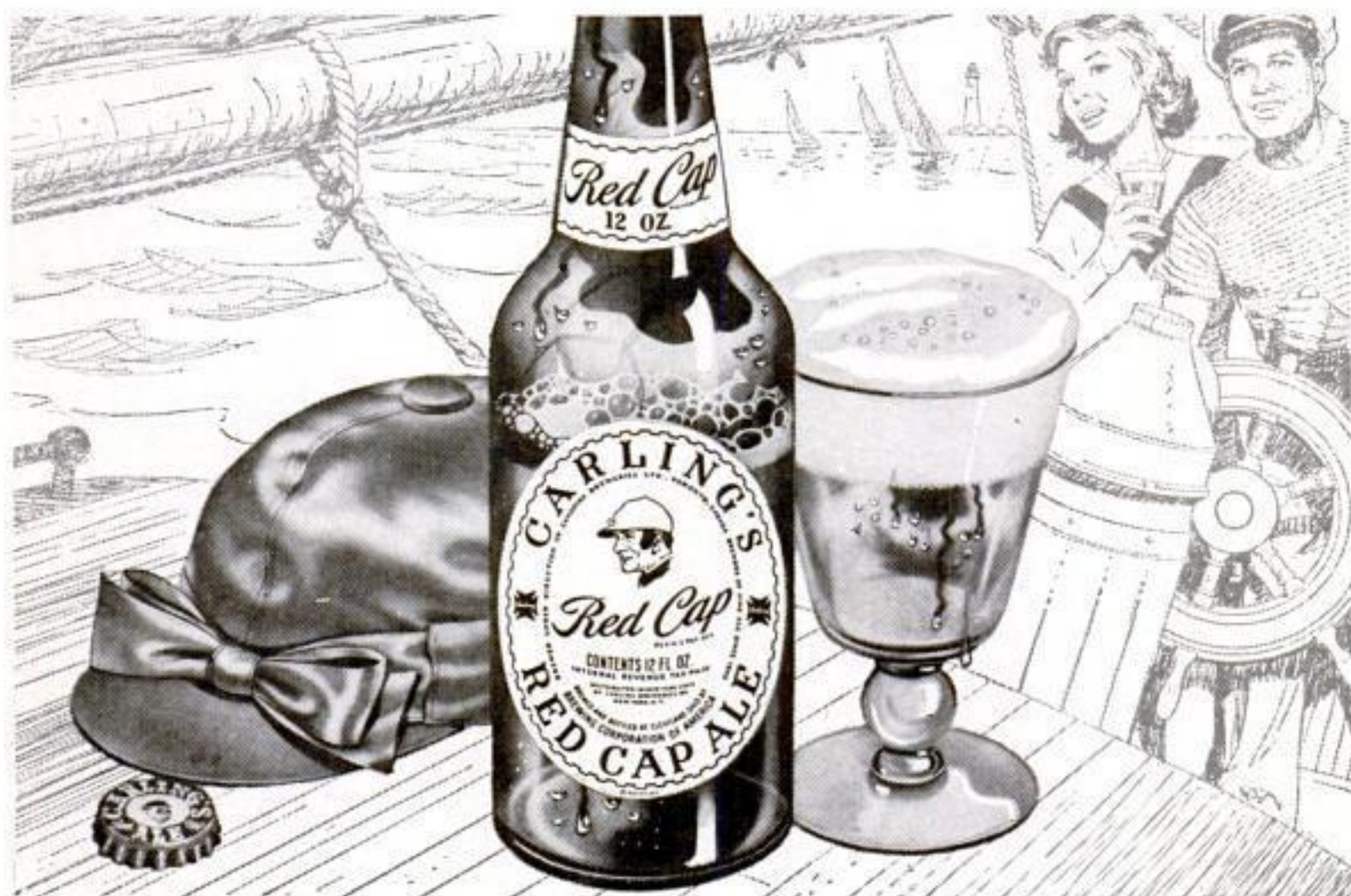
Next time you get together with interesting friends, why not make it a point to include Imperial?

**JUST TELL THE MAN YOU WANT IMPERIAL**

BLENDING WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



# Better Than Beer?



© B. C. A.

A very different brew you'll want to try!

At Carling's we brew both beer and ale—and each is mighty popular. But more and more people are telling us Carling's Red Cap Ale gives them *more* pleasure than *any* beer they ever tasted. They say it's light and dry as the smoothest beer, yet

with that extra flavor—that "heart" which only a fine ale can provide. They call it the "light-hearted" ale.

Tonight, why not make a point to try it yourself? See whether *you* are one of those who find Carling's Red Cap Ale tastes even better than beer!



**BETTER THAN BEER?  
TRY CARLING'S RED CAP ALE AND SEE!**

He Prefers It  
**On Steak**  
For Goodness' Sake

**A-1**  
SAUCE

the dash that makes the dish

Ask for A. 1.  
when dining out, too.



**DOCTORS**



**AGREE:**

**Menthol is Important  
in Relieving Coughs  
due to Colds!**

Luden's contains extra menthol. It's this extra menthol in Luden's Menthol Cough Drops that brings quick, effective relief.



## THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

We slipped out the door, shut it quietly and a minute later had melted into the heavy traffic. Everything had gone like clockwork. I hadn't used a torch and there was no reason for the police ever to connect me with this job.

This, I told myself, would be my technique from now on.

During the next two months Jack and I pulled half a dozen jobs, using the same plan of action. I became well acquainted with the various theatrical costume shops on Broadway, but I never rented a uniform from the same place twice. By turns I was a Western Union messenger, postman, policeman and even, on one job, a window cleaner. Soon I was rolling in money. But I overplayed my hand and got my first big sentence: 30 years in Sing Sing. The next year was hectic; I broke out of Sing Sing and went back to robbing banks in New York. But it was the same pattern repeated again and again and not as interesting as what happened to me in the fall of 1933.

I had decided that the cops were getting too hot on my trail in New York, so I moved to Philadelphia. That was a mistake. The first big job I pulled there got me sent up to Eastern State Penitentiary for 25 to 50 years. I entered Eastern on Feb. 12, 1934, and my first four months were spent in segregation. This kind of treatment can unbalance the sanest of minds; but I found refuge in books. There was a library of sorts, and I was allowed to borrow books from it. Because of my escape from Sing Sing I was, of course, a marked man. Even when the four-month period of segregation was over and I was transferred to what was known as the seventh gallery, I received very special attention from the guards. The prison officials never trusted me. But I can hardly blame them.

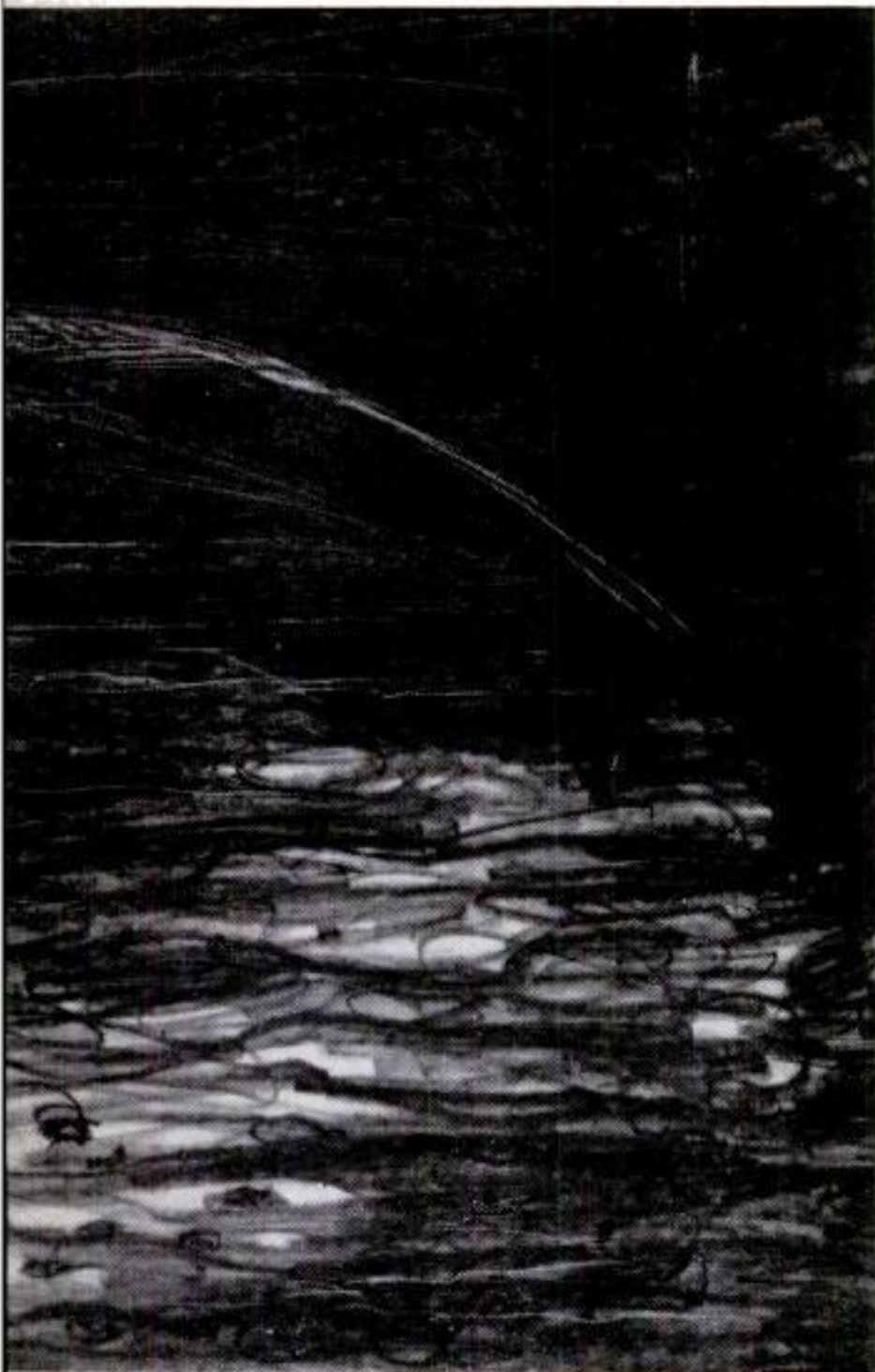
The warden at Eastern State Penitentiary was Herbert ("Hard-boiled") Smith, a former captain of the Pennsylvania State Police. No one had ever escaped from this pen while he was in charge of it, and he was going to be sure that I didn't spoil his record. Hard-boiled Smith was a gray-haired, ruddy-complexioned, heavy-set man who invariably smoked cigars. He was stern; but he was respected by the prisoners. To begin with, they respected his intelligence. We used to feel that Smith could read our minds. Any time there was trouble in the prison Smith would invariably come up with the men who had actually caused it. He treated us fairly enough, and in the light of my record I couldn't blame him for extra precautions he took guarding me.

Hard-boiled Smith was the one man I could never beat.

He and his guards knew that I was "escape-minded," but after I had been probably the best-behaved inmate in the pen for a while, they apparently thought that I had become reconciled to spending the next 25 years or more as their guest. So they relaxed their vigilance just a little. Then I could plan my escape.

Eastern State was built on the principle of the wheel, with the





**A FUTILE BREAK** was Sutton's attempt to swim out of Eastern State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania through the prison sewer. He nearly drowned in sewage and had to give up.

cell blocks branching out from the hub. Each cell block was visible from the hub, and guards maintained a 24-hour watch from this vantage point. After we had been locked in at night, guards patrolled the cell blocks continually and flashed their searchlights into the cells.

But one day a fellow inmate was given his parole. When he left he gave me the only thing of value he owned—a complete map of the whole sewer system of the prison. He had worked in the cellar and over the years had learned the location and width of every sewer pipe at Eastern, and he had committed this to paper.

I noticed that late each afternoon when our recreation period was over in the yard, a guard opened a steel door embedded in the wall close to the ground. Then he turned a wheel which lifted a solid steel door that dammed the flow of water coursing through the main sewer, which ordinarily would have rushed through the pipes of the prison sewer system. While the pipe was filled with water, escape through it was impossible. But I felt that if I could have a couple of hours alone in the cellar when the pipes were not flooded, I might have a chance to get to the main sewer.

There was one small barred window which ventilated the cellar. I had taken an inmate into my confidence. He only had five years to go so he wasn't interested in escape himself, but he would help me all he could. During yard-out time I sat by the barred window while he stood above me, half hiding me. And within a week I'd cut through a bar. Then one day I slipped unobserved through the window into the cellar. I pushed the bar back in position. I had about one hour now to investigate.

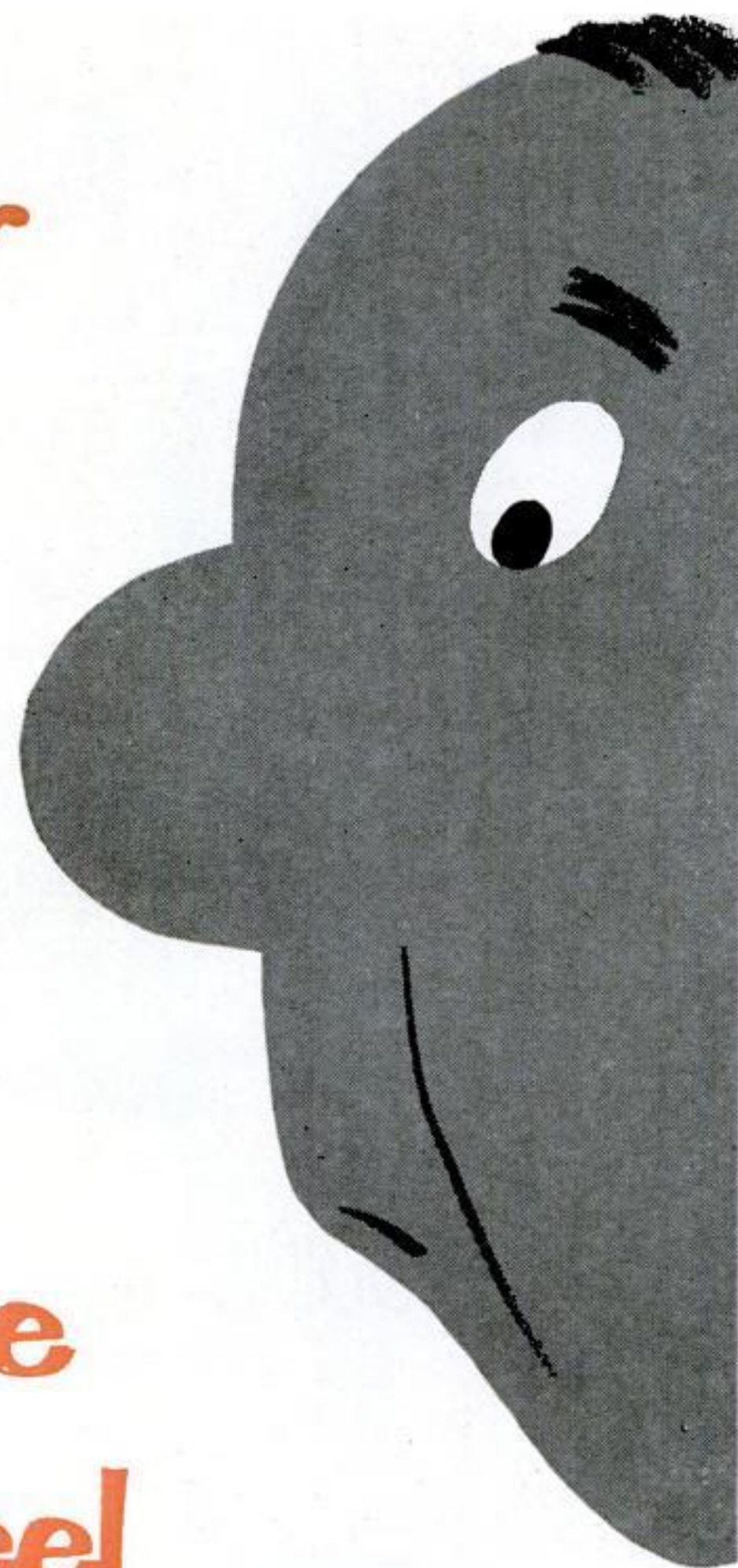
### Into the sewer

**I**N the cellar I found a grating leading to the sewer system. I removed it and slipped down into the sewer below the cellar floor. There was just enough space for me to crawl. I crawled 200 feet. Now I came to a sewer running at right angles to my passage and slightly below it. This was filled with water and refuse. I knew that 15 feet to the right was a steel door. If I could get that door opened, the water from this section would flow through it and out into the main sewer. Once this part of the sewer system was drained, I would be able perhaps to go through that passage which led to the main sewer. But how to reach the steel door?

There was only one thing to do. I would have to swim the 15 feet, and I would have to swim mostly under water. The air was stifling. Thousands of giant bugs were slithering through my hair and over my body. I could feel them on my neck, and some of them slipped beneath my shirt. I removed all of my clothes. Lowering myself into that filthy muck was not an inviting prospect but neither was the idea of spending the rest of my life here in prison. I took a deep breath, lowered myself into the water and swam toward the steel door.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

After  
you  
shave  
does  
your  
face  
feel  
dry,  
taut?



**W**ith your slick, quick Barbasol shave, your face can't feel dry or "tight as a drum." That's because Barbasol's special formula leaves natural skin lubricants on, whereas most shave creams, being alkaline, tend to remove them. And Barbasol has more emollients (soothing, smoothing agents) than any other shave cream. It's better for your skin! Start to enjoy smooth close Barbasol shaves today! SLICKS WHISKERS  
OFF — LEAVES NATURAL SKIN OILS ON.



**Lather shavers:** now you can enjoy the Barbasol benefits in a lather-like cream. Try Barbasol lather-type brushless in the pressurized can.





You'll just love  
this Pure-Pak  
Milk  
Container!



No bottles  
to wash or return. It's  
a real convenience!



Tell your milkman you  
want your milk in Pure-Pak  
Write him a note today!



Saves so  
much space in  
the refrigerator!

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EX-CELL-O CORP. DETROIT, MICH.  
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

Used Only Once  
Only for Dairy Products  
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## WILLIE TELLS A SAD STORY

Without exception, I brought tragedy to every woman who entered my life.

There was my wife Louise. She gave me her confidence and faith and I betrayed it. When I was in prison she could only write and come to see me occasionally. When I was out, she could only wonder where I was; I never dared go home, knowing the police were watching and waiting for me to do just that.

There was Jeanne Courtney. When I couldn't go home, I had to take my companionship where I could find it. I found it with Jeanne, a hostess at the Roseland Dance Hall. She never believed that I was a criminal. She was with me when I was caught in Philadelphia, and the reward of her constancy was to be labeled a gun moll.



MARY CORBETT

There was Mary Corbett, the sweet little lady who worked at the Staten Island Farm Colony when I was there.

To Mary I was Eddie Lynch, and she befriended me, cheered me up, even let me rent a room in her house. After I left the Colony the cops found I had been there, so Mary Corbett suffered for having been a good Samaritan.



MARGARET MOORE

There was Margaret Mary Moore, a fresh young girl just off the boat from Ireland

## THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

I had a brick in my right hand, which made swimming more difficult. If I could raise that door up three or four inches, I could insert the brick under it and the water would then seek the lower level of the main sewer. I reached the door and felt desperately for some handle, but it was perfectly smooth. My knees scraped painfully on the rough bottom. I dropped the brick and explored the bottom of the door with both hands. The door was solid and there was no way I could raise it. I had to return. I gave myself as mighty a push as I could away from the door and swam back to where I had come from.

I could feel myself blacking out and I raised my head groggily. I had made it back. With the little strength I had left I crawled to the relative safety of the tunnel. I was beaten, and I knew it.

I had to crawl the 200 feet back to where the grating would allow me entrance into the cellar. Somehow I made it. The air of the cellar seemed fresh and clean, and I lay there for a few moments wallowing in it. Then, still shaky, I got into my clothes, out of the cellar and by some miracle got back to my cell with 30 seconds to spare before the guards started their counting. My first attempt to escape had been a complete failure.

For 11 years I tried to beat Hard-boiled Smith. I made elaborate preparations to go over the wall, preparations that even included a painstakingly manufactured dummy of myself to fool the guards. I was discovered and spent 23 months in solitary. Later I joined a group of inmates who were laboriously digging a tunnel under the wall. It took six months, scooping our way bit by bit, but when we finally broke through on the other side, we ran right into the arms of the cops. I did my best; but Hard-boiled Smith was too smart for me.

## Over the wall

FINALLY I was transferred to Holmesburg County Prison, in Philadelphia. Holmesburg was supposed to be "escape-proof" too but it proved easier than Eastern State. After 18 months five of us had laid our plans. We persuaded a friend who was leaving the prison to send a gun in to us. It came hidden in a vegetable truck. We got hacksaws from the machine shop and painstakingly sawed through our bars, leaving just enough to hold together until the time came to knock them out. On Feb. 9, 1947 it started to snow. With a few whispered words in the yard we agreed that this was the night.

At 10 minutes before midnight we broke the bars away from our doors, slunk to the end of the corridor and waited for the



## OF THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

when I met her last year in Stuyvesant Park. For weeks we were nearly inseparable while I showed her the big city. But one day I made the mistake of writing her name on a scrap of paper. The police quickly tracked her down; and because of a man she thought was named Johnny Mahoney, she wound up in the Women's House of Detention. There an eye infection she had got worse. Now she has lost one eye because of me.

There was my mother. I broke her heart. I denied and debased everything right that she had tried to teach me. She is 79 now, and has a weak heart, so she cannot come to see me. And I can never go to her.

And there was my daughter Jeane. When she was 5 years old, Louise brought her to see me in Eastern State Penitentiary. It was hard to believe that this beautiful, green-eyed little girl was my daughter. She stood with Louise outside the visitors' screen and stared at me with childlike curiosity. I couldn't say anything. At that moment I really despised myself. I would leave this innocent child nothing but a heritage of shame.

Just before I went off to the state penitentiary this last time, my daughter Jeane came to see me once again. She showed me a telegram she had with her, a telegram that I had sent her when she was one year old. It read, "Love and kisses to my darling on her birthday. Daddy." She had treasured that faded, yellow telegram all her life.



WILLIE'S MOTHER

guards to come by on their rounds. When they did we pulled the gun on them. We borrowed their keys and parts of their uniforms and opened the engine room to get some ladders we knew were there. Keeping the guards with us we took the ladders up and across the yard. The snow was driving down furiously, cutting the visibility to nearly zero. We got to the wall, but just as one of the ladders touched it the searchlight flashed on us and the machine guns on the tower swung toward us. We had been spotted.

One of the men was quick-witted enough to bellow, "It's all right; we're guards!" The man in the tower was confused by the snow and only able to make out the guards' caps on some of us. He held his fire. A scramble up the ladders and across the top, a long drop on the other side and I was free again.

Guards and police were after us within 15 minutes. But we managed to slither away from them. I took a chance and bummed a ride to New York. The driver and I talked about the prison break most of the way in to the city, but he never recognized me. I wonder if he ever realized who his passenger was that night.

Now I needed a place to hide out for a while. I found it in the Farm Colony, an old people's home on Staten Island. They needed a porter. I was just their man. It was a perfect place for my purposes; no cop would think of looking for me in a \$90-a-month job. For two years I worked at the Farm Colony and grew to love the kindly old men and women. They asked no questions and became my closest friends—just because I liked to sit and listen to them tell me about their past, their troubles and their treasured memories. It was a quiet, idyllic existence after my hectic life of crime, my constant, nerve-grinding plotting to escape prison and my dash for freedom.

But after two years I began to feel that just to be safe I had better move on. The newspapers erupted with the story of a million-dollar robbery of the Brinks Company in Boston, and some of the reporters credited me with the job. I began to have nightmares in which hundreds of people pointed their fingers at me and shouted, "YOU'RE WILLIE THE ACTOR!"

I began to get nervous and restless. I took rides on the subway, got off somewhere, anywhere, and took long walks.

One day I was walking through Sunnyside, N.Y., a prosperous little community that is bisected by Queens Boulevard. Before I realized what I was doing I found myself studying the layout of the Manufacturers Trust Company. Almost unconsciously my mind photographed the bank entrance, the condition of the roof, the depth of the plot, the number of people going in and out. I went into the bank, noted the position of the cages, glanced at the alarm system and computed the number of employees. When I was out on the street again I recalled what the psychiatrist had

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## Cook on Your Refrigerator

### 3-in-1 refrigerator, stove, sink combination



### SAVE SPACE AND DOLLARS

Shown above: General L-K Model R-520. In only 27½" width and less than 5 square feet of space, combines 4 cu.-ft. refrigerator with horizontal freezer holding 9 ice-cube trays, big inner door shelf and storage drawer, 12"x16" sink, 3 gas burners, and timer. Unit is standard 36" height. Also available with electric burners for 220 v. or 110 v.

Top left: General's L-K Model S-550 makes complete Kitchen-With-Oven in 48" by combining with any 20" apartment range! 4 cu.-ft. capacity, storage drawer, inner door shelf, horizontal freezer, and topped by 1-piece porcelain sink, drainboard and back-splash.

Middle: General Chef combines 4 cu.-ft. refrigerator with 3 electric burners, 220 volt, in only 4.1 sq. ft. of space. Also available with 3 gas burners or 2 electric burners for 110 v. plug-in use. Range heats do not affect refrigerator temperatures.

Below: General's Executive Refrigerator has acid-resistant formica table top and choice of finishes: flame-grain mahogany, blonde, walnut, knotty pine or gleaming white. Size, space-saving features, same as units above, including ice-cube tray capacity. Ideal for offices, home bars, apartments, hotels.

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OTHER TIRE**



**LONG CHASE NEARS END** as Sutton, riding in Brooklyn subway, "feels" someone studying him. It was Arnold Schuster, who reported him to police.

### THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

said at Eastern State: "Apparently banks present an irresistible challenge to you."

So he was right, after all.

I went back to Sunnyside again and again, and cased that bank thoroughly. Everything I saw about it convinced me that it was vulnerable. Then came a terrible battle inside my mind. On the one hand was my sincere reluctance to go back to crime and my renewed faith in my ability to go straight, a faith bolstered by the kind, friendly people at the Farm Colony. Besides, I didn't need the money; years before, I had secreted a cache in a Long Island field. I had dug it up recently and found most of it still negotiable. On the other hand was the realization that I was an outlaw already anyway. Most of all, there was the challenge of the bank itself.

For weeks this internal battle raged. But finally I was able to make up my mind. I would leave the bank alone. I cannot describe how agonizing the decision was.

A few weeks later I ran into a couple of my old friends, Tommy Kling and John De Venuta. De Venuta was busily preparing a bank job. The layout sounded bad to me. I told him I wasn't interested. But I also told them everything I had learned about the Sunnyside bank. Three weeks later the newspapers reported that the Sunnyside bank had been robbed and that employees of the bank had identified me as the ringleader of the gang. No mention was made of De Venuta. I know Kling had nothing to do with it because he was so sick at that time that he could hardly get out of bed.

But the flurry over the Sunnyside job was enough to make me start running again. I left Staten Island, lost myself in the crowds of New York, and finally got a room in a Puerto Rican section of Brooklyn.

### The kid in the subway

**I**T was two years later when, riding in the subway and hiding my face behind my newspaper, I began to feel someone's eyes on me. I don't know how you "feel" a thing like this, but I did. I folded my paper and glanced casually across the aisle. A nice-looking youngster who appeared to be about 20 was staring at me with interest. I yawned and dropped my eyes to the paper.

Had this kid made me? I didn't think so.

At my stop I arose casually and left the subway. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed him following me; but this may well have been his station too. I climbed up the stairs to the street; he was right behind me. I walked a block; he stayed with me. I crossed the street; he remained on his side. Another block and he was gone. I shook my head in disgust. I remembered reading in those psychiatric books at Eastern State of men who had developed a monomania about being constantly followed. I was getting like some of them, I decided.

But of course this was one time I should have paid more attention to that warning sixth sense. The boy was Arnold Schuster. He reported to the police and within two hours I was in headquarters at Bergen Street and the fingerprint man was pointing at me.

"That's Sutton!" he cried excitedly.

"You're right," I said calmly.

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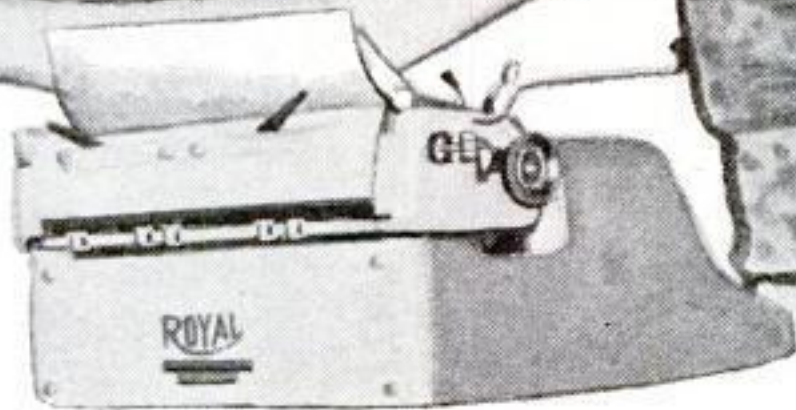
**PRICE** BATTERY CORPORATION  
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



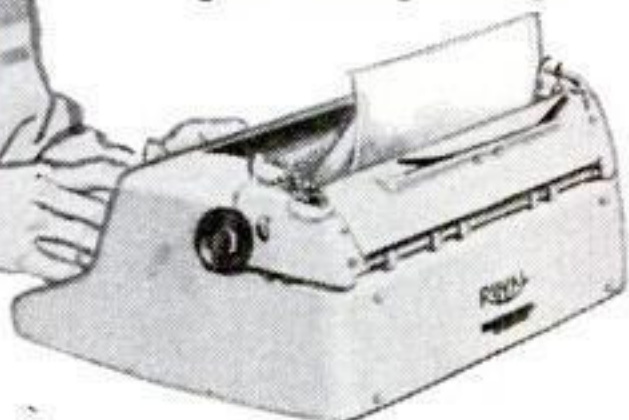
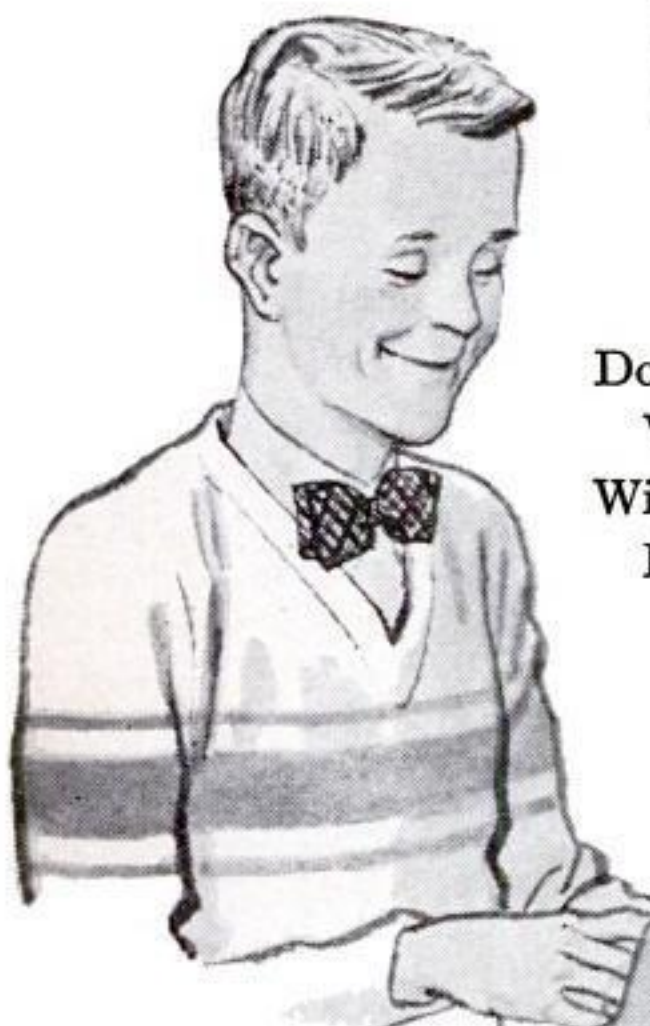
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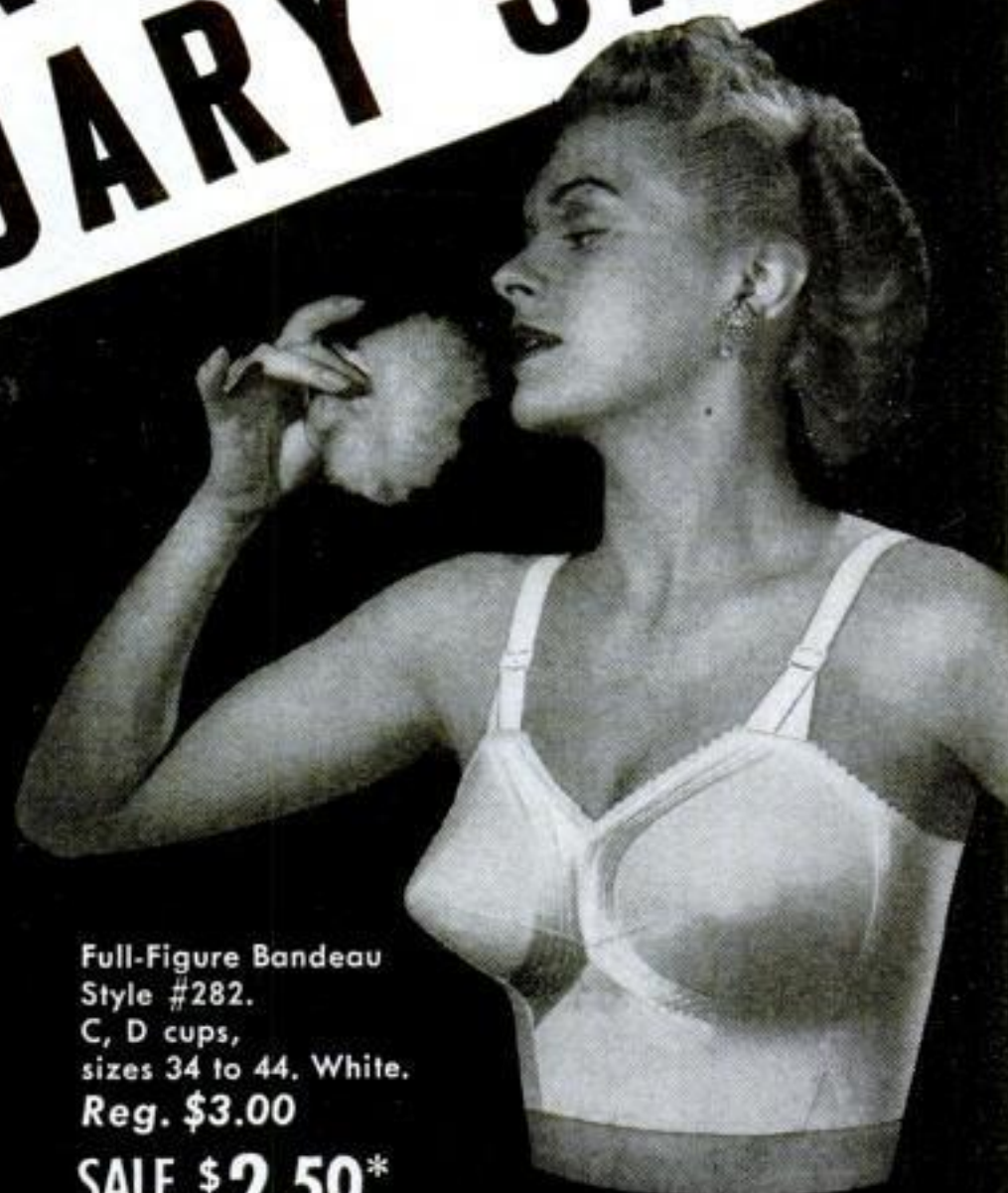
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**\*Note: Promptly FEBRUARY 1st, all styles back at regular prices.**

## THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

The rest has been adequately reported in the newspapers and magazines. The irony is that I was tried for the Sunnyside job. Although it is one of the few crimes credited to me that I didn't commit, I was convicted.

### Why I wrote my story

**S**O it ended. I felt no resentment, no bitterness. Judge Farrell had been meticulously fair during the proceedings. I had been tried before an impartial jury. I had been brilliantly defended. Now I was on my way where I belonged—to a life behind bars.

I was still bothered, though, by the killing of Arnold Schuster. When the police first got me out of bed to ask me what I knew about it, I could hardly believe them. I recall mumbling, "This finishes me," though how much it had to do with my conviction of the Sunnyside job I don't know. By now I think most of the police believe I had nothing to do with this brutal, senseless killing. They know that isn't the way I operate. And far from "avenging" me, Arnold Schuster's murder only made my case harder. My opinion is that it was the work of some crazed crank.

While I was waiting to be shipped off to prison one of the guards came to my cell to tell me about something that had happened during the St. Patrick's Day parade. A bunch of kids along the route had started chanting as the cops came by, "We want Sutton!"

"They said that?" I was amazed.

"Yeah," the guard said in disgust. "That's what you've done, Sutton. More than one of those kids will try to be like you. I don't mind saying it made me feel a little sick."

"It makes me a little sick too," I said slowly.

I'm honest enough to admit that my conscience never bothered me much after I'd taken a bank or a jewelry shop. But this was different. If these kids only realized that at 51 I was completely through, they might not think of me as a hero. Somehow or other they had the mistaken idea that I'd gotten away with it, and that they too could get away with it. Sure, I'd pulled some big jobs, but I'd spent about half my adult life in jail paying for these crimes. I'd studied robbery the way an honest man studies law or accounting. I had made a science out of crime. And yet I'd lost.

I suppose that, all in all, I robbed society of close to \$2 million. What did I have today? I was 51, penniless, and facing a life of imprisonment. How in God's name could even the most impressionable youngster want to copy me?

The next morning I spoke about it to George Herz and James McArdle, the lawyers appointed by the court to defend me. And out of this conversation came the idea that I tell my whole story. I remember saying that if I could only get across to these kids the truth of my wasted life, it would be well worth the effort. And whatever money the story made for me could be put into some kind of trust fund to help kids during those difficult years—the years when I made the transition from reckless youngster to criminal. Two judges and a priest, among others, were consulted and agreed that it was a good idea. The fund is now being set up.

That is the main reason why I have written my story. It may or may not help a psychiatrist figure out what made an ordinary kid from an ordinary family in Brooklyn become a criminal. But it may convince money-crazy kids that you can't win at crime.

As you can see, I know.



**YOUNG HERO WORSHIPERS**, whose admiration Sutton claims he deplores, flock around his car. Its battery had gone down and Sutton had been working over it when the police finally caught him after five years at large.



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**YOUR FIRST SIGHT** on entering headquarters is a battery of news photographers. They regard you suspiciously, wondering whether you are worth a picture.

# Life Visits the President-Elect



**A LAST GUARD** stands posted at the doorway to the suite which has a sitting room, office and last week still had a Christmas tree (*background*).

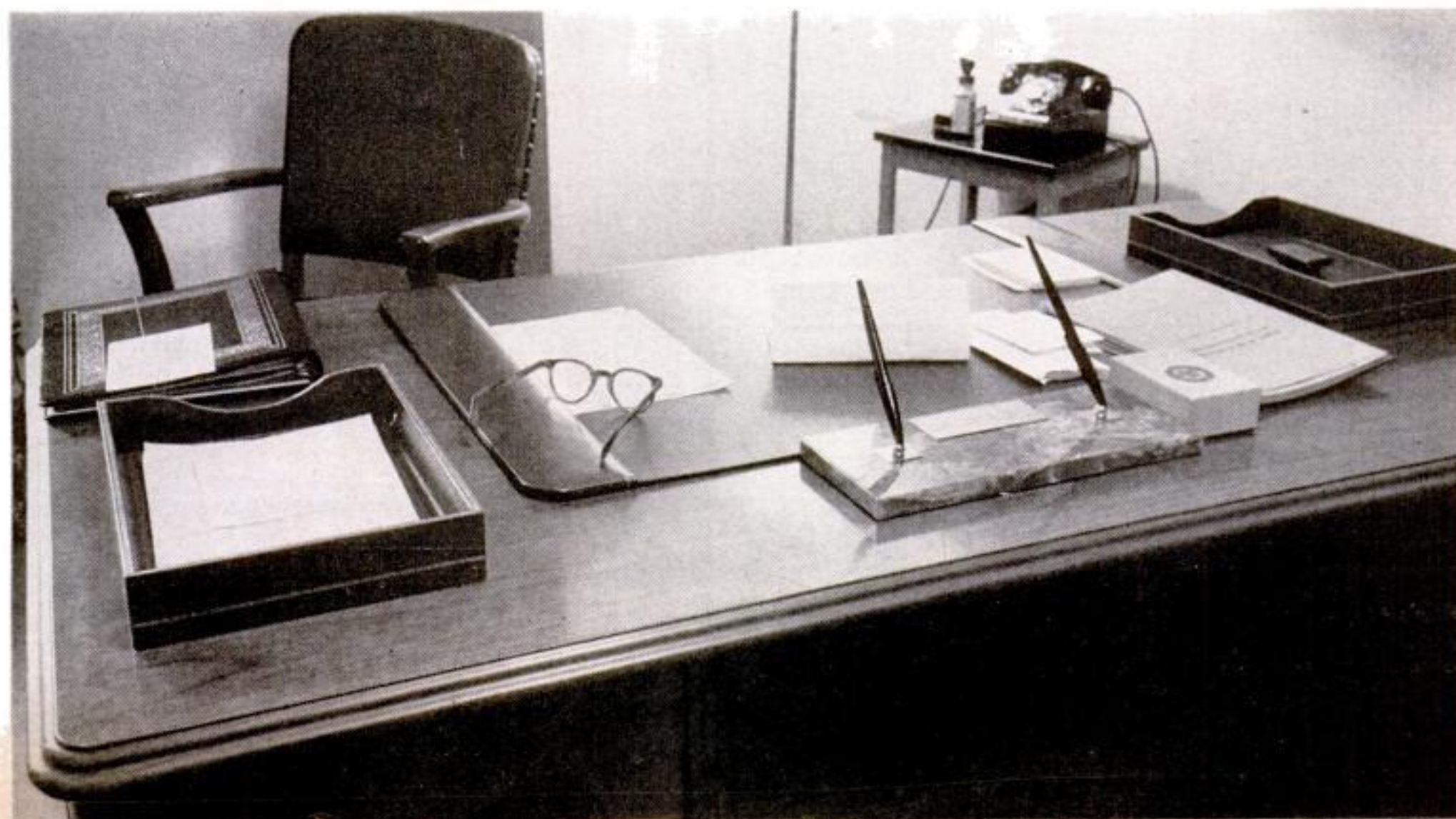


**"YOU MAY GO IN"** says Vandenberg's secretary, Frances Fitzgerald, poking her head around the doorway that leads in to Vandenberg's office.



**ARTHUR VANDENBERG JR.**, secretary to the president-elect, chats with you for a minute while his secretary checks to see if Ike is ready.

**AT GENERAL'S DESK** which he has left for a moment, you wait, seeing spectacles, eye medicine, papers, and noting Ike is a "clean desk" man.





**In this case the camera makes the call;  
here is what it sees in his headquarters**

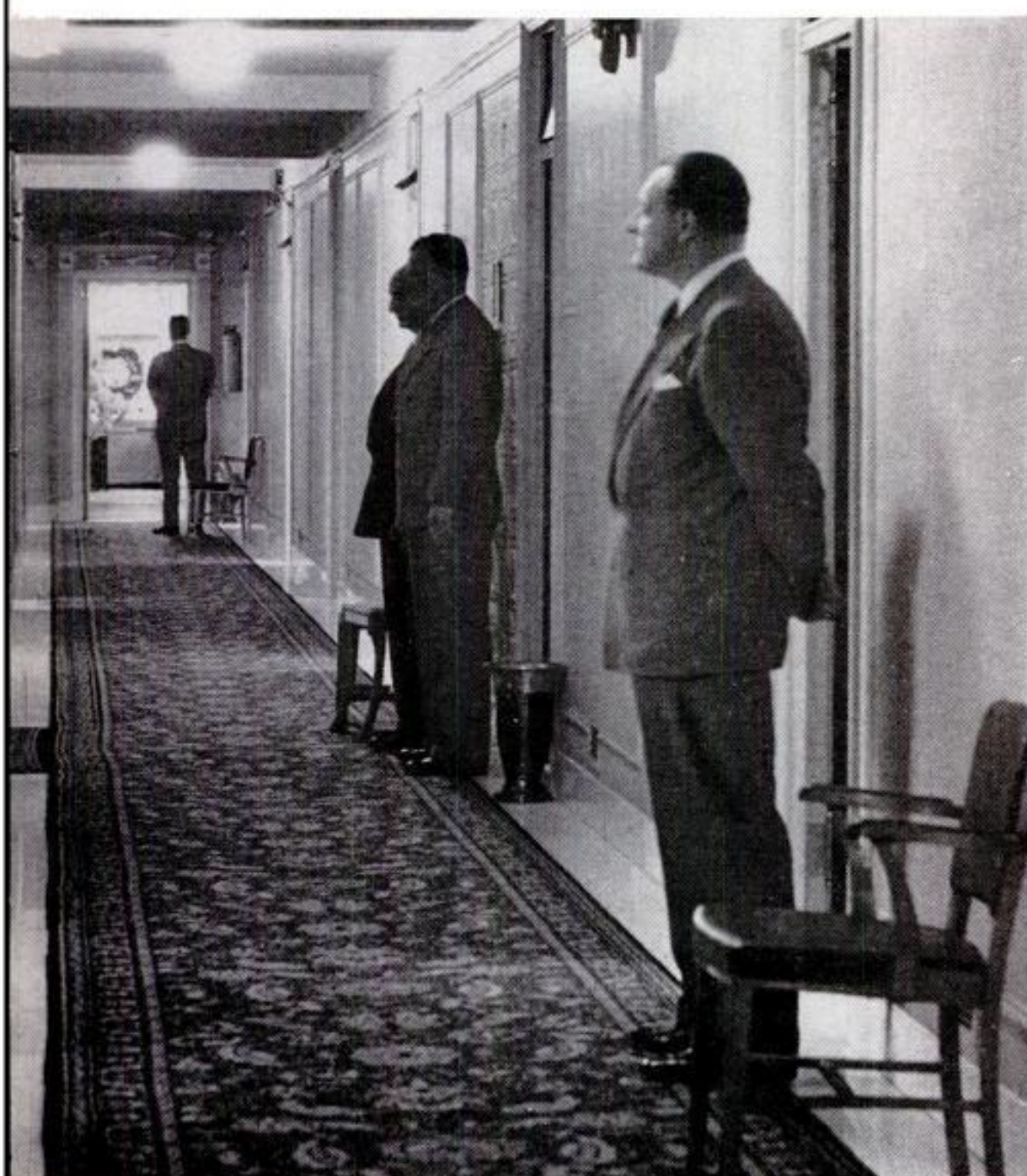
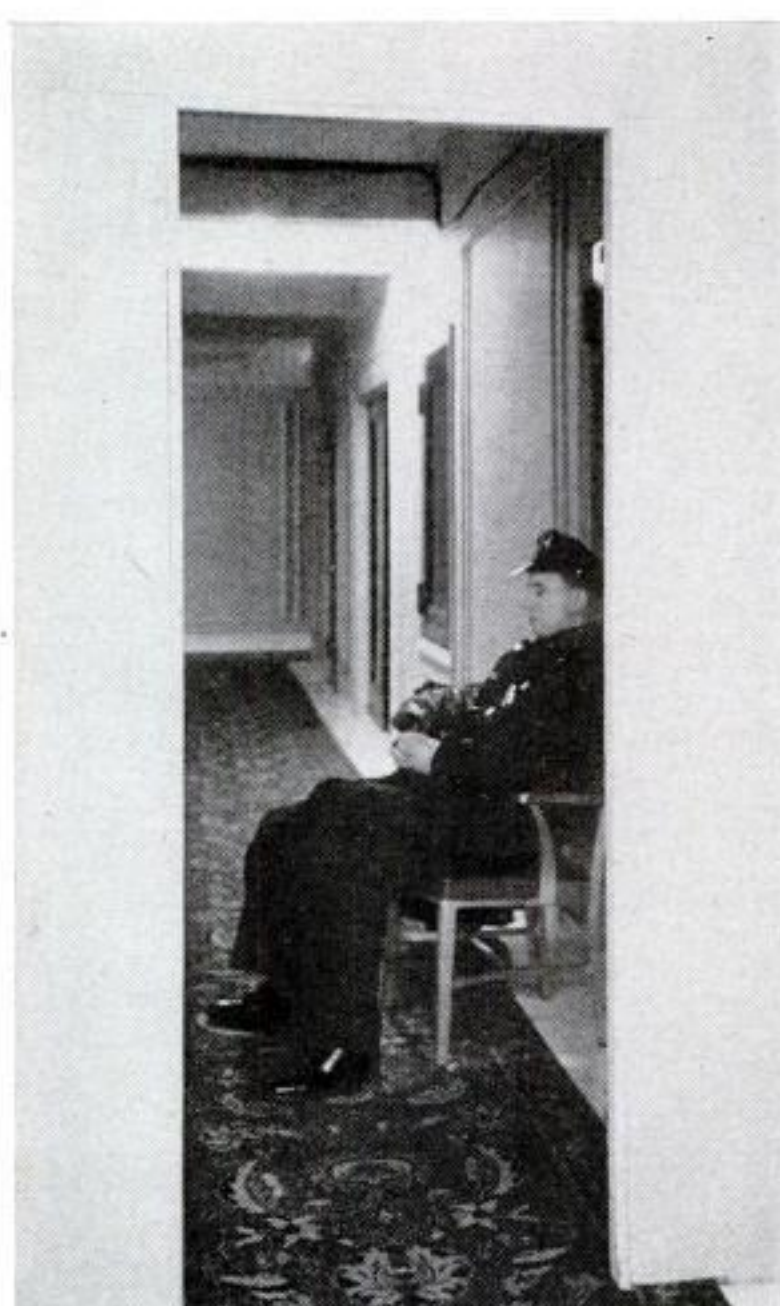
If you are on the lookout right now for prime political information or a top government job, you will bend your footsteps not to Washington but to New York's Hotel Commodore where the president-elect has his headquarters. In 58 rooms which make up a sort of temporary White House, he has 93 assistants and clerks. There you would go to see men of cabinet rank, like John Foster Dulles and Herbert Brownell, or administrative assistants, like Arthur Vandenberg and Sherman Adams. There you would also go to see the general himself. If so, you must have something more urgent in mind than a chat and make your date three weeks ahead. Then, on your way in, you follow the footsteps shown on these pages.



**CONFIRMATION** of your appointment with Ike is made by a receptionist (*left*), who asks you to sign in (*below*).



**WATCHING COP** keeps eye on visitors, prevents them from taking the wrong corridor. City assigns police and detectives to headquarters.



**SECRET SERVICE MEN**, three of them, back up a city detective (*foreground*) as you near Eisenhower's own suite at end of corridor.



**ON WAY OUT** photographers, now knowing who you are, shoot stills and, in special room, movies.

**NEXT IN LINE**, vainly trying to follow you, is an author of religious books with no appointment.







## COLD BATH FOR A BOFFIN

Malcolm Compston, the "boffin" (civilian scientist working with the British Navy) sprawled at his ease above, is much busier than he seems to be. Somewhere in the Arctic Ocean he has just jumped from the British aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* into a sea so cold that it could kill a man in about 20 minutes. By this seemingly foolhardy act he is testing the Admiralty's

new plastic survival suit which, worn over his regular clothing, keeps him up and keeps the freezing water out. Also, because he is risking his own life to test the equipment he and his associates have developed, he is demonstrating why the term "boffin," which first began as a sailor's expression of joking contempt, has become instead one of affectionate admiration.





**I**t takes more  
than an eagle eye  
to bring down  
this eagle

**1** "A crack shot can crack his self-respect trying to shoot a crossbow. I'm used to guns weighing 8 or 10 pounds—I found a 35-pound crossbow hard enough to raise much less aim," writes Lucien Agniel, an American friend of Canadian Club. "At a Bavarian Schützenfest in Munich, I tried my marksmanship with one of these unwieldy medieval weapons. The target was a wooden eagle, perched 75 feet up in the air . . .



**2** "Cocking the crossbow didn't help my shooting arm any. It took all the strength I had to stretch the steel cable bowstring with a *Spannbock*. I pulled the trigger, but my dart-like arrow, only 7 inches long, didn't even get a piece of the target.

**5** "Bavarians have the same standard of hospitality as most people. Almost everywhere, I find that Canadian Club is the established custom on friendly occasions." Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.



**3** "Winner of the Schützenfest was my host, Karl Böss, and the honor of presenting him with the 75-year-old trophy cup fell to me. Karl's arrow had lopped off a heavier chunk of the eagle than any other contestant's. The chain of medals round his neck proved that winning was nothing new to Karl.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor and a character that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones afterward. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.



**4** "Karl's crossbow triumph, I thought, would be celebrated with some Bavarian drink. But no. What greeted me later was more familiar—nothing less than Canadian Club!

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*"Canadian Club"*

6 YEARS OLD  
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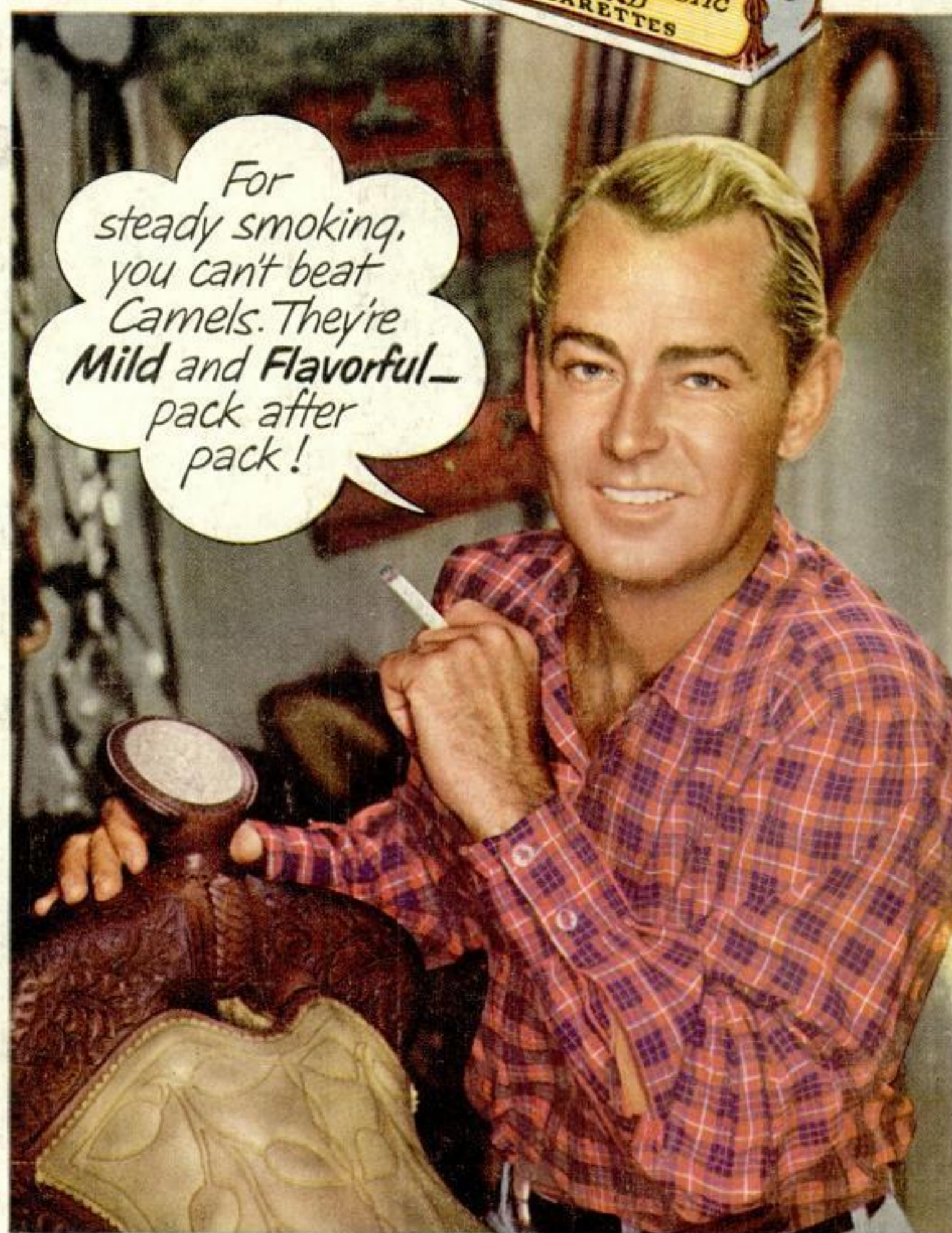


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with other brands,  
I knew they were  
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Make your own 30-day Camel mildness test. Smoke Camels, and *only* Camels,  
for 30 days. See how you keep enjoying Camel's rich, full flavor and cool,  
cool mildness — pack after pack, week after week. See how much more smoking  
pleasure you get from Camels than from any other cigarette!

There is a reason why —

MORE PEOPLE SMOKE **CAMELS** than any other  
cigarette!